

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

September
1929

10¢



Beginning
the Romantic
and Heroic Life
Story of Leif the Lucky,
First American Colonizer

By
Laura Goodman Salverson

LORD of the SILVER DRAGON



Why **ATTILIO** of Rome

Beauty Specialist to the Italian Aristocracy

advises all his patrician clients to use Palmolive Soap twice daily

"The finest cleansing agents for the skin are, by general consent, olive and palm oils. For that reason, I always ask my clients to improve complexions by cleansing the skin twice a day with Palmolive Soap, which embodies these two soothing oils in their purest form."

Attilio Colla

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA 68, ROMA



The typically Roman marble facade of Attilio's salon on the Piazza di Spagna . . . where the patrician ladies of Italian artistic and social life consult the most distinguished of all Roman beauty specialists.

IN Rome, at the foot of the historic "Spanish Stairs," the Piazza di Spagna is encircled with shops that attract the most brilliant society. Here, some years ago, a Ferrara youth came to establish a beauty shop which, today, is the finest place of its kind throughout beautiful Italy. His name is Attilio Colla . . . better known to his patrons as "Attilio."

For years Attilio worked and studied the art of beauty culture in Paris. He then went to Budapest . . . then to Vienna, to London, once more to Vienna . . . always adding to the invaluable store of information which today sets him apart in his chosen field.

In his shop, at 68 Piazza di Spagna, he receives visits from many highly placed personages of his own and other lands. Roman patricians naturally seek his advice on care of the skin. So do women of the moving picture and stage aristocracy.

"I am perfectly certain," says Attilio, "that there are countless complexions which are less lovely than they ought to be, merely because one of the simplest and most natural of all beauty treatments is neglected. I refer to the cleansing of the skin."

"Soap cleanses the skin—cleanses the pores—as nothing else can, and it is the basic essential of successful beauty treatment. Much of the work of the beauty expert is nullified by neglect to follow this simple rule of complexion care. It is, of course, important to use the right kind of soap, because many kinds are not only unsuitable but positively harmful to the complexion. I always ask



The lovely Ada Fontanesi, of Attilio's staff, is a perfect type of Italian beauty. She carries out, in her salon work, the theories and practices of her distinguished employer, Attilio, who always recommends Palmolive Soap.

my clients to use Palmolive Soap, which embodies the finest cleansing agents for the skin."

Attilio's distinguished colleagues, in every great capital of Europe, in every smart resort . . . repeat this same advice. Lina Cavalieri, Payot, Massé, Vincent, of Paris; Pessl, of Vienna and Budapest, adviser to crowned heads of Europe . . . these and dozens of other experts tell their discriminating clients this easily-performed, twice-a-day treatment: massage a smooth lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin. Allow it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, after two minutes, first with warm water, now with cold. Then—and only then—are you ready for make-up!

If you do not already keep your skin fresh and lovely by the use of this simple home treatment, take the advice of the world's greatest beauty authorities: begin to use Palmolive today!



A priceless formula embodying the precious oils of palm and olive, famous since the days of Cleopatra for prolonging health and beauty.

Retail Price 10c

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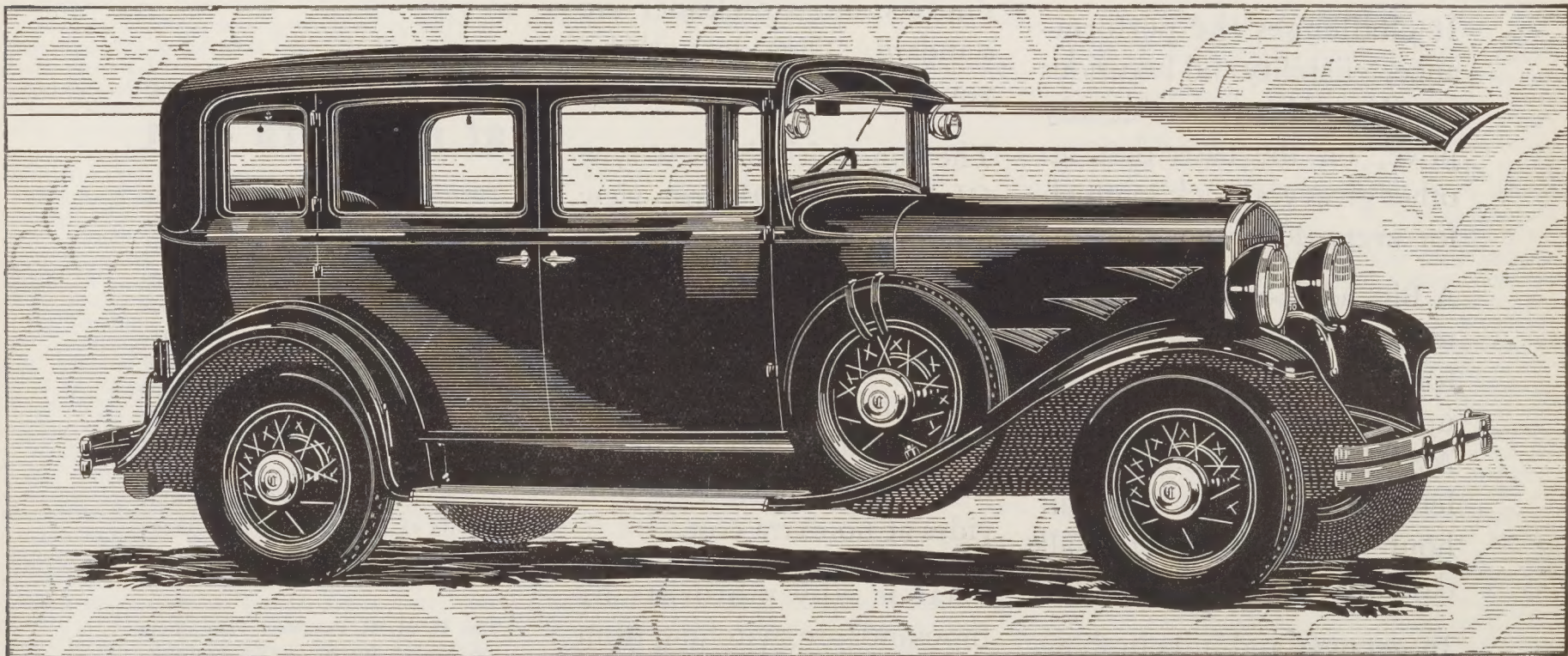
WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT

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TO SURPASS and thereby to render obsolete the transportation standards established by more than a quarter-century of motor car building—that is the extraordinary achievement of Chrysler engineers in these newest products of their science ≈ ≈ There is no more basis of comparison between these latest Chryslers and cars of the past than between today's great tri-motored passenger planes and the first Wright Brothers gliders that took the air at Kittyhawk ≈ ≈ These latest Chrysler creations are motor cars, just as the earliest and the latest air vehicles are both flying machines ≈ ≈ There the comparison stops between Chrysler and earlier automobiles. For Chrysler again transcends all standards and ideals of power, of riding ease, of roomy luxury, of smooth operation, of quality and of value. As for beauty, Chrysler now brings to the automobile an entirely new art. These automobiles are absolutely new in the true sense of the word—new in design, new in construction and new in performance. Chrysler, in these cars, sets a new standard which the future cannot fail to acclaim the most astounding revolution in all motor-dom's history ≈ ≈ All Chrysler dealers are ready to show and to demonstrate to you Chrysler's most remarkable cars. We, as well as they, invite you to an early inspection.

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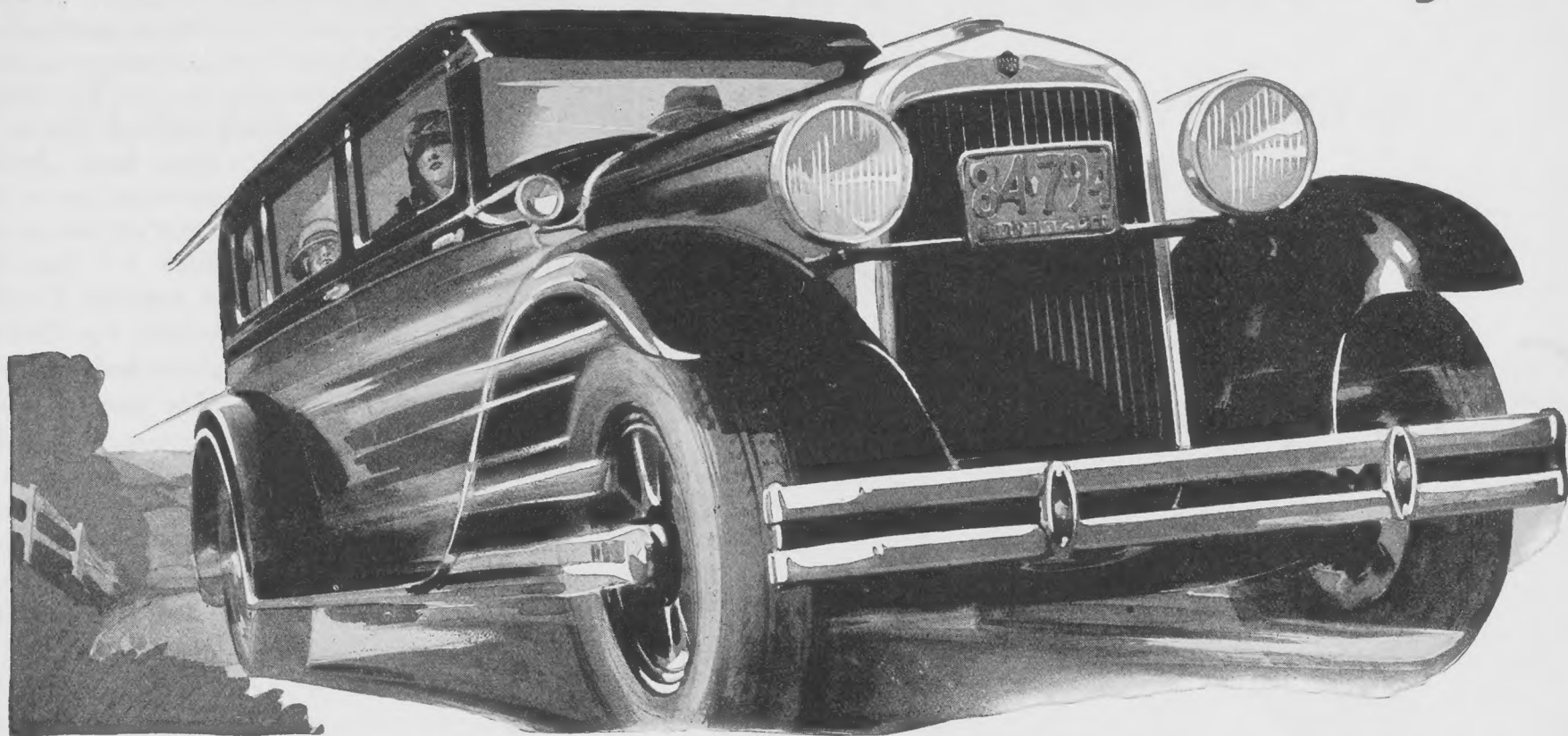
THE NEW "70" ROYAL SEDAN—CANADIAN-BUILT FOR CANADIANS

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CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

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It challenges the performance, reliability and luxurious comfort of any car at any price, on the basis that no other gives you back so much for every dollar you put in.

A Big, adult-size "Six." Fine to look at. Roomy and comfortable. Rich, handsome upholstery and appointments. A SUPER-SIX motor—challenging up to 70 miles an hour—60 miles an hour all day long.

In getaway and hill climbing it challenges any car. It is built by Hudson under Super-Six patents—that is why it is so smooth—so powerful.

Hydraulic shock absorbers, 4-wheel brakes, radiator shutters and air cleaner are standard. They do not cost you one cent extra.

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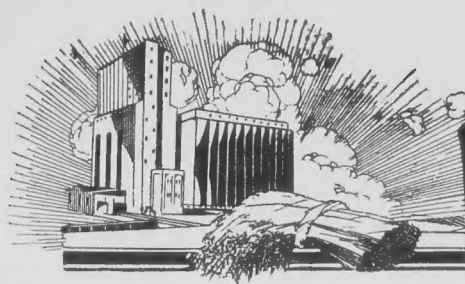
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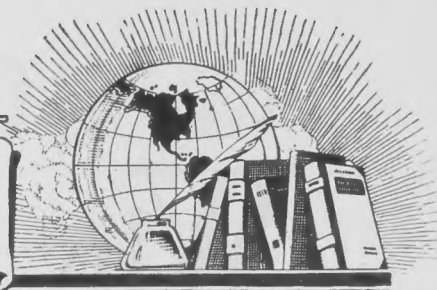
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HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH., U.S.A.



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 9

Fifty Years

FIFTY years ago a young man called at a dentist's office in a little town in Eastern Canada. The dentist was a cousin of Alexander Graham Bell, and was proud possessor of one of the very first telephones ever made. It consisted of two speaking tubes connected by wire which ran over the roof of the houses from the dentist's home to his office. It was a great curiosity to those who had the privilege of using it, and nobody seemed to regard it as anything but a remarkably fine toy. Last week this same man visited the Winnipeg central exchange and there, where thousands of wires come in cables to the wonderfully-constructed switchboard, he heard messages being sent to Edmonton, Calgary, Chicago, Toronto and New York. In the city and province there are in daily use no less than 75,000 phones. In the world there are hundreds of millions.

The little speaking tube has become necessary in business, in social life and in the conduct of affairs. It has transformed trade and industry, brought comfort to a lonely world, saved time and relieved worry—and all this has come about in half a century.

Fifty years ago this young man, leaving for Western Canada, drove to the nearest railway station. He travelled in an old-fashioned democrat and it took three hours to go eighteen miles. Yesterday he returned from an automobile ride. In three hours he had travelled one hundred and seventy-two miles, and that was a rather modest rate of going.

Fifty years ago he had seen the hired man cut down two acres of wheat in a day with the old-fashioned cradle. Last fall he saw train-load after train-load of combines leave the yards at Regina for the farms of Saskatchewan, and each combine could harvest 50 acres a day.

Less than fifty years ago this young man, coming westward on one of the lake boats, saw for the first time an incandescent light. It was a wonderful novelty, in days when coal-oil and gas and candles were in common use. Last month there was a series of celebrations of stupendous proportions in honor of Edison and his incandescent light. "It was that light which prompted the first central station and was the origin not only of New York's present electrical system but also of the advance in every field of civilized effort that has had no equal in any other period of history." In fifty years electricity as a source of light, heat and power, has come into its own.

Fifty years ago this young man went into a country printing office and watched the compositors setting type by hand and the pressman running off the few hundred papers—the work of hours of patient toil. Today he visited the plant in which the Western Home Monthly is printed. There he saw the type-setting machines, the rotary presses, the engravers and illustrators at work and saw the hundred thousand copies printed, bound and hurried to the post—all in an unbelievably short space of time. All this change in less than a life-time.

Fifty years ago this young man had no gramophone, heard no orchestra, no grand choir, but today he can tune in on his radio and enjoy with a million others the grand opera productions and symphony concerts of New York, or if he wishes something simple can make use of the records prepared for the gramophone. All the world is his if he presses a button.

These changes are but typical, and in a way they are not so startling as the changes in manners, customs, thoughts and behavior of people. The grandmothers say that young girls are frivolous and bold, but their grandmothers said the same thing fifty years ago. Yet in everything the world seems to be growing better. There is more frankness, more altruism, more real philanthropy, more regard for women and children, more opportunity for education. There is a change even in religious feeling, and perhaps the modern revolt against authority is better on the whole than blind submission. We cannot expect the

world to cease revolving. The next fifty years will see even greater changes than the last fifty. It is wiser to appreciate and make use of every forward movement than to sit on the fence and complain as the crowd goes by, better to look towards the East and welcome bright Aurora than in sadness to fix the gaze upon the setting sun as if it would never rise again. The world grows just as people grow, and because of this tomorrow has better promise than today:

*"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."*

This, from the Empire's greatest laureate might well become the watchword of the Dominions beyond the seas. May Canada realize that the next fifty years belong to her, and may she be ready to change with changing conditions, willing ever to relinquish the old for a new that is better.

Stay at Home

WHEN young men reach the age of about twenty they have a burning desire to see the world. The distant landscape looks green. Young Canadians are urged to remain deaf to such appeals and stay at home, for the promise here is greater today than in any other land.

So great was the grain harvest of last year that it is reported 50,000,000 bushels remain unsold by the Wheat Pool, and the shortage this year is looked upon by some as a blessing in disguise. Then mining is being developed so rapidly that virtually two new provinces are being formed. There will be Northern and Southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, each wealthy and full of opportunity in its own way.

Then manufacture of Canadian goods has astounded the world. The per capita export is more than double that of the United States, and is about equal to that of the United States and Germany combined. And conditions are rapidly improving. Why, then, seek another land?

All that is needed is new markets. Here is the hope. The newly-born Chinese nation is largely directed in its thinking and its trade policies by those trained in American Universities. They have no particular love for European exploitation and look favorably upon the New World. True, there are difficulties in the way of establishing full trade relations with China. We get only \$5,000,000 a year from them now and we send them seven times as much. This is but a tithe of what it might be, if earnest effort were put forth. Then there are other lands in the Far East and in the South. This is Canada's day of opportunity, so our young men should stay at home.

We are not urging just now that more people come here. Modern invention has enabled one man to do the work of ten. What is needed is good honest work for all and by all who are here. The growth of population will look after itself. Every man who is unemployed is a poor advertisement for the country. But let Canadians realize that no other land today offers greater attractions and let our young men stay right here and get busy.

Communism

COMMUNIST RUSSIA is finding it hard to get recognition from civilized nations, and it is no wonder. She cannot be trusted. Her aim is not primarily to make her country a home for a happy and prosperous people, but to promote discord in other lands, east and west. She will make public pretensions as to reduction of armaments and proclaim her readiness to sign any treaty that will make for world peace, but she knows and all the world knows that she will not and can not keep her word. The Third International rules. To use the words of Henry Somerville:

"The real truth of the position is not that the Third International is independent of the Soviet. It is not even accurate to say, with Sir Austen Chamberlain, that the Third International is an organ of the Soviet Government. It would be more accurate to say that the Soviet Government is an organ of the Third International, and most accurate to say that both the Soviet Government and the Third International are organs of the Communist party of the Soviet Union.

"Stalin rules Russia without being a member of the Soviet Government because he is secretary of the Communist party.

"Communist propaganda will go on everywhere, especially in India, and will be assisted by Moscow, whether or not there are diplomatic relations between Britain and the Soviet."

No one understands this more clearly than the British Government. It will not run hastily into an alliance with a country that it can not trust.

One can well understand how, under the Czars, the spirit of revolution was fostered among the people. Autocracy sowed the wind and is reaping the whirlwind. But Communists should not think for one moment that because one national government was bad that all national governments are so; nor should they hold the same attitude to royalty in Britain as to royalty in their native land. Here British people love their King and the members of the reigning family, and with reason. Were the Empire to become a republic tomorrow, the unanimous vote for president would be given to George V.

More than this, if the autocracy of the Czars was unbearable, that of the present Russian Government is ten times more so. Communism has proven itself to be a colossal failure, and the reason is that the government is based on force and not on love and loyalty.

Judging by conditions commercial, social, religious and political, Russia is almost the last country of the world that should wish to impose its ideals upon others.

The Education of Boys

THERE is a question disturbing English writers just now that shows a great change in sentiment during recent years. In the days of Dickens it was assumed that the proper teachers for boys were men and for girls women. It was also assumed that before school age proper, boys and girls should be taught together under governesses. Public board schools were few and very unpopular. In John o' London's Weekly the opinions of leading men and women of today are given, and they are practically a unit in favor of education of boys up to ten by women; from ten to twelve or thirteen by either men or women, depending upon ability rather than sex; above thirteen by men usually but not wholly. Miss Woods says: "In my opinion each sex needs the influence of the other. I should like to see women on the staffs of public schools for boys and men on the staffs of our girls' schools." Professor Raymont says: "I am confident enough young women can be found who will be quite capable of teaching and training boys and girls to eleven, games and all, without the slightest risk of developing effeminacy in the boys." Mr. Joseph Wicksteed says: "There is no greater need of our human nature than intercourse with a full humanity. Certainly boys should learn from (amongst others) women. Personally I am a strong advocate of boys and girls learning together." Mr. Badley says: "To the boy in his teens a woman can give something that a man cannot, and he will take from her as right and admirable what he will not take from a man." Mr. Colin Sharpe says: "If the school of today prepare for the state of tomorrow, the problems of the mixed team need to be tackled first in the small world of the school staff."

These are only samples, but they go to show that in theory at least the best minds of England agree with Canadian practice.

Why Experiment with Dentifrices? ... it's risky

You can't go wrong if you use the world's most popular dentifrice—Colgate's. It cleans best, because its penetrating foam, in addition to polishing, goes deep into every tiny crevice and washes away the decaying particles which cause trouble.

COLGATE'S is a cleansing dentifrice, not a dental "cure-all." Colgate's has never claimed to cure pyorrhea; to correct mouth acidity—but Colgate's *does* claim to clean teeth better.

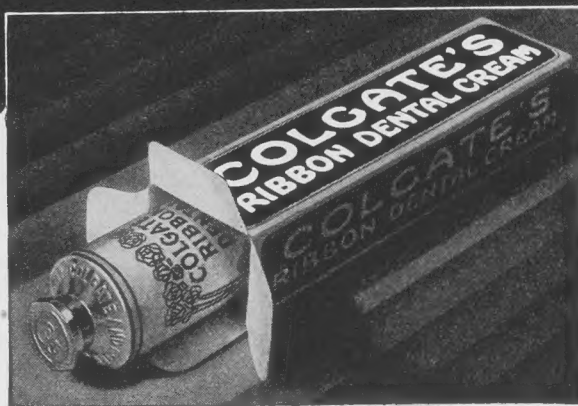
Millions of sensible people realize that when you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do *more* than merely polish the outer surfaces. Colgate's active foam possesses a remarkable property (called low "surface-tension"). This means that it can penetrate* deep into every tiny crevice in teeth and gums, where ordinary toothpastes cannot reach. There it softens and dislodges decaying impurities which cause trouble—washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists, which safely polishes the enamel to a brilliant lustre.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the teeth beautifully, but—because it contains the *world's greatest cleansing agent*—it cleans the crevices where ordinary brushing cannot reach.

Only 25c

The famous 25c tube of Colgate's is economical. It contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter.

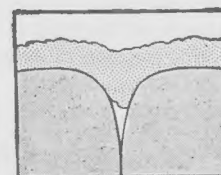


More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste; more people use Colgate's than any other kind. This overwhelming leadership has been carried for over twenty-five years... proof positive that Colgate's gives the extra degree of cleansing power which people prefer.

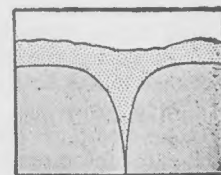
If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

The function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. These are things which only the dentist can do. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is false and misleading.

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where decaying particles may cause trouble.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE'S, Dept. C-233, Toronto, 8, Ontario. Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

FREE

Name.....

Address.....

Lord of the Silver Dragon

A Romance of Leif the Lucky



Leif was at her side in an instant. Serious now, he barred her way

By Laura Goodman Salverson

THE mountains, grey and grim, frowned down upon the sturdy walls of Brattalid, their brows wreathed in swirling mist, and through this ghostly mist the pale sunlight poured its disheartened rays. Chill, whining winds blew in from the ocean, churning with relentless monotony the drifting ice of Eric's Fiord. The sound they made, very like the purring of a gigantic cat, was singularly threatening, as though it were the brooding anger of the mountains made articulate—a sinister purring, akin to that of a gorged tiger curled upon the bones of his victim. And again, that doleful sound seemed an echo from the vengeful ocean, which, like the mountains, resented the intrusion of foolish humanity into this northern kingdom of solitude.

The scene was harsh and uninviting, its single redeeming feature the bold, black smoke which leaped and spiralled up the slit roofs of Brattalid. And if a melancholy atmosphere prevailed without, it was no less true of conditions within the fortress-like buildings which clung so tenaciously to the cold, grey cliffs. In the most pretentious of these buildings, the huge banquet hall, Eric the Red, mighty chieftain and first lord of Greenland, sat in gloomy consultation with his stewards and family. A commanding figure ever, Eric was formidable now as he sat, solitary and dignified, in the elaborate Honor Seat of his ancient clan. Fond of state and ceremony, he was dressed in gala robes, though the occasion and the general depression seemed rather to have called for the reverse. The old lord stroked his velvet tunic with a still powerful red and hairy hand, scowled fiercely as he mumbled to himself, and thereby managed to make his faithful steward feel extremely uncomfortable and less than a fool for all the pains he had taken to make his lord realize the gravity of the prevailing conditions.

"It were folly indeed to give out more supplies," the old man faltered in conclusion, his voice uncertain and his manner flurried.

Eric lowered his beetling brows, a terrifying red thunder-cloud. "Who charges Eric the Red with folly in that he will not sit at meat while others perish?" he roared in hot resentment. "What would ye, ye stomach-worshippers?"

"But my lord," Thorhild, his wife, hastened to implore him in soothing tones, "discretion is the rarest wisdom. Do we dishonor Eric by seeking such in him? Moreover, we are at the point of self-impoverishment, and yet thou givest and givest until I fear

Leif was a man's name.
Over the great white shoulder of the world he came
Into a land as lonesome as a star
That God had set aside
For mortals not to mar—
Too huge for men—
Not till Leif's sons set foot upon the moon
Will such a deed as his be done again.

the very clothes on our backs are none too safe against thy charity."

"There is little barley left, and less corn," the second steward interjected boldly.

"Then kill the cattle, the horses—what you will," snapped Eric, "but seek not to bind the hands of your lord."

Thorhild glanced around at her sons in the hope of finding some assurance of support in them, but found them unperturbed by their father's attitude. Evidently if any reasonable solution was to be arrived at she alone must force it. Stifling a sigh of despair, she left her accustomed place and with strange humility seated herself at Eric's feet.

"My Eric, thou art too concerned with this people; had they not followed Eric the Red they would have followed some other. Thou knowest the breed."

"I know it!" he barked vehemently; "but thou—dost thou know Eric so little after all these years?"

Thorhild was a persistent as well as a fearless woman; she now matched him look for look.

"Too well do I know thy stubbornness, my lord," came the haughty retort. "But now, I pray thee, hearken to reason; let us return to Iceland, where the common necessities are not denied the meanest slave, though Eric's wife must do without them in Greenland. Oh, I entreat thee, my lord, wait not until this terrible plague and slow starvation shall have laid us all low, but let us make ready to leave when the seas open."

"Death were sweeter than defeat. I who led men from their Iceland heaths will never head an exodus back again," Eric replied in a hoarse whisper; then in an effort to be rid of sentimental weakness he struck the arm of his chair so terrific a blow that Thorhild quite expected to see the proud falcon-head carved thereon fall in fragments at his feet.

"What avails this argument?" continued the fiery chieftain. "Is it not written that each life must sometime end?"

Thorhild knew herself defeated and acknowledged it with a shrug, but her exasperated glances flew from face to face. The old steward smiled a toothless smile of commiseration. They had weathered many a storm together, and his eyes seemed to remind her of that consoling fact.

Thorstein, the younger of Eric's two sons, a quiet, soft-spoken youth not yet twenty, now ventured his say:

"It seems to me that with trade established between Greenland and Iceland all these difficulties would cease. One such trader as Bjarni brought from Iceland some years past would greatly mitigate our present misery."

All through the preceding controversy Leif, the elder son, had stood with arms folded across his deep chest, leaning against the stately Honor Pillars of his House and watching with keen blue eyes the leaping play of the long fires which burned in a red-gold chain all up and down the huge hall. This flickering, ruddy glow revealed much of primitive elegance: tapestries, obviously not of northern weave, decked the central benches, the Throne-chair, and the entire wall of the women's section; rich furs were strewn about on the raised floor under the benches, and row on row of gleaming shields, swords and battle-axes glittered upon the walls. At the far end, near the outer door, stood a stout oak table, or, rather, a carved oaken trestle with a smooth-grained plank upon it, and here reposed a great silver bowl—the Good Will bowl; dishonored now in Eric's eyes since it held no wine, but only a sour sort of ale which he disdained to drink. Lief loved the proud simplicity of this spacious

hall, where a hundred men could sit at meat with comfort; yet more than all he loved the ancient Honor Pillars, standing like temple gods, two by two, before the throne chairs ranged opposite each other on either side of the long walls. Each rune, each deftly carved figure, had become so familiar, and the history thus unfolded so clear to Leif, that he felt at times a closer kinship with the dead heroes immortalized in these runes than with his intimate companions.

While his mother pleaded and his sire stormed, Leif reached the brooding conclusion that a life so passive and commonplace as this of Greenland were better ended. But on hearing his brother's diffident suggestion a curious emotion stirred to life within him and he seemed to see again the gay Iceland merchant who had captivated his heart years ago, and to feel anew the driving urge to emulate his colorful example. He smiled at the memory of Bjarni's bold leap from his dragon's prow into the irritable, churning waters of Eric's Fiord, and of his gay clothes and the heavy gold rings encircling his brawny arms.

For the first time, Leif joined in the argument.

"Those were Norwegian stuffs," he reminded Thorstein, referring to Bjarni's cargo. "In Norway lies our hope."

"But my son . . ." Thorhild began, only to be interrupted by the spectacular entrance of Freydis, her husband's left-hand daughter. This striking woman could scarcely have resembled her indiscreet parent less. In stature she was rather tall, and more supple than was common in a Norse woman; her skin was olive-hued; her eyes were heavily lashed and brown, and her almost classic head was crowned with rich black hair of which she was inordinately proud, and fond of displaying to the best advantage.

She was smiling as she made her way to her father's seat, pleased to have every eye fixed upon her, sure of her own grace and charm. Indeed, she made an attractive picture in her sky-blue gown, scarlet cape, jewel-decked hair, arranged in two sleek plaits and falling from either side of the proud oval of her face, to gleam like strands of silken ebony upon the rich swell of her bosom.

"What now, daughter?" demanded Eric, wearily.

Freydis' red lips curled scornfully.

"Nothing new; merely another brace of beggars, and this time it appears that impertinence equals temerity. There was no getting rid of them. They must see the lord, at least!"

Eric knotted his red brows menacingly and glared at his daughter. "Have I not told thee that whosoever seeks Eric in need is not to be denied? Show them in."

Eric had grown accustomed to these visits from his suffering people, yet his generous heart never failed to react to their sorrow. Dauntless in war, a very master of the seas, he felt as helpless as a woman in the face of the tragedy which seemed about to engulf the entire colony. Never before had he been faced with such a problem. Hardship, turbulence, the horror of relentless feuds—these things he understood. But this siege of frost; these endless fields of drift-ice, where no ship might venture through the seas teeming with fish; and this ghastly plague creeping upon one like the polar darkness, squeezing one of energy, of hope, of life . . . all this he had brought upon his hapless followers! For had he not lured them from a pleasant clime with his alluring promises? Had he not deluded them willingly? Why, the very name of Greenland was a deliberate irony!

Blaming himself as he did, Eric had given rashly indeed. It was as though he feared to enjoy a single favor beyond that of his meanest slave. Yet, much as he had suffered upon other similar occasions, it was as nothing to the shame which overwhelmed him at sight of the two young creatures who, wild-eyed and haggard, now came and flung themselves at his feet.

"Now, by the eye of Odin, I see too much!" he cried. "Miserable being that I am! The very children of my ablest warriors perish before me!"

It was all too true; these unhappy creatures were the only son and daughter of Swen, a one-time warrior-in-arms with Eric, and his staunchest defender in those desperate quarrels which finally had terminated in his exile from Norway and the loss of his vast estates. Swen, then a young man, had followed him to Iceland; had shared his turbulent career even to a second exile, and eventually had emigrated with his family to this new land sponsored by his volcanic leader.

Eric's heart was rent with pity and remorse, but as usual his recourse was to anger. He pounded his chair and roared like a bull:

"Thorhild! Wife! Where is thy charity? Where are thy worthless servants? Is there none to show hospitality to Eric's guests? Prepare the bath; set out a table, or am I to turn serving-wench in my declining years?"

"My lord, heed what they say," his wife implored, anxious to stem the tide of his rising indignation; "their father lies dead of the plague."

"Is that an excuse to starve the living?" bellowed her husband. "I have had enough of argument this day. Do as thou art bidden, and when these poor children have rested give them what they ask, and see to it they reach home in safety."

Swen's son, a likely lad some twelve years of age, made a pathetic effort to regain command of himself and to relate his message.

"My lord, we ask not for ourselves but for our beloved father. Death we have been taught to accept, but disgrace never . . . yet now we have nothing wherewith to honor our dead. 'Go to Eric the Red,' he told us at the last; 'he will not tolerate that Swen Longsword should be cast to the vultures.'"

"No! By the holy hammer of Thor he spoke truly," Eric interrupted the tragic recital, and lifting the boy to his feet strained him to his breast. "Swen, Swen," the old lord muttered brokenly, "Oh, that we had fallen in the glow of battle—this dying like rats in a hole!"

Then, in his usual rash manner, he commanded his chief steward to make ready a train of pack-horses laden with food and fabrics—the best available; to give Swen's daughter a purse of silver, and his son a certain battle-axe greatly prized by himself. "For," said he, laying a heavy hand upon the boy's shoulder, "who can tell but what young Swen may one day strike a blow for Eric's house!"

None dared to gainsay or thwart the proud chieftain while in such a mood, but when, some hours later, the grateful children had been sent upon their way rejoicing, a sullen murmur broke out against the improvident master.

Like every other man born to place and power, Eric heeded little such disturbance amongst his retainers, yet their dark looks and surly responses reduced him to gloomy meditation.

Thorhild deplored his excesses, yet both she and his sons were reconciled to his action in this instance—honor demanded no less. Not so Freydis. When she discovered that a certain bolt of fine linen, coveted by herself, had been foolishly thrown to the beggars, as she put it, her anger boiled over and she bore down upon her heart-broken father like a fury.

"Thou would'st play the kingly part," she taunted him, "yet findest it nowise incumbent upon thee to wed thine own daughter as a noble should. For all of thee she might sit in the cook-house waiting the grace of some scullion or other."

Thorhild flew into the breach, endeavoring by happy jest to turn a bad situation. But Eric had little love for this daughter who reminded him too well of conquests better forgotten. Moreover, in spite of a strenuous life of exploration, wars and hardships, he had retained much of his ancient fire. Leaping to his feet, he studied her one terrible moment in withering, contemptuous silence.

"Daughter of my shame!" he flung at her, "well dost thou prove that a man's weakness may rise to

destroy him. But it shall not be said that Eric the Red fails in paternal duty—even be that paternity so unhappily expressed. Erlind," he now addressed his quaking chief steward, "thou hast heard?"

"Aye, my master, 'tis but a fit of temper . . ."

"Spare your wits," Eric retorted, "thou wilt have enough use for them. What remains to me of moneys?"

"A single coffer of Norway silver, some rings of gold, the family jewels . . . little else."

"There are tapestries and armor besides," Eric reminded him, and at least a score of thralls spoiling



"By the all-seeing eyes of Odin!"

for a change. Well, then, break off their collars and send them in gift to Thorvald of Gardar, whom we must contract in marriage for our high-handed daughter. Not a word! Make haste about the business."

"Husband," Thorhild began in weary desperation, "Thorvald is the richest man in Greenland. The expense of such a marriage would utterly ruin us. All this day we have pleaded like slaves, and that for our very existence, yet thou rushest from one folly to another with the speed of breakers at sea."

"And thou snatchest at poor struggling decency like the pitiless undertow! 'Ruin, ruin!' ye croak like ravens, but I say better honorable ruin than dishonorable."

With incomparable dignity the old chieftain gathered his cloak about him and, waving his thrall aside, stepped down from his Throne-chair.

"Another thing," he told his exasperated family, "let it be understood that a third of my jewels and all of my Gardar estates will be adjudged Freydis to dowry!" With which emphatic announcement Eric departed for his bed-place and prepared for righteous slumber.

LEIF had taken little part in the argument against his father, yet he fully realized the dangers threatening his people. The mysterious plague, wiping out entire families almost overnight, was indisputably the aftermath of slow starvation, and if the entire colony was not to succumb a wiser method than Eric's indiscriminate giving must be devised. The more Leif thought about the perplexing problem the less was he resigned to waiting the will of the gods, and the more certain that a foreign cruise offered the only possible salvation. But such a cruise would necessitate much negotiable wealth, and of that Eric

denied assistance where it should most properly have been forthcoming, Leif was no less determined to launch the scheme which from day to day took deeper hold upon his heart and fancy. And then Fortune, in the guise of further humiliation, pointed him the way.

In spite of his disapproval, to Leif was appointed the difficult task of suing for the desired alliance—a delicate mission indeed, since in all propriety the offer should have proceeded from the house of Thorvald. But disagreeable or not, he accepted the mission with grace and dignity, scorning the mockery he read in Freydis' eyes. The journey was long enough, he reason-

ed by way of consolation, to give him freedom for thought.

On his circuitous route to Gardar, Leif did not fail to note the dreadful misery prevalent everywhere. He observed in many cases that the families of freemen were infinitely worse off than those of the thralls. Wretched as might be the life of a thrall, he, nevertheless, seldom lacked for food and fire. The freeman, on the other hand, must sustain his liberty and buy what protection his own two hands failed to provide. Fishing and hunting were his mainstay in this new land, where chieftains had no fields to cultivate or wars to follow; and both these industries had failed him owing to the fearful inclemency of the past seasons and an usual blockade of Polar ice.

Wherever Leif paused numbers of these ragged, half-starved creatures thronged about him imploring aid and some solution of their terrible difficulties. He gave what he could, and promised what he dared, but with calculated prudence, very unlike his father's. None-the-less, he pitied them in his heart and was entirely absorbed in their problem.

As always, Leif was deeply impressed with the district of Gardar. Vast snow-capped mountains glittered above the blue waters of the fiords which bound on either side this fertile isthmus. Wind-swept, snow-embroidered, it lay

like a valley of sleeping giants shut in to ghostly silence by its heaven-towering hills.

Leif never tired of this noble scenery; its calm, chaste grandeur appealed to something austere and ascetic within his own soul. It did not stir his pulses as did the sunlit sea, but it seemed to lift him high above the petty cares of life, to force upon him the knowledge that silence is more potent than clamor and patience more noble than rage.

Because of the strange charm it worked upon him, Leif had always resented Thorvald's share in Gardar. Now this resentment waxed double at the thought of Freydis' coming into possession of the enchanted spot; and he found it difficult to forgive Eric so foolish a measure. What did Freydis care for Nature's graces? Why, she would, most likely, rip asunder each emerald meadow in the greedy attempt to coax the growth of stunted grain.

Musing thus, he gained a considerable promontory whence, far down the opposite slope he sighted the low, squat buildings of Thorvald's Hall. Like those of Brattalid, these several buildings were made entirely of stone. The largest, built in the shape of a great L, stood in the centre of a stout stone enclosure, and

around it were clustered a dozen or more lesser dwellings and perhaps a score of huts. The general impression was one of security and homely comfort. As stoutly built as any Udal estate of old Norway, Thorvald's Hall defied wind and weather and enemy alike. True, it lacked the greater stateliness of Brattalid; for wherever Eric had settled, howsoever briefly, he must, as a matter of course, introduce what ostentation and elegance he could.

After the misery Leif had witnessed on his course through the mountains he was somewhat chagrined to find Thorvald and a group of his intimates riotously engaged in an ancient game of ball. Upon the announcement of a visitor Thorvald at once called a halt to the hilarious game and, with every mark of genuine pleasure in an unexpected diversion, called for his cloak. This particular garment affected by Thorvald was a scarlet broadcloth reversed with baby seal, and was, in addition, the sole care and, one might add, occupation of a diminutive slave, whose duty it was to be ever on hand to proffer and receive its elegant folds. Having flung this enviable wrap on his sloping shoulders, Thorvald hastened to greet his guest.

But on first glimpse of the visitor a grimace crossed his face and he jerked his moustache in a nervous way he had. "The high and mighty Leif," he muttered under his breath, "may the trolls take him!" And Leif, waiting his host, might, indeed, have been some vagrant wandering the hills of home and momentarily come to a halt beneath these old grey walls. The pale spring sunlight turned his flowing hair to gold, rippled down his armor, and flashed upon his jewelled sword. Lazily he leaned against a stone pillar, a smile upon his handsome lips, but the chill of arctic peaks in those remarkable steel-blue eyes of his, which were never subject to discipline or expediency.

Thorvald had no love for Leif; but, as became his station, he bade the visitor welcome in flattering phrases.

"How now, Leif Ericson?" he sang out, "thou hast a look of sanctity about thee. Art contemplating the building of a temple to Balder with thyself as chief mummer to the Golden One?"

"Thou hast a rare wit," Leif assured his host admiringly as they strode to the main hall, for he was well aware of Thorvald's vanity on that score, "and more of a wizard! As thou hast surmised, a great dream torments me every hour. In desperation have I sought thee—indeed, how desperate thou wilt soon learn!"

Thorvald melted irresistibly under the warmth of this flattery. Leif, son of Eric the Red, come to him for counsel! Never had he dreamed the like possible. And, truth to tell, so completely had Thorvald lived in fear of the roaring old chieftain of Brattalid that he would have despised a son so easily won had it not been for that contradictory glitter in Leif's rebel eyes. He suspected that this level-spoken, cold-eyed, serenely smiling man was capable of more than dreams and finely-flavored speeches. Consequently his vanity was the more inflamed and he quickly imagined himself in the role of high steward and final oracle to the future ruler of the country. His graciousness knew no bounds.

While a lavish feast was prepared and a bard commissioned to compose a fitting harangue on the grace and nobility of the guest, Leif was attended to the bath by two young thralls. There, whilst enjoying the comforts of the steaming water, kept at even temperature by the constant changing of heated stones, his leonine head was thoroughly pummeled and brushed until his unruly mane shone like beaten gold.

When, some while later, he took his place in the Honor Seat, opposite his host, not a few eyes appraised him approvingly. Like his father, he was given to elegance; but, unlike Eric, it seemed his natural due. No matter how fine the garb he affected his personality outshone it. Moreover, not a man failed to appreciate the significance of his deep chest, steel-girt thighs and powerful shoulders, howsoever decked he might be in blue and gold. Whereas the women, taking all this for granted, could never for long contemplate the tantalizing contradiction of his passionate lips and cold, indifferent eyes without acknowledging the mad desire to bring about a sudden thaw.

The women of Gardar were no exception to this rule. Even Thorvald's aunt, doing the honors of hostess, donned a white kirtle and, ignoring her forty years and cherished widowhood, summoned every feminine artifice to the winning of something beyond courtesy from the handsome visitor. But Leif was a sad disappointment to the fluttering ladies. Consequently, when they had retired to their own quarters they pronounced him to be a proud bigot, minus heart and passion and intelligent discernment.

Meanwhile, all unaware of the tempest he had caused in the bower, Leif was diplomatically steering the conversation into the desired channels. But in spite of his affability and outward calm, he was



What a magnificent union"

now commanded but little. Freydis had tricked her father into squandering his last treasure; yet even she must understand the dire straits of her people. Believing that every sane person must agree to the wisdom of supporting a cruise to Norway, Leif endeavored to soften Freydis' heart; to win her consent to an annulment of the proposed marriage contract and the useless extravagance it must entail.

Freydis laughed at him, taunting him with being in league against her, and told him brutally that the fate of a handful of slaves and degenerates concerned her not at all. What if they perished of a fever—most likely caused by their indolence and filth?—there was no scarcity of their like elsewhere. She saw no reason for heroic measures; summer could not be withheld forever, and with the return of moderate weather there would be fishing enough to fatten the leanest slave and stop his howling. No, Freydis flatly declined to invest her dowry in a ship—a husband was an uncertain-enough investment!

Leif listened to her insolence in angry amazement, and, realizing how unassailable such cold ambition must be, withdrew his argument. But if he had loved this black-browed half-sister little enough formerly, he now despised her. Nevertheless, though he was

indignant at heart. The very feast set out in his honor had offended him. It spoke so eloquently of Thorvald's colossal selfishness. While Eric's stores were being reduced to dangerous limits, Thorvald made certain of his own comfort! It was evident that beggars did not make a habit of trekking to Gardar, nor the master trouble himself about the poor wretches beyond his estate. That Thorvald was both avid of praise and greedy of riches was indubitably clear.

This conviction fired Leif to a new purpose. The sight of a Norseman with the soul of a miser and the greed of a vain woman made him conceive the idea of converting his visit into one of trade as well as diplomacy. He introduced the innocent topic of the weather; how its inclemency was obviously breaking and what a rich haul he might expect at his whaling firth providing he had time to pursue the industry.

"Providing"? Thorvald gasped at the monstrous thought of doubt in the matter; "surely thou art not serious? I have heard how . . . that is," amended the crafty lord, already nibbling at the bait dangled before him, "if the risk does not appeal to thee why not sell the firth?"

"I have considered it," said Leif, "but 'tis a rich holding and one I dislike losing. Better to let it lie fallow than that."

Thorvald parried no longer, but made an outright offer for the firth, and after a very little parley the matter was settled entirely to his satisfaction, as Leif desired it to be.

To celebrate a good bargain Thorvald called for a fresh bowl of ale and over the enheartening brew waxed exceedingly merry. This mellowness so loosed his tongue and reduced his dread of the proud old lord of Brattalid that he burst into voluble praise of the House of Eric.

"Magnificent race! Magnificent warriors! Magnificent women!" he chanted, alcoholic tears in his narrow slits of eyes.

"Magnificent women, my dear lord, magnificent! What a family! What peerless families—Thorvald's and Eric's!"

This unprecedented brilliance starting him into a profounder speculation, he bounded up, drinking-horn suspended in mid-air, a bleary smile covering his heavy-jowled face, and burst into bold eloquence.

"By the all-seeing eye of Odin! What a magnificent union! The house of Eric and the house of Thorvald! The great with the great, to the everlasting glory of our commonwealth!"

"Thou sayest well," Leif forced himself to agree, though his fingers itched to choke the muddled braggart. "Yet, to wed a daughter of Eric is no trivial ambition. The blood of kings is never lightly given."

This did not fail in its desired effect. Thorvald began a heated delineation of his honorable descent; of his vast means and his secret passion for the daughter of Eric. Long had he been looking about for a suitable bride, and none but the imperious Freydis so much as tickled his fancy! He was determined to lose no time in suing for the lovely lady, but would at once accompany Leif to Brattalid.

Leif had now accomplished his mission; yet, with admirable tact and, it must be confessed, not a little secret amusement, he advised the eager lover to refrain from unseemly haste; to send an envoy in the usual fashion, and thus avoid offending the dignity of Eric. Infatuated and absorbed with his dream, Thorvald would listen to no delay, but agreed, nonetheless, to the feasibility of employing a messenger. So it came to pass that Leif enjoyed the mixed pleasure of seeing Thorvald's steward, twenty fighting men, and several slaves bearing gifts, set out for Brattalid before his own farewells were concluded.

At last even the tiresome business of responding gallantly to the persistent goodwill of the ladies came to an end and he was free to pursue his destined way. And now his course wound through a barren wilderness, wind-swept and glacier-infested, unexplored and dangerous; but Leif forged on, impatient and eager. His objective was Herjolfsnes, that vast estate bordering the distant sea, where Bjarni, the erstwhile adventurer, now led a prosaic and peaceful life. Hope, like

a bright star, went on before him, and in his heart he was certain of success. What, then, was hardship? What cared he for the howling winds sweeping down from these hills of death? He was gone to barter for a stout-timbered ship—a ship of destiny wherein to sail the uncharted seas to the magic Kingdom of Norway!

NEVER did Norsemen sit down less willingly to a feast than Eric's people to the banquet prepared in honor of Freydis' betrothal. Not that this was noticeable to Thorvald's envoy, or to his warriors happily devouring the last of Eric's smoked meats, precious corn and treasured ale. No, indeed! They were unanimous in the opinion that never had a more jovial host urged the pleasures of the table upon his guests; nor was there fault to be found in the lady's behavior. Thorhild's smiling countenance gave no hint that she counted each joint of mutton brought steaming from the cookhouse and, for the first time in her life, rued the capacity of Norse stomachs.

The scald commissioned by Eric to write the betrothal song quite surpassed himself, and wove such a web of perfection about the glowing Freydis that Thorvald's ale-muddled retainers were ready then and there to perish to a man in defence of so rare a jewel. But then, it must be owned, she seemed a queenly creature when, with rustle of flowing robes and glittering ornaments, she stepped forward to acknowledge the groom's gifts and, incidentally, to accept his suit with all that it implied. What she thought as she listened to the reading of the marriage agreement would be difficult to guess. But Thorhild remarked later that she had exhibited no daughterly concern over the prospect of leaving her father's house forever.

When the final settlements were made, Eric saw his guests depart with a quiet heart. He had done his duty; he had done it nobly; that knowledge would sustain him through the dreary days ahead. No such gratifying thought consoled his people. Gloom, impenetrable as the Arctic mists, descended upon the household. Servants grumbled and not a thrall but believed his days numbered. Even the high-hearted Thorhild was at length reduced to tears and the melancholy pastime of reviewing her many misfortunes—misfortunes occasioned, every one, by her lord's hasty quarrels and execrable temper. She wept disconsolately at the memory of the rich Iceland estate which she had brought her Eric, only to have him lose it through one of his senseless feuds. Unavoidable misfortune she felt she could have endured bravely, but all of Eric's misfortunes were self-created. This present galling humiliation, for instance, was it not the result of the conquest of a country better left to seals and savages. And to what lengths had a man

to the wretched savages who were known to threaten the Western Bays and to sweep down upon the unsuspecting fishermen like swarms of locusts.

Poor Thorstein had inherited all his mother's seriousness, but none of Eric's wit and fire. He was lost before this gloomy argument. True to his sex, he decided that wisdom prompted flight, and in feverish haste he began preparations for a hunting expedition to his own estate at Lysefjord.

Of all that large household Freydis alone was content, already dreaming her ambitious dream, reveling in the knowledge of Thorvald's possessions and her own broad acres. If Eric chose to beggar himself, Brattalid must pass to others . . . This thought, more bitter than death to old Eric, stirred his daughter's heart to secret exultation.

INTO this sinister atmosphere Leif burst, one grey and dismal morning, like a cyclone of living energy. He radiated enthusiasm. Every word, every gesture, every flash of his eye was intensified by the noble resolve which glowed like a steady fire in his heart. Old Eric listened in dizzy silence to that first joyous outpouring . . . the sound of the beloved voice was music to his old heart . . . the unrestrainable fervor recalled his own vanished youth . . .

"My son! My own dear son!" was wrung from him, as he fell into Leif's affectionate young arms. "Thou did'st save thy foolish father's honor well," Eric growled when they were somewhat recovered of this emotional onslaught. "That moneyed braggart saw not how like a bag of grain he entered my reserves. Yet, by Thor's holy hammer, it goes ill with Eric so to bargain!"

"Think no more upon it, my lord," Leif returned passionately, "the honor of Eric's house shall endure as long as seas gird the land. But now much is to be done, for a great hope lies before us."

Then he told of his transaction at Gardar and how it had enabled him to purchase a seaworthy ship from Bjarni Herjulfson.

"So thou, too, art beggared!" Eric muttered heavily. "Call me not beggared," cried Leif with flashing eyes. "Now shall I ride the sea to honor and to glory. For one more firth hold I this ship, the Silver Dragon; corn and meat to satisfy thirty sailors for many moons, and somewhat besides to barter—skins and Greenland freize and women's trinkets . . . Think no more of ill-fortunes, my father; thou did'st first of men traverse the frozen seas to Greenland. Thy spirit in me shall again be first to sail the uncharted seas from Greenland to Norway."

"But thou must follow the known route to Iceland," said Eric, anxious for this son who was never anxious for himself.

"Such is not my plan," Leif told him quietly.

"Leif, I entreat thee, be not ruled by rashness like thy father. Rashness! Ever was the word synonymous with Eric the Red!"

"Rashness is but a fool's interpretation of courage," his son assured him. "Rashness led thee to Greenland and freedom; rashness shall lead me to King Olaf and plenty!"

After that none dared argue the matter. Leif had not only proved his sonship to the adventurous Eric, but had in addition a calm, cliff-like strength against which dissensions and dispute thundered in vain. He was certain of his duty, sure of his purpose; nothing short of death might stop him! This unfalterable certainty and shining purpose enabled him to fire despondent hearts with some of his rare enthusiasm and faith in a seemingly impossible venture.

While waiting for a navigable sea every possible preparation was being made for the voyage.

Slaves were busy from dawn till dusk making oilskin bags and kits into which provisions and stores were packed. Others fashioned ropes, extra oars, sails, and pitch for the long journey. The women assiduously plied the looms, weaving cloaks and covers; old men polished long disused armor and whetted the edge of many a battle-axe—for none knew whether these men rode to fame and fortune or to death. Lastly, the great ship itself underwent an entire rejuvenation until she shone and quivered at her moorings like a gigantic silver bird poised and eager for flight. She was a remarkably graceful (Continued on page 30)

Leif Ericson and a Leaf From History

This serial from the pen of Laura Goodman Salverson, a writer who needs no introduction to Western Home Monthly readers, deals with the romantic life-story of the first white man to found a colony in America. Too little has been said of this strongheart and his glorious belief in the New World. His one great desire, to be achieved through his son and the rest eternal which he finds in his beloved Vinland could not be more aptly written than by a Canadian of Norwegian ancestry.

We turn back once again to our school days and find of Leif the following in our book of history:

"Leif Ericson was the son of Eric the Red, the discoverer and colonizer of Greenland. Leif was born in Iceland about the year 970 and in the year A.D. 1000 he became the discoverer of North America (Vinland—named for the abundance of wild grapes). He had learned of this new land through another Icelander—Bjarni Herjulfson, who fourteen years before had sighted it on his way to Greenland. He did not, however, go ashore but observed that it was without mountains and that its hills were well wooded, which did not correspond with the descriptions of Greenland. Lief, after serving King Olaf Trygvason of Norway, sailed in the year 1000 with two purposes—one to explore the land seen by Bjarni and the other to preach the Christian religion amongst the colonists of Greenland. He first landed in Newfoundland, which he named Helluland; and then in Nova Scotia, calling it Markland; and finally in New England, which he called Vinland. He spent the winter 1001 in Vinland and sailed for Greenland in the spring. He remained in Greenland and after the death of his father became chief of the colony. He died about the year 1021."

It is recorded in the life of Columbus, written by his son Ferdinand, that he visited Iceland in February, 1477, and while there obtained information of the lands visited by the immediate ancestors of the Icelanders. It is also stated that Gutrid, the widow of Thorfin Karlsefne, one of the chief explorers of Vinland, made a pilgrimage to Rome and doubtless told about her three year's residence in Vinland. The Norsemen, and foremost among them Eric the Red and his son Leif, taught the world pelagic navigation. They demonstrated the possibility of sailing out of sight of land with the sun, moon and stars to guide them, and in this sense at least it may be said with perfect propriety that the Norsemen prepared the way for the great Christopher Columbus.

not gone when he needs must carve out a kingdom amidst such desolations?

Thorstein endeavored to hearten her by the ingenious masculine fallacy of discounting her fears. He pointed out that all was by no means lost; that Leif's prolonged absence argued some hopeful venture, and that the continued moderation of the weather was in itself a life-giving promise. But Thorhild refused to be either comforted or convinced. She knew that the thaw would end in another killing siege of frost. As for Leif, he was most likely lying dead at the bottom of some icy chasm; or, worse still, had fallen victim

Discriminating in Oriental Immigration

FOR almost fifty years the subject of Oriental immigration has been one of particular interest in Canada, especially in British Columbia, where Chinese and Japanese have settled in such large numbers as to have affected profoundly the development of agriculture, commerce and industry in the province. But, because they are satisfied with less wages than the white man demands, and are willing to work longer hours to earn a living, Orientals have incurred the jealous antagonism of the large majority of the people of British Columbia.

In consequence of this feeling, our Dominion Department of Immigration rigorously exclude all Hindus and Chinese, while Japanese are admitted under a so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement" quite freely. The inequality of this arrangement is quite apparent on its face, but to see the problem in its proper perspective we must recall the story of their early years in this country, and learn how they have become identified with the industry of Canada.

The Chinese were in the vanguard of this Oriental immigration, the first party of thirty arriving about the middle of the nineteenth century. Soon after their arrival gold was discovered in British Columbia. In company with many other prospectors they took part in the "rush" and, being more easily satisfied, they worked claims which the white man passed over as unprofitable.

During this time the white miners incidentally carried on a thriving liquor traffic with the Indians—but they strenuously objected to the Chinese selling arms and ammunition to them. Racial prejudice and jealousy between these rival traders soon became so bitter that the Chinese were driven from the mining camps, much to the indignation of the Red Man. They found other work, however, which they could perform satisfactorily until the next phase of British Columbia's development called for them.

At this time the most important problem occupying the attention of the Dominion of Canada was that of a transcontinental railway. If Canada was to profit from the extensive explorations of La Verendrye and Mackenzie, lines of communication must be established between Eastern Canada and the distant British colony on the Pacific Coast. The entrance of Manitoba into the new Confederation further emphasized this need, and a year later, when British Columbia also became a province, she demanded that a transcontinental railway should be started within two years of the date of union, and be completed within ten years.

For the next ten years this controversial question of railway construction was vigorously debated in the Federal House. Governments came and went, the Pacific Scandal was exposed, promises to British Columbia were broken and new programmes undertaken.

During this time British Columbia waited anxiously for the terms of union to be honorably fulfilled. Politically, industrially, and commercially, the life of the province was altogether dependent on the early completion of the railway. General depression in business was attributed to delays in railway construction. The

By Christena McDonald

development of the interior was being greatly retarded. Year after year passed, and still the work had not even started.

But at length, after a formal threat of separation had been made in 1878 by the legislature of British Columbia, which precipitated fresh agitation for annexation with the United States, the distressing need of the isolated province finally became appreciated by

Contractors on the western end of the railway were forced, therefore, to look around for another labor market. Their eyes fell upon the struggling millions of China, from whence transportation was both direct and cheap. And so it came about that to meet the pressing demand for laborers in Canada at this time, Chinese companies were formed, which brought over their fellow-countrymen as indentured laborers. To repay the cost of passage, and incidentally to provide enormous profits for the Chinese promoters, the coolies promised to work for their respective companies for a period of from five to ten years, during which time they received only the bare necessities of life.

THERE is a dramatic quality in this first important industrial contact between Canada and the Orient. These immigrants were more than hewers of wood and drawers of water; they were pioneers in empire-building. For the completion of the Canadian Pacific

Railway marked the spiritual consummation of union of British Columbia with the Dominion of Canada. Moreover, contact was established with the Orient, the commercial importance of which the Fathers of Confederation had never imagined. Trade relations with Asia have since developed, which have contributed materially to the national prosperity of Canada by opening up new foreign markets for many Canadian products.

During the years 1881-1884, fifteen thousand, seven hundred Chinamen came to Canada, nearly all of whom were directly consigned to contractors of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The English-speaking people of British Columbia seem to have been quite favorable to having the Chinese perform dangerous and laborious tasks, such as these were. But when the railway was completed and they were secure in enjoyment of the benefits conferred by it, they objected strenuously to these same Orientals having a share in the prosperity that came to British Columbia largely as a result of Chinese labor.

This agitation became so intense that in 1885 the Dominion Government appointed a Royal Commission on Chinese immigration, which went to British Columbia to investigate these complaints and to recommend a satisfactory solution. They made a thorough study of the various industries in which the Chinese were most actively engaged.

They found the coal-mining industry in difficulties. The population at the Coast was so small that there was little local demand for their product. The only outside market was at San Francisco, but the competition was very keen there, because vessels from other ports carried coal as ballast. Managers of coal mines in British Columbia stated that the Chinese did work in the

mines which other laborers refused to perform at all, and at wages which made such mining pay. Without Chinese labor it would have been impossible to have developed the coal mines at that particular time.

Vegetable gardening owed practically its whole existence to them. A witness [Continued on page 61]



The Oriental Home and School, Victoria, B.C., where Oriental Children are trained to be good Canadians.



Two happy little Canadian born Japanese



Miss Chiyo Kubo, R.N., a Japanese nurse trained at Lamont General Hospital.



Chinese Hospital in Chinatown, Victoria, B.C.

could offer them. Moreover, this new land was scarcely known on the Continent, and hence was seldom considered by immigrants as a future home. The geographic position of British Columbia was such that she could not hope to attract many laborers, either from Eastern North America or from Europe.

The Week-End Girl

By Cosmo Hamilton

Illustrated by J. L. Clymer

JOHN WARRINGTON entered what he called his studio in his usual jaunty way. More jaunty than usual because he was cold with fright and horror at something that he had done and was trying to hide the fact even from himself.

He went immediately to his enormous desk and picked up a sheet of paper. On this his secretary had pasted a cutting of an advertisement which had appeared in the New York Times.

With a crinkle up his spine and a feeling that his hair—very nice, thick hair—was rising on his head, he read the words of his own composition for the hundred and fiftieth time.

"WANTED. A charming, somewhat alluring, but extremely sensible girl possessed of a keen sense of humor, a bubbling sympathy and the almost unique gift of keeping a secret, to act as a week-end companion to a man of the utmost rectitude and high morality. Must provide indubitable proofs that she is not older than eighteen years and an unblemished character from a lawyer or clergyman. Salary generous, dresses provided, all expenses paid. Will be treated as privileged member of household with use of cars, courts and golf course. Tennis must be good, bridge adequate at least. Must not sing or recite. Intellectuality wholly unrequired. Applicants should apply at Forty-six East Sixty-sixth Street, New York City, Apartment No. 9, on Friday morning next."

Warrington laughed as he dropped this thing on his desk. It felt like a hand grenade. It was a dry and mirthless laugh. It was, in short, the one that he was in the habit of adopting whenever he desired to disguise the true, honest and genuine emotions with which he was afflicted. He was living, as we all are, in a period when true, honest and genuine emotions have gone out with long skirts, smelling salts, sincerity and corsets.

You ought to know at once that young Warrington is a playwright. Or rather, to be strictly accurate, a man who occupied almost the whole of his leisure, of which he had too much, in the writing of plays which never were produced. With him, as with many others, this was a practice which came under the heading of a disease rather than that of a hobby. And yet our friend was a born dramatist, who saw himself and all his set in terms of comedy and farce, and who looked at life from the point of view of a manipulator of scenes. Ever since his youth he had never merely walked into a room or left it, just like that. He made an entrance and an exit, before an imaginary audience, and, although he never actually made up for any of his roles, faced metaphorical footlights as a constant hero ready at any moment, mentally to submit himself to a flashlight photograph. He was one of the innumerable moderns who suffer from this complaint.

Unfortunately, too, he had inherited a considerable sum of money so that he had never had to work. Before and since his marriage, he had devoted himself with feverish enthusiasm to being a dramatist and came up every day to a beautifully furnished apartment which was filled with old playbills, autobiographies of famous actors, prints and photographs of ancient stars and similar atmosphere, in which he submitted himself from ten to five to a rigorous routine with an interval for lunch. He wrote a play a month.

At any time during this tragic contest he could

have produced these things at his own expense or formed a syndicate. But he regarded this as a proceeding which would have marked him down as a butter and egg man, a sucker, an amateur, and although he endured moments of frightful disappoint-



Good Lord, you should have seen that mouth! The corners of it went up and up, and the nice old prints of all the actors quivered in their frames.

ment and depression when the results of his desperate labors came back dog-eared in the post he went on and on and on. Masses of paper were wasted and much energy squandered but regular employment was afforded to an earnest secretary who had very charming knees.

A delightful person, John—kind, considerate, loyal, supremely decent, deeply in love with his wife, and very proud of his home; a combination of Don Quixote, Savonarola and Leslie Howard, who played an excellent game of tennis, persistent but erratic golf, and whose principles were as straight as his eye.

This rash and peculiar advertisement was the outcome of the deep and tragic thought which had sprung from John's desire to prevent his marriage from running on the rocks. A playwright, even in his domestic troubles, he had devised this scheme of a week-end girl in order to show his wife—the fluffy-minded Lallah with the swan-like neck—the gross disloyalty of running a gigolo. Acting on the old assumption that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery he had devised the plan of taking home a girl, if he could find one, who would be even more attentive to him, sweet, sympathetic and snugly than the Orlando Lulworth, commonly known as Dodo, who made his house impossible and followed his wife about. He had, indeed, arrived at a state of matrimonial irritability, jealousy and outrage which made some such experiment the only alternative to a lamentable break. As a last desperate resort he was about to apply all that he knew of playwriting, which wasn't much, to the preservation of his domestic happiness and the rescue of his home. But his collar felt far too tight.

Running his fingers through his hair as he had so often made the worried heroes do in his rejected plays, he crossed R to the fireplace and rang the bell. Then he adopted an expression of actor-manager patience and straightened his perfectly straight tie.

His secretary entered from L.

Her face was as charming as her knees and both were frankly on view. Blue of eye, she wore a one-piece frock which was the color of forget-me-nots growing by a brook. Her question was quite unnecessary, although, according to her employer, it was, under the circumstances, perfectly correct.

"You rang, Mr. Warrington?"

"Undoubtedly," he said.

How many times he had written exactly that question and answer. Once a month in fact for several years. "Tell me," he added, with what he considered to be the right touch of heroic lightness, although privately, and as a married man in a tragic position, he felt as heavy as lead, "what is the result, if any, of our advertisement?"

If he had looked closely at the nice neat face of Mildred Pilgrim he would have seen a sudden flash of deep resentment and jealousy in her eyes. She was a loyal little soul and having become infected with the peculiar atmosphere of dramatic unreality of the studio in which she spent the working hours of her life she imagined that she was in love with the quite unconscious John. "There are sixty-six girls who are taking up every available inch of the apartment," she said.

John was completely aghast. "Sixty-six! Good heavens."

"There would be eighty-six by this time but that I saw the necessity of putting a notice on the outside of the door upon which I wrote in large black letters the words, 'House full—standing room only.'"

The would-be dramatist almost fell into his chair. What in the name of all that was appalling had he brought upon himself? If the geography of that place had permitted him to escape from it without running the gauntlet of those hundred and thirty two eyes he would have bolted then and there. As it was, with sudden grimness, Miss Pilgrim placed in front of him a sheet of paper upon which, in her usual exemplary manner, she had typed about a third of the names, ages, occupations and outward characteristics of the applicants. It was a splendid piece of work.

The first entry ran like this:—"Carlotta Pott-hast, eighteen (?), interior decorator, temporary wide mouth, suspiciously good teeth, large hands, blonde, eyebrows plucked, Eton crop, Angora eyes, muscular calves, high insteps; resonant voice, Boston accent, frequent laughter. Remarks—P.L.B.E.N."

Blinking several times John put his spatulate forefinger upon this line of capital letters. "I'm afraid I don't quite . . ."

"A person likely to be an extreme nuisance," amplified Miss Pilgrim in a cold and level voice.

"So I should think," said John. With considerable concentration and rapidly increasing fright he read the rest of the entries as far as they had been made—hot and cold by turns. He ventured only once again to ask for an explanation of the abbreviated comments which were placed against the names. "N.D.E., what may that be, please?"

"No damned earthly," replied Miss Pilgrim, with a certain amount of glee.

After which, as you may well imagine, there was

a very definite pause. There would have been a silence but for the fact that the trolleys in Madison Avenue were still permitted by the city authorities to crash down the middle of that incredible street in which antiques of every period competed against each other in hundreds of little shops. "I think—in fact I'm almost certain—that I'd better take a squint."

"It might be as well," said Mildred. How she hated all those girls.

Whereupon, straightening his straight tie once more and running his hand down the back of his extremely well-groomed head, John rose and marched to the door. This opened into a largish room which had been furnished for the reception of all the Broadway managers who ought to have swarmed there once a month in order to compete for the brain efforts of our persistent friend—but who never did. On every atom of furniture girls had perched themselves—girls, girls. There was such a display of stockings that it took John's breath away. It might have been the waiting room of a theatrical agent who was moving Heaven and earth to discover a pretty and talented young person who could play a debutante. Or the office of a lawyer who specialized in divorce.

John gasped and shut the door. For about the hundredth time he cursed himself for having adopted without sufficient thought this most embarrassing method of dealing with the problem that was ruining his life. Like all his dramatic inspirations it had come to him in the bath.

The little Pilgrim, who was alarmingly human, indulged in another smile. She said to herself, with loving emphasis, "S.U.J.W.R.J.," which stood, of course, for "Serve you jolly well right, John." If she were not very careful this thing would grow on her.

Warrington turned to his desk. The palms of his hands were wet and he had that nasty sensation which comes to men in air raids and when they stand on altar steps during marriage ceremonies—a needle drawing a red hot thread through and through his middle. He looked at the list and shut his eyes and blindly stabbed a name. It was Gladys Dyer Ruel, twenty, meditator, A.C.O.F.I.

In answer to his elevated eyebrows, Mildred translated these letters as, "A conveyor of false impressions," and added, "I think she ought to do."

"I'm inclined to agree," said John. "Will you kindly send her in?"

LEFT alone for a moment this earnest but adventurous man, this nervous victim of a self-made plot to rid the wife he adored of a limpet-like gigolo, wondered what to do. Should he stand in front of the fireplace and wear an airy smile? Should he sit at his desk with one of his legs crossed and dally with a pen? Should he adopt an air of banter or that of a very serious person making a crusade? But before he could come to a decision Miss Pilgrim flung the door back and ushered in the girl.

She was tall and Greenwich Village. That is, she wore Intelligenza clothes, conspicuously unsmart and suggestive of vegetables. A tomato-colored hat toned in rather nicely with a jacket of lettuce green. A cauliflower skirt, and stockings which resembled the interior of an alligator pear, stamped her High-brow with a flair of callories. Her face was not made up and was so startlingly natural that it took John's breath away. Her Boston bean-like eyes seemed to search his very soul and her raddish ear-rings trembled with a sort of sympathy.

John waved her to a chair. "How do you do," he asked, and decided against her immediately because she wore a pair of shoes which had very thick crepe soles.

"I am always well," she replied. Her voice was low and rich, with the vox humana stop. It was all too obvious that she had taken lessons in tone production and went in for recitative. "I have mastered the art of living. To me the human frame . . ."

"Thanks very much," said John rather quickly. "Yes, I quite agree. But . . ."

"Oh, there's a but—already." She rose and swept from the room, taking with her a faint but proud aroma of burning autumn leaves.

Thanking his stars for this relief he rang his silver bell. Long ago it had stood on the desk of the brilliant Sheridan.

In Mildred's deep blue eyes there was a little cloud of triumph such as one sees in a mid-summer sky when the weather report says dull.

"Betty Bickel," said John.

And almost before our worried friend could adopt an attitude the room was filled with a drenching whiff of most disturbing scent. Behind this entered a typical giggler with dimples on her knees and a permanent blush on both sides of a little nose which might easily have come out of a box of somewhat Turkish delight. Such teeth, such ruddy lips!

"Well, old bird, and what's the great idea?"

is known as the sunburn make-up was plastered on her face so that she looked as though she had been stretched out on a baking beach for many blissful days. Her feet were quite absurdly small in a pair of black suede shoes.

John didn't answer her question. He asked her one instead. "What made you answer this advertisement—will you tell me, please?"

"Anything once," said she.

Miss Pilgrim's summing up was uncommonly astute, he saw. Here was one of the large new army of youthful females who, large-eyed and apparently incautious, set out to discover themselves the well-known truths of life. But the words "extremely sensible" could not be applied. The bubble was there and the humor and probably her tennis was good. But he could see from the unconscious shifting of her shoulders and those Hawaiian hips that she was even at that moment singing a mental song. His too keen imagination drew an awful picture of her attached to a ukelele which she never ceased to thumb. How he hated that thing. And so, with the mental weight of sixty-four remaining applicants waiting to be interviewed, he decided at once, as smoothly as possible, to get her out of the room. He said, with the courteous but insincere smile of the average leading man, "I am very favorably impressed. If, on your way out, you will be so good as to leave your telephone number with my secretary, you shall hear from us again."

Upon which, with a blinding flash of understanding, the Bickel girl, of whom there are so many, put her feet to the floor, allowed a trickle of cigarette smoke to issue from her nose, opened her red leather bag and took a look at her face. "Scratched," she said. "I see. Well, you're making a mistake. As a week-end companion to a man of high morality I should be unique. Who is the man, by the way?"

"He stands before you." He had studied Somerset Maugham.

"Then I'm no judge," she said. With which, congratulating herself on having achieved the last word and dropped a fat full-stop she made an airy passage to the door, gave a skip and was gone.

Oh, poor dear old John!

But that he had an enormous respect for Mildred Pilgrim and a constant desire to justify her equally deep respect he would then and there have rushed wildly from the apartment, or called her in, confessed to his distress and asked her to make an announcement to all the wondering applicants that would send them out of the place. He knew, however, that if, at such a moment, he were to be weak enough to adopt either of those panicky ways, he must open himself up to the charge of cowardice—and that he couldn't face. If there were one person alive in whose estimation he was enthroned as a brave and resolute man it was in that of the exemplary Pilgrim to whom, in spite of disappointments, humiliations and despairs, he dictated a play a month. And so he rang the bell again.

"You rang, Mr. Warrington?"

"Undoubtedly," he said, as before. It was the Noel Coward touch.

"Who—this time?" There was the faintest suggestion of malice in her eyes.

"I'm blessed if I know," he said.

She went to the desk and studied the list for a moment. "I think you have a certain amount of faith in my judgment," she said. Her eyes were bluer than ever and her loyalty just as fine.

And his immediate answer was, "Of course. In everything."

"Then I suggest that you shall see the girl called Percy Piercy—obviously a made-up name—who seems to me to possess every requisite for the—shall I say position?"

John was stung by her quiet sarcasm, but took it like a man. In a sort of way it strung him up to the pitch of courage that was needed in order that he should continue with his appalling but worthy aim. He was all against divorce and until the advent of Orlando Lulworth would have sworn in a Court of Law that he and the lovely Lallah were the happiest couple on earth.

"Percy Piercy," he said. "Nice alliteration. I see that you have her down as 'twenty-two' . . ."

"Which naturally means twenty-five . . ."

"Actress, experience 1, [Continued on page 46]

She had fallen a victim to the latest craze of adopting a gigolo, by which is meant a young and glossy male person who dances to perfection, utters words of fatuous flattery, carries little parcels and takes the dog for a walk.

John bowed and while his head was bent over his desk he seized the opportunity to consult that able list. Against the name of Betty Bickel was entered "seventeen, debutante, experimentalist, everything in the shop window except the danger mark." She perched herself on the edge of his desk and tapped a Melacrinio on the bright pink nail of her thumb. A most attractive person she was, with the standardized peaks of fair hair held in place by a tight-fitting brown felt hat that was jammed on the back of her head. What



"Varmint!" muttered McLauchlin under his breath, then he went on in pursuit of the wild cat.

SANDY McLAUCHLIN found the tracks of the wildcat in the snow and followed them. They led him down the mountain face, circling every boulder, and he came to a place where she had killed a grouse under a peat ledge.

"Varmints they!" muttered McLauchlin under his breath, then he went on in pursuit of the varmint, having first set a trap by the remains of the grouse. This was not for wildcat, for he knew from previous experience that a wildcat never returns to a kill, preferring fresh blood; McLauchlin set the trap for the fox or ermine which might follow the cat, as the lesser hunters so often follow the greater.

A little further on, the tracks took him to a great rocky outcrop, capped with pines, which served as a landmark for miles around. He had half expected that the chain of shamrock impressions would lead to this place, for most of the Wild Folk have their special haunts, and the last wildcat caught in that glen—twenty-two years ago—had fallen to Sandy's father at this same cairn. The cairn, indeed, was named in the Gaelic tongue, "Wildcat Hill."

Across the centre of the outcrop, dividing it clean in two, was a deep and narrow cutting, down which a man could just walk between the vertical faces, and McLauchlin saw to his joy that the cat had taken this way, entering at one side and out at the other. Thence he could follow her no further on account of the drifts, but he had no need to do so, for this much he knew—that if ever again she came that way she would pass through the narrow defile, treading in her tracks. For all he knew she had been that way a score of times before.

So McLauchlin went home, obtained a fox-trap, complete with chain and spike, and returning to the cairn set it carefully in the centre of the cutting. He laid the trap on a bed of sphagnum moss, covering it with sifted sand so that it would not freeze up; he carefully buried the chain, and drove the iron spike out of sight. He left no bait, for a wildcat eats only what it kills, and is ever suspicious of a bait, but he

placed a large stone at either side of the spring-plate, thus closing the opening save for the hidden trap.

Early the following morning Sandy went back to see his luck, and—yes, she was there, facing him but motionless, her body flattened to the ground, her ears laid back. As their eyes met, there came a thunderous growl, and the wildcat hung back, one paw gripped between the closed jaws. She was twice the size of the biggest domestic cat, measuring forty inches from tip to tip, and weighing fifteen pounds, while no tiger ever looked fiercer—more desperately prepared to fight to a sanguinary finish.

Sandy wanted this cat alive, so, without alarming her further, he went to the timber edge and cut a strong forked hazel. He had brought a bag in readiness, and thus armed he went back to the cairn. As he approached, she began to hurl herself this way and that with a violence which caused one to wonder that the trap held, or that the imprisoned limb was not torn to ribbons, while a barrow-load of lighted rockets and Japanese crackers would have been drowned by the sounds which greeted the man's reappearance.

Sandy knew his job, and what he had to do he did as quickly and as mercifully as the brutal thing could be done. He got the forked stick over her neck and pinned her down—crushed her to earth with a strangling grip, then as her struggles became less violent, he dexterously drew the bag over her, released the trap, and next moment closed the mouth of the bag with the cat inside.

By the bothies at the mansion house at which Sandy's employers spent a few weeks each year there were three large cages. In the first a red fox paced up and down, restless as a hill-fox always is, yet seeming to enjoy her life, if a fox ever enjoys captivity. She was on friendly terms with Jock, McLauchlin's Aberdeen terrier, who came to sniff officiously through the bars each morning, and with the retrievers who regarded her as part of the fittings, and she would take dainty morsels from the fingers of the children who passed down the glen on their way to school. In the second cage was a prisoner of a very

The DEALER

By
H. Mortimer Batten

different type—a wildcat. He was a beautiful specimen, and for twenty-two years this brute, known by the name of Tiger, had lived in that cage. Every day he rumbled thunder and growled lightning at everyone who looked at him, not one atom tamer than when he fell to Sandy's father, albeit man's hand had fed him liberally all those years. He crouched on a shelf six feet up, descending to the floor of his cage only at night-time, when he would snatch up his food and depart with it, snarling, to his shelf. The third cage was empty, and into this Sandy's last catch was shaken.

Free of the bag, she rocketed around the cage, colliding with the bars, biting at the wire netting, till, half-stunned by her own terrific violence, she leaped to the shelf, snarled a final snarl of hatred at McLauchlin, then jammed her head in a corner of the woodwork so that she could see no more of the hateful things around.

IT WAS thus that the man from the South, who came up in response to Sandy's telegram, found her. He had given Sandy a sheet of his notepaper a year ago, with the information that he was always ready to buy any rare animal Sandy caught uninjured, and Sandy, being a Highlander, had remembered.

The notepaper had described Sandy's visitor as a naturalist and a collector, dealer in wild animals, wild birds, and fishes, performing animals and dog biscuits, also printed upon the paper was the information that no collector paid higher prices for song-birds, birds' eggs, or sold bird-seeds at a lower rate. The dealer had come up on a motor cycle and sidecar provided with a box to take the cat away. He had come over two hundred miles, and Sandy felt himself honored by the society of one whose notepaper spoke so highly of him. Sandy's wife held different views. She thought nothing of "they dealer fellows," and she had told Sandy plainly that he was wasting his time.

"Well, cocky," was the dealer's greeting, "is this the darned old cat?" He was looking at cat No. 1, the captive of twenty-two years.

"No," said Sandy. "I'd get the sack if I sold that one. This is yours. And he showed the dealer the crouching captive with its head against the woodwork."

"A fine specimen," Sandy pursued. "Measures fully forty-two inches, and scales fifteen pounds if an ounce."

"Yes," replied the other somewhat tartly. "I don't think!"

He moved back to cage No. 1. "Suppose I take this one," said he, "and you stick to the newcomer. Your boss will never know the difference."

But Sandy shook his head. "Wouldn't he?" he muttered. "Anyway, this is your cat. This is the one you've come to fetch. Now, what about it? How are you going to get her out?"

"What about the injured paw?" inquired the dealer with a sly wink. "I reckon that's going to take something off her value."

"She isn't injured," Sandy replied. "She isn't even scratched."

The dealer laughed a superior laugh. "Never yet knew an animal caught in a fox-trap that wasn't," he replied quite truly. "Anyway, I'll have to examine her when I get her home."

But Sandy's red beard was beginning to bristle. "You'll pay for her before you get her home," said he. "You'll pay for her before she leaves that cage, or she stays there. You named your own price, and that's what I want. The boxing up is your show. You buy her as she stands."

An almost tearful expression came into the red-rimmed eyes of the man with the motor cycle. Clearly he wanted the wildcat badly.

"Look here, cocky," said he, assuming a patronizing tone, "don't you be hard on me," and he began to dispute the deal, till Sandy lost heart.

And the DE'IL

Illustrated by R. Dort

"All right," said the Highlander. "Pay for her when you get her aboard your motor bicycle. Now what about boxing her up?"

"Oh, we'll soon settle that," replied the dealer, brightening. "You go and get me a rabbit snare."

When the snare arrived, the dealer fixed it to the end of a walking-stick, having first knotted the wire so that the running-noose could not close beyond a certain point. The noose protruded from the end of the stick, to which it was made fast with a screw, and next, the box which the dealer had brought was drawn up alongside the door of the cage.

By this time one or two foresters and other workmen from the policies had sauntered up, and the wildcat, alarmed by the growing crowd and ever a fighting beast, turned about to face them, and if so, to fight them off. Her jaws assumed a right-angle, revealing a truly terrible array of feline fangs, and she drew back in the world-wide attitude of the cat at bay. McLauchlin got a stick and proceeded to prod her between the bars. She rose on all fours and veritably roared at him, and no man can know what a cornered wild beast is until he has seen a wildcat at bay.

Noiselessly the door of the cage slid open. She did not see, or did she heed the fine wire-noose which the dealer was extending towards her, for she was watching the men opposite her, and from the door of the cage it was just possible to reach her with arm and stick fully extended.

There was a breathless pause, then the wildcat turned and looked at the man with the noose. She drew herself up taut as a coil-spring, then—"Strike"! shouted McLauchlin. There was no need to strike, for at the same instant the wildcat sprang, but the noose was firmly fixed about her throat. It checked her in mid-air, and she smote the floor of the cage with a crash, held at stick's length. In the merest fraction of time she turned a dozen pinwheels, striking at the stick, at the noose, locking her frenzied jaws on the wire netting, while the firework display surpassed all previous efforts.

"Lord, what a devilish brute"! muttered one of the onlookers, and instinctively they all drew back from the bars of the cage.

Have you held a fifteen-pound salmon in a rapid run? That tests your wrists and muscles a little, but it is nothing to holding a wildcat, which, if you let him go, would be into your face with fangs and claws ere you could close your eyes—while meantime the yapping of McLauchlin's Aberdeen, the wild shouts of McLauchlin himself, and the curses and laughter of the assembled crowd, lent an atmosphere of comedy to the proceedings. A dog fight, a dozen dog fights, would not have been in it to the behavior of that cat, but every violent jerk and thrust was closing the running-noose tighter, tighter, in a death grip. The noises ceased, the struggling became subdued, till at length, with mouth agape, the wretched captive was hurled from the cage and held a moment aloft. One heavily-gloved hand held the scissors; immediately below stood the box with its hinged lid open. McLauchlin held the wildcat by the tail, so that when the wire gave she would fall head-foremost into the box. The gloved hand moved forward, but with glazed eyes the captive saw it. The terrible forepaws closed upon it; closed and locked. Her fangs grated upon the scissors, but there sounded a sharp click, and the running-noose was cut.

McLauchlin did his part well. At the crucial moment he let go her tail, and the hinged lid clanged to, his naked knee was upon it, and he looked up triumphantly. The onlookers cheered. Only the Aberdeen appeared a trifle disappointed, because he had hoped for a cat-hunt. From the box there still issued the deepest rumblings and raspings, for the victim was safely crated for her final trip, but—she had taken one glove with her! And the hand that glove had covered, not a specially clean hand, had received



She was twice the size of the biggest domestic cat—measuring forty inches from tip to tip.

a taste of what a wildcat really is—three deep, dripping scratches, front and back, the marks of claws which had penetrated the stiff, hard leather as though it were paper.

"That's settled her anyway," remarked the dealer, shaking his wounded hand. "Now away with you for some nails to secure the lid."

It was a pardonable error after the excitement of a moment ago. Sandy turned about for the bothie door, and scarcely had he removed his brawny knee from the lid when there was another explosion of fireworks. In an instant the lid flew open, and a sinister vision of fangs and fish-hooks shot about four feet into the air, carrying a cyclone of bedding with it. The hero of the running-noose dealt a sweeping blow at the wildcat's head with his stick—more to defend his face as he stepped back than for any other reason, but the blow fell on the under jaw of Jock, the Aberdeen terrier, who was rocketing after the cat, sending him sprawling, back down, across the ground.

Goodness! how the crowd scattered, but none too soon, for that bristling devil leaped at the nearest of them, not with intent to assault, but merely as a step-ladder to higher things. She alighted upon the man's shoulders as he ran, thence rocketed to the gutter of the bothie roof, hung a moment, dragged herself up and, ere the onlookers could recollect their senses, she was over the roof and out of sight.

For the men it meant a wide detour, but they lost no time over it. Yet, gaining the other side, with Jock leading the pack, they could see nothing of the fugitive. One of the men, armed with shillalah, climbed cautiously to the roof. McLauchlin ran for his shotgun, and a minute later stood on guard. Boys returning from school were sent into the adjoining trees to search the branches, a retriever was brought from the kennels, given the scent-line of the cat, and told to follow it, but she could pick up nothing beyond the buildings. Granaries, pig-sties, and hen-houses were duly ransacked under the spirited guidance of Jock,

but neither scent nor sign was forthcoming. Where the wildcat had gone was a complete mystery, and the man who had come two hundred miles by road to take her back, was aggressively gloomy.

NIGHT came with a sprinkling of frost, and perforce the hunt was abandoned. McLauchlin sat up with his visitor, arguing as to how they stood—was he, McLauchlin, to pay for the dealer's petrol? The dispute became more spirited as the night proceeded, broken at intervals by the forlorn wailing of McLauchlin's first-born in the room above. At length the keeper's wife called down to him: "Sandy, are ye no coming to bed the night? It's time yon man went about his business. The bairn won't settle, and I'm thinking he ails something."

So Sandy dismissed his visitor, and retired for the night. On his arrival the baby settled down, but for some reason Sandy could not sleep. He did not know the reason why, save that a strange sense possessed him—a foreboding of evil, if so it be. He pondered it over and over, no little mystified, till at length, almost drowsing, a scent came to his nostrils. He tried to place it, but could not, and the next moment he was wide awake, snuffing lustily.

No, it was gone again, yet Sandy could have sworn that a minute ago it smote his nostrils—an unmistakable scent, which now, he felt, had pervaded the air since he came upstairs, and was the cause of his instinctive uneasiness. He was imagining things, of course, and he settled down once more, his brain nevertheless active. His cottage stood apart from the bothie buildings, and at the opposite side of the square, but now he began to picture his surroundings more vividly than ever before. He saw the quadrangle of the bothie buildings, with its arched gateway. The arch was of oak, and across it a cat might creep unseen, especially a wildcat. Thus to the other wing, and into the dark branches of the yew tree. Three boys had climbed into the yew in the midst of the hue and cry, but it [Continued on page 57]

What's New in Wallpapers

By Katherine M. Caldwell

SPRING, with its own peculiar radiance that shows up every dull spot and makes our shabbiness look shabbier, is responsible every year for an enormous amount of refurnishing. But I must admit that it is with the first hint of Autumn that I personally feel the urge to do things to my house. The casual come-and-go of summer and the rather irresponsible feeling it gives to most of us, are routed by a perfect outburst of home activities.

New backgrounds! This seems the ideal time for them, for in the long indoor months ahead of us there will be plenty of opportunity to admire and enjoy them. There is something so stimulating about fresh new walls—they do so much for a room.

In order that I might pass on to the readers of *The Western Home Monthly* the news of what will be "the very latest," this Fall, I have had a delightful orgy with the advance samples that our foremost Canadian manufacturers are making ready for the new season. By the time this reaches you, stocks of these new papers will be well distributed throughout the country.

The characteristics which seem to be outstanding are these:

PLASTER effects remain in great favor. They have extended their territory far beyond the plain buff and gray plasters that were represented in the first of these papers to become popular. Color has found its way into these new textured papers—suggestive of the warmth and glow of the mellow tinted plasters that we have associated so long with Spanish houses. The soft blending of many shades of one color or of a number of colors that might well have been run together and blended by weather, give these new papers very great charm.

The geometric idea is much in evidence—an inevitable expression of the modernistic feeling in house-furnishing. The delightful way in which our Canadian manufacturers have incorporated this new feeling in their designs for this Fall, has completely won my admiration. We have seen much imported wallpaper of late, which features the straight lines and angles, the squares and diamonds and blocks beloved of the modern designer; but in none of these imported papers has greater skill been shown in blending the new ideas with those of past seasons. After all, only a few people are furnishing from the ground up, as it were, at the time they choose new wall-papers. Most of us are merely freshening up old rooms in which most of the furniture and much of the detail will not be altered. To find that we can select wall-papers that will be refreshingly new to us but which will at the same time make friends with the rest of our furnishings comes as good news indeed.

I have chosen as many as possible of the new papers to show you, as well as may be done without reproducing them in color, the trend of the new designs. You will find with this article just such papers as I have been describing. For instance, one combines in a most interesting manner the two features I have been describing—the warmly tinted plaster tones, along with a block design showing squares and oblongs. The effect is of four distinct tints of plaster shading from light buff to terra cotta, and there is another note which is very frequently sounded in new designs—a glint of metallic coloring, in this case dull gold; it is no more than a glint, but suffices, as usual, to give a touch of life to the whole color scheme. This particu-

lar paper would commend itself very highly to me for use in either a living room or dining room and would also be handsome in a hall. Another one has also the effect of a plaster background, but a much smoother plaster, full of soft color that seems to blend green and yellow and the shadowy ghost of dim reds that appear in the softest imaginable way, in the graceful spray that wanders over the lattice (outlined by two dull silvery-gold lines). The foliage of taupe-brown and richly shaded greens, is lovely with the velvety shading of the flowers.

Another pair of living-room papers which I chose,

tapestry papers. A modern touch has been given them by the introduction of a metallic gleam to their backgrounds; until you actually see what this does for a paper of this kind, you will scarcely be able to credit the life it injects. Soft shadowy all-over floral and foliage designs are considered good this season, if not allowed to be too dark.

SPEAKING of bringing a wall to life reminds me of one of these new papers, "E," which strikes me as being the ideal covering for the wall of a sunless room. Its background shows the broken and irregularly toned striping that is somewhat achieved in the chambray papers; it is such a warm light buff tone that it really suggests a light corn yellow; against a faint architectural suggestion, the mere outline of a doorway or an arched gate, in a deeper tone of the background color, there is a vivid spray of wheat, a lovely leaf or two showing jade and mauve and warm tan, a bit of flower in a deep reddish rose tone, that would set anyone a-making; cushions of jade and rose, curtains of tannish gold and dyeing a bit of carpet golden brown to lie beneath it all.

THIS brings us by easy stages to the lighter papers, most of them for bedroom use. The plaster effects, not too rough, appear sometimes in the light shades too; there is a pale green that would make a lovely bedroom wall and to relieve its severity, there is a cut-out border of leaves and berries in old gold, soft rose and mauve. A number of these cut-out borders, such as that shown in "F," are being made to exactly match the papers, so far as background is concerned, and to drip flowers or leaves, bright-hued berries, with an occasional bird or butterfly perching on a branch; you can have almost any color you would like in them.

FLORAL papers were never better than at the present moment; but they are floral papers with a difference. There is often something suggestive of Japanese art about the sprays and bits of blossom that seem so refreshing, in their clear-cut way; there is something very "uncluttered" (if I may use a rather cumbersome and ugly word to describe a remarkable freshness and cool charm), that one cannot help responding to in these new papers.

Consider the paper marked "H." It suggests masses of pale blue clouds against a silvery blue sky, behind flowers of flame and yellow, mauve and white; nothing could be daintier—yet nothing could be further removed from the insipid type of flowered bedroom paper at which we have looked so long.

As cool and restful and lovely as a springtime orchard, is a pale green paper ("I"), with fainter green and silver lines and shadowy blocks, as a background for carelessly-tossed apple blossoms, their lovely pinks accented and given character by a touch of red in the centre.

An ivory-white paper with a pebbly texture, has big diamonds outlined by silver and silver-gray; in each diamond appears a vivid little design—a bright ship with a silver-gray shadow, a quaint pagoda-like building, a rather conventionalized pot of flowers; deep golden tones, mauves and blues, are blended in these spots of color.

And if one would ask no more design than the broken squares and angles printed in silver on what might have been, without [Continued on page 93]



Charming modern treatments for old walls or new

introduce a much-liked type of paper, when design is permitted to become really important. One had a taupe background in plaster effect—a taupe made warm by elusive hints of color. Charmingly set against this are groups of not-too-conventionalized trees, a little ship with warm-hued sails that seems about to slip behind one hill—and in the distance, the clustered turrets of a little castle that tops another hill. The colors, rather dim rose and blue, mauve and just the right dull yellow, could be caught up again in the fabrics and accessories of the room, with wonderful effect.

There is a bit more vivid touch in "D," the rather quaint adaptation of the more definite types of Chinese scenic papers that have been given quite a place in modern decoration. The background here is again plaster, with softly sponged-in tints of the more vivid colors of the design, to give light to the fawny-taupe ground-color. Green, blue, and a delightful red gold that deepens to terra cotta here and there, would work very easily into existing color schemes of many rooms.

Those of our readers who have a chronic fondness for an all-over pattern paper in a foliage or floral design, will like the present-day descendants of the old

An Argosy of Lake Winnipeg

Written and With Illustrations by V. W. Horwood

WE FLOATED on a sea of opal drifting into the whitening eastern sky as the dawn came up the lake. In the distance were black goblin floats on a lucid surface, the Lake supine in sleep, mirroring in its luminous waters the wavering shape of the fishermen's boats—the tow dropped by us in the thin starlight morning. I could hear the voices in one of the boats high and clear, and leaning over the gunwale of the tug as the swift splendor kindled over the Lake, I saw the silver and gold argosies of Lake Winnipeg's fishing-fleet.

We had left Warren's Landing at half past two, and for all purposes the small vessel was mine. The tow of twelve fishing boats had trailed out some twenty miles into the lake, the tug dropping each boat as they neared their set of nets—and I watched them hoist their square sails and drift in the morning breeze to their marks. After breakfast, a good one, for the fishing companies always provide capable cooks, the Captain showed me his chart and the simple instruments used in navigation on the lake, and the tug lazily lay on the surface standing by for the protection of the fleet. As we sometimes drifted close to a boat I could look into it, and the remembrance came to me of what the old Prophet Habakkuk—who knows how many centuries ago?—gave us some detail of fishing:

"They take up all with their angle. They catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag."

And I was watching the operation from the low deep-sunk tug's deck. The men were learned in their business, moving by laws instinctive to them, withheld from me. I shall always remember this morning—the sun just clear of the water's rim and the low red light striking the sails with blood-red crimson. Of the boats riding to their nets as the different tugs dropped them—and there they were—all about us, north, east, west and south with the clamor of voices, the rattling of lowered sails carrying for miles across the still waters. I can recall distinctly even now every movement of the boats which stretched farther and farther across the lake as they began to haul their nets; the flap, flap of the fish as they were tossed into the boat, and the friendly smiles on the dark faces lifted to mine as we drifted near. The tense words down the speaking-tube, of the tug's captain as we went a little too close; the sharp tang of the bell—and the quick rustle of the propeller as we bustled ahead.

Three and four men made up a fishing-boat crew, their wages were on a poundage basis—five cents per pound for whitefish, two cents for pickerel, and their set of nets averaged two miles, generally of eight fathoms each in length. Two men pull the net over the stern while the others release the catch and coil the net ready for re-setting. The whitefish are thrown into a separate compartment, of which the boat has several, and the coarser fish into others.

This catch was a heavy one and I could see the glistening faces of the men as they tugged and pulled the stream of silver and amber and violet-colored fish over the stern of the boat.

"A big catch today," said the deckhand as he lolled beside me on the small tug's gunwale. "Two thousand pounds to the boat."

AS WE leaned idly speculating, a gentle breeze came from the sun, a ripple covered the surface of the water, and the wavelets began to sing their songs as they lipped the side of the tug, running along, shouldering each other, passing with a little hiss as they splayed out behind us, while the tug kept her position with slow-turning propeller. Small black squalls would flurry in the distance. A boat would be in the bright sunlight

and then become almost indistinguishable in a ripple of loose rings which grew broader and wider into a million wrinkles. In a few minutes the surface recently so placid was furrowed with waves piling up the water, while the lake sung its ancient songs of glorious Agassiz. Then in the distance a wave would break into white, a boat would lift on its crest, then another, and for an instant they hung ineffable—a fringe on the infinite.

"This north-easter will bring fog."

"But isn't it going to blow bad?" I asked, looking apprehensively at the waves curling against the low sides of the tug.

"No, it's only a morning breeze," was the reassuring answer, "but it will bring fog in the afternoon."

"What's that, Peter?" called the captain from the wheel-house.

"Wind to port. Fog to starboard," he replied.

"The Bradbury is due, isn't she, Captain?"

"Yes," the skipper growled, "and the Wolf on her up-trip with the Keenora hanging about with her pleasure crowd, somewhere. Keep your eyes bright, Peter."

"No sail home today, boys. Have to wait for the old tug," he called as we drifted past a boat. They replied chaffing, full of glee in the big catch they were hauling in.

Most of the fishermen were swarthy fellows, but with a sprinkling of Icelanders. Men who all winter and summer when the fish were in season followed the lure of the fishing-net, old men, some of them, casting their nets with always the gambler's instinct that they might draw some better fortune—a full net—or some treasure that mayhap the Adventurers had lost on



Then with a swirl that tossed our ship about she was miraculously withdrawn.

our surroundings. The water sliding along the tug's side as she shouldered her quiet way through the grey-blue hollows of the waves gave little chuckly confidences.

THE talk ran in circles, from the water to me, to Peter, to the skipper, and then to the engineer and stoker sitting on the edge of their cabins, while in the deep hull could be heard the rumblings of the cook's helper as he got ready a meal. Here it was I got magical information about the habits of the fish in the fresh waters. The whole crew, from cook's assistant to skipper had matriculated from a fishing-boat, and they knew all about the fish of Lake Winnipeg, and other things which took place on the water of this inland sea. They told stories in their clipped speech of the hidden things of the North, the land in which their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers had been bred. Stories of the Bay, of the ice breaking in midwinter and marooning men and dogs until the gaps froze over again. They whispered of that centre of miracles, Elk Island and its black guardians of the Sun Spirit—of the ghosts of the Governor and Company and the tales of how at Fort Alexander they still came on their singing way for the ancient trip to Norway House, where, in the old days, from the Mackenzie, the Athabasca and English rivers, and Cumberland, and up from the Red River all came to the Annual Meeting of the Company to meet His Excellency the Governor; where French, English, Salteaux, Ojibway, Norwegian and even the far-away Iroquois who paddled His Excellency the Governor's canoe was heard in his Caughnawaga, but through all and above all the Swampy Cree was the common medium. As we drifted they spoke of the brutal Sioux massacre at Netley Creek; small tales with much laughter at the Wolverine, called the Wolf, making her way south caught in the ice with a howling mob of belated fishermen bound for Selkirk—of getting out on the ice at the mouth of the Red—and the unexpected advent of the Bradbury, her steel cutting hull isolating them on a field of ice. Of how she cut the trail for home . . . All this came in short sentences [Continued on page 64]



The boats riding to their nets as the different tugs dropped them

one of their trips up the lake. Who knows? The cook joined us at the bow of the little craft while the captain hung out of his little wheel-house window, twiddling the lazy wheel, but nevertheless keeping a sharp look-out on his convoy, ready to give assistance if wished for, and as we leaned over the low bulwark of the tug we were on the most intimate terms with

ine, called the Wolf, making her way south caught in the ice with a howling mob of belated fishermen bound for Selkirk—of getting out on the ice at the mouth of the Red—and the unexpected advent of the Bradbury, her steel cutting hull isolating them on a field of ice. Of how she cut the trail for home . . . All this came in short sentences [Continued on page 64]

Dear Lonely Mabel

By A. R. Willis

Illustrated by E. L. Pratt

Bindloss, Alberta, Canada, April 2nd.
DEAR LONELY MABEL:

Last Saturday evening I went to Charlie Hoskins Barber Shop to get a hair-cut, and he was very busy so I had to wait. But when I was waiting I happened to pick up an old copy of the London Daily Mirror which was lying on a chair, and it was here that I saw your note in the column of Personals which said:

Young, unmarried girl, without father or mother, or any relatives whatsoever, would like very much to correspond with a young man of about 25 who is agreeable and lives in Canada, preferably a cow-boy. Lonely Mabel, Hanby House, 32 Banbury St., London, England.

Although I am not a cow-boy I am all the rest, and would not let the idea of a cow-boy influence me too much if I were you, because I have known some cow-boys that were not very preferable.

Therefore I hope you will excuse my writing you, but girls are very scarce out here and sometimes an day evenings when I haven't very much to do I will write you if you write back.

I am a farmer and came over to this country from Sweden just three years ago, and live by myself in a little shack on the prairie. I have four horses of my own, all paid for, and a quarter section of good land with a slough on it, which isn't paid for yet. Last year I had a good crop but I hope to have a much better year this fall.

This is a fine country and I like it very much, only sometimes in the winter time at night it is very lonely here all by myself. When you can think that there is no living person closer than three miles to you you will understand how this feels maybe.

The first year I came here I could not speak a word of English and it was hard for me to get along, but I have gradually learned the language and now can speak as well as anybody, as you can see by this letter.

If you think that I am just as good to write to as a cow-boy I would like to hear from you what kind of a girl you are.

Yours expectfully,
Peter Peterson.

Hanby House, 32 Banbury Street.
London, England, April 12th.

Dear Peter:

You have no idea how welcome your letter was to me. If you could only understand the position of a girl like me in a big city like London, you would know how refreshing and wonderful it was to get such a breezy letter as yours from so far away.

I'm a sponge-press girl, if you know what they are, at Skirrows Cleanin' Works, and get 16 shillings a week for the hardest kind of drudgery you can imagine.

Sometimes I think the smells and steams of dirty clothes will drive me mad. But what's a decent girl to do in a place like London? There's hundreds and hundreds not as lucky as I am. Whatever goes I'm honest anyway, and would rather suffer the smells and steams than do as some of them do.

My it must be nice to be living out there in Canada with not another person within three miles of you. And I suppose you work every day outside in the fresh air. Say, I don't think there's such a thing as a square foot of fresh air in this old city; except maybe at Hyde Park. My that's a swell place! But I can't afford to go there very often, wot with the price of tram fares.

I'm sorry as I mentioned cow-boys at all in my Daily Mirror notice. If I'd known what you know about them of course I wouldn't have said nothing, but I've always read so much about them in the penny papers I thought they were a very romantic sort. But of course you know what you're talking about, having lived right among them.

I want you to write me again as soon as possible

hammer. At the west end towards a slough which I mentioned in my last letter, and have a window on the south and one on the east, and a door on the west. I painted it white last year and trimmed the windows with green as well as the roof. Inside I have at as many bare but I don't know very much about fixing up the rooms. I built a table and two chairs, wot for visitors, but I bought a bed from a furniture store, and a stove.

Then I built a barn behind the house for the horses and my old Ford car, and a little chicken-house for the hens and ducks. That is about all I have just now except a well for water which I dug after I first came.

I wish you would send me a picture of you if you have one, and tell me some more things about London. I have never been in a big city and would like to hear what it's like. I am very sorry you can't get a better job so you would like the work better.

Yours sincere friend,
Peter.

Hanby House, 32 Banbury St.,
London, England, May 1st.

Dear Peter:

What a lovely photo that was you sent! My you're handsome! And so tall and broad-shouldered, and strong-looking. No wonder you was able to build a house all by yourself, and dig a well. You make these pasty-faced shrimps around here look like a lot of hospital patients. I've always wanted to meet someone big and capable like you. You're a blonde, too, ain't you? I like blonde men.

Blimey, that must be a nice little home you have! I could just picture it sitting there on the broad prairie so nice and clean-looking. I like green trimmings on a house better than any other color. You got good taste I should think. The houses here in London are all so dirty from smoke you can hardly tell them apart.

Did you say you have chickens and ducks? Ain't that wonderful when you think of it! You know, I ain't ever seen chickens and ducks running around wild in my life. Once I saw some at a Fair in Piccadilly but they were all caged up.

There ain't much about London that would interest you, I don't think. It's too noisy and foggy and smelly. I shouldn't say nothing against it, and I'm not, because I was born here and have lived here all my life, but I've always wanted to go to some foreign land for some reason. I had a cousin once whose great-great-grandfather was a relation to Sir Francis Drake, and I guess that's the reason. There's something of the explorer in me.

The other day when I was in Times Square Station I happened to notice some posters advertising Canada, and I thought of you out there on the prairie. Do you suppose there's any chance of a girl like me finding a job out there someplace?

Enclosed find a tin-type of me and my chum Sally Andrews at Piccadilly. I am the short one with the striped skirt and tight blouse. The sun was in my eyes the day it was taken and I'm squinting a lot so it is not a very good picture, but it is the best one I have.

Don't forget to write again soon, for life is sure lonely at Skirrows unless I get word from you.

Affectionately yours,
Mabel.

Bindloss, Alberta, May 12th.

Dear Mabel:

I never thank you were so pretty until I saw that picture. There are no girls around here that are half so beautiful as you. I say thank you made exaggeration when you said that mine was good, for I know it wasn't. I am very busy now seeding so I haven't as much time to write as I would like. So for this letter is short I hope you will forgive me.



"Ain't it just grand!" she murmured,
"ain't it just though!"

and tell me more about yourself and your home. Send a tin-type if you have one; I am dying to see a picture of you. I'll bet they're ain't a cow-boy in Canada wot can put up to you for looks.

Hopefully yours,
Mabel Buckwell.

Bindloss, Alberta, April 22nd.

Dear Mabel:

I got your letter this morning and was very glad to hear from you. Things are not nearly as lonely now as they used to be.

Enclosed you will find the only picture of myself that I have. It was taken on the boat at Elsenborg just before I left Sweden, by my mother. I am the tall person standing beside the man with brass buttons on his coat who is Captain Hansen, a friend of mine. Of course I have changed quite a lot since that time when I was only a boy starting out in life. I am a lot more sun-burnt now from the hot sun of the prairie, and wear different kinds of clothes to those breeches and leggings you see in the picture. That is not a very good appearance at all because I was smiling too much when it was taken and so look silly, which I am not really.

You asked me to tell you something about my home, but there is not very much I can say. At present it is a little two-room shack which I built myself when I first came. My father was a carpenter and taught me how to do a few things with a

You want to gat a yob an Canada you say? How about . . . well, I tank dere should bay lots . . . I just want to say wan thing: I sure liked that picter of you Mabel vary much, and . . . and . . . well, Canada is a nice place to come for anyone and I tank you would like at once you gat here. So af you feel you want to come I know a place where I can gat you a yob. Mabel, I hope you will forgif may, but I fell in lof with that picter . . . Oh Mabel! here at is wan o'clock and I am nat back to work from lunch-time yat.

Your lofing,
Peter.

Hanby House, 32 Banbury Street.
London, England, May 21st.

Dear Peter:

Oh Peter! I am so excited I can 'ardly think! Wot a wonderful letter was that last one! I read it over 'alf a dozen times before I could believe it; an' I was late for work this mornin' on account of it.

It was this way: I 'ad five pund saved up in the bank to take a trip to the seaside the week of me summer 'olidays this summer, so I went to the station this mornin' to find out the price o' fares, an' see if me five pund was enough to take me to Canada. They told me that the regular fare was more than twice that amount an' so me 'eart fell in me bosom. But then they said that there was a lot o' settlers goin' over from the minin' district at a very cheap rate, an' if I wanted to go along with them five pund would be enough. So I says right away to put me name down, paid 'em the fare, an' went to work at Skirrows.

By this time it was close on nine-thirty in the mornin' an' I was an hour late. I knew it would stir up a lot o' trouble with Mr. Waterbury the boss, but I didn't care for 'im nor nobody just then I was feelin' so 'appy.

Sure enough as soon as I 'anged up me coat, 'e comes over to me an' says: "Wot's the idear o' this, me gal? Comin' in the best part of the mornin' late. Once more o' such 'appenin's an' you'll lose yer bloomin' job!"

So I says to 'im, I says: "I'm very sorry, Mr. Waterbury, but I'm leavin' Skirrows tonight to go to a new job in Canada."

Say you should 'ave seen 'is eyes pop out! Like a frog's they was, strike me pink!

So I guess I'll be leavin' about the end o' the week. Friday I think the boat sails. An' I guess they're ain't no use you writin' me any more. My, I'm anxious to see you an' know wot kind of a job you've got for me.

Your sweetheart,
Mabel.

Montreal, Que., June 3rd.

Dear Peter:

I'm 'ere in Montreal, at last, waitin' for the customs an' immigration officials to get through arskin' us silly questions. They tell us we will be able to go on tomorrer, so I expect to be at Bindloss, accordin' to wot an agent told me, Friday on the four-forty-five.

My, Peter, we 'ad a rough trip! I was sick as a bloomin' dog most of the way, but am alright now. I spent all but me last 'alf crown on this air-mail stamp as they said it would reach yer before I got there. But I think the railway is goin' to feed us until we reach our destinations, so I'll be alright. I'm so excited Peter, I can't say any more. Look for me Friday arfternoon.

Your loving sweetheart,
Mabel.

UP and down the station platform of the little prairie town of Bindloss, paced a tall, blonde youth with the shoulders and back of a prize-fighter, and the chiselled contour of a Roman soldier. Although it was a week-day he was dressed in his best Sunday blue trousers, new brown boots, green mackinaw, and black felt hat.

He was very obviously nervous. Beneath a heavy coat of tan his cheeks were turkey-red; and for some reason the small group of bystanders who had gathered to meet the train, greatly annoyed him. He strode back and forth across the platform, casting doubtful glances at them over his shoulder, and

repeatedly looking at a big silver watch.

A whistle sounded from the east, and he stopped short in his tracks, as though suddenly fixed to the spot by some mysterious magnetism. Down the track he stared steadfastly, his cheeks a darker turkey-red than ever, until the C.N.R. flyer groaned to a stop beside him.

Only three people got off: a commercial traveller, an old lady, and a farmer.

The conductor shouted: "All aboard!" and the train started slowly forward, when suddenly there was a commotion at the door of one of the coaches and a young girl with suitcases and bundles under her arms, and her hat all askew, stumbled onto the platform and nearly ran headlong into the side of the station-house before she could right herself.

She was a petite blonde with innocent blue eyes, pale skin, shapely limbs, and the saucy air of a sparrow.

"Blimey, that was a close 'un!" the bystanders heard her say.

The fact that everyone was staring at her did not disconcert her in the least.

She first drew a long breath, looked around her at the station-house, the three grain elevators and fifteen or twenty buildings that comprised the town, then commenced hastily examining each of the crowd until she sighted the nervous young man with the turkey-red cheeks.

As their eyes met he stepped forward, touched his hat, and opened his mouth to speak: but the words refused to utter themselves. He stuttered and stammered like a victim of hare-lip until the girl reassured him with a smile.

"You're Peter, ain't you?" she asked.

"Y...y...yah. And you're Mabel."

He blushed and smiled from ear to ear; and the girl, in spite of her self-confident air, blushed also, and avoided his gaze.

Then Peter, suddenly realizing that there were a dozen or more people staring at them, swept up Mabel's suitcases under one mighty arm, and with the other pulled her swiftly down the platform steps.

He deposited her bundles and suitcases in the back seat of an old Ford touring car and said:

which fuzzed out around her head in thick round curls like soap bubbles. He was fascinated with her intriguing dimples, one in each round cheek, and one in the middle of her chubby, determined little chin. And he was positively thunder-struck with the wonder of her complexion. Never before had he seen such soft texture, such perfect whiteness tinted with such delicate pink, the color of wild rose petals.

WHEN the meal was over they emerged from the cafe, got into the Ford and sputtered through the town till they came to a road leading west.

They travelled for about five miles over rather hilly prairie, past a couple of farm-houses and some half-dozen small sloughs. Then the road turned off sharply to the north, over what was scarcely more than a wagon trail. A half mile on they reached a gate. This Peter opened, and perhaps a hundred yards further the road dipped suddenly into a little valley and they were beside a tiny, white-painted shack, trimmed with green.

Peter stopped the engine and sat staring straight ahead of him for about five minutes without saying a word. Finally he smiled, and pointed to the shack:

"Dass is at."

Mabel's blue eyes were wide with wonder and amazement. First, she looked at Peter, a quizzical gleam in her eyes as though she was still a little doubtful if he could be trusted or not, then at the pretty little house that stood, an oasis of white in the broad desert of green prairie.

The sun was lowering towards the western horizon and the sky was a huge blue canvas tinted with an indescribable kaleidoscope of mauves, crimson lakes, ultramarines, and oranges, blended harmoniously together as no artist but nature could ever paint. The air held a cool, refreshing breeze from the north-west, which brought with it from the slough beyond, the melody of croaking frogs, and from the acres of prairie grass, the chirp of crickets saying good-night to each other.

Mabel was enraptured.

"Ain't it just grand!" she murmured, "ain't it just though! I want to get out and see it all; I want to get out, Peter."

First they examined the barn. Mabel was like a child with a new toy. Nothing would do but she must climb to the hay-loft to see what was up there. Peter followed her, immeasurably pleased with her enjoyment.

"My, don't it smell nice!" she exclaimed, inhaling the wholesome odor of dried timothy and clover.

Then they looked at the well, and she marvelled at it's depth, and the fact that Peter had dug it all himself with nothing but a pick and shovel.

"My you must 'ave strong muscles!" she said, admiringly.

Lastly they went through the house. Though it was only a roughly-hammered-together structure, Mabel spoke as though there was nothing quite as fine in all London.

"With a few picters on the walls, an' a geranium 'ere an' there," she said, "it would be a perfect paradise of a place."

With every step she grew more and more enthralled and excited; and by the time they had seen everything, and sat down to rest on the steps at the front, her eyes sparkled like diamonds, and her cheeks, stimulated by the air and excitement, glowed like ripe peaches.

While Mabel consumed a large plate full of roast beef and potatoes in Louie Sing's Cafe, Peter gazed at her as though she was some famous painting or fine piece of sculpture.



"Are you hungry, Mabel?"

"Starvin'," she replied, smiling, "I ain't 'ad a decent meal since I left the boat."

They walked down the street about half a block entered Louie Sing's Cafe, and sat down.

While Mabel consumed a large plate-full of roast beef and potatoes, Peter ate a piece of raisin pie in a half-hearted manner, and gazed at her as though she was some famous painting or fine piece of sculpture.

He marvelled at the sheen of her golden hair,

PETER, with all the praise that had fallen his way, had regained much of the self-possession he had lost at the railway station, and, for the first time since he had met Mabel, actually felt free from embarrassment. New courage [Continued on page 34]

At His Command

BY

Mary Elizabeth Colman

A STRANGE country, Canada, undoubtedly, very strange. Mikhail mused as he worked on his health poster while the rest of the class laboured at the arithmetic he had finished fifteen minutes earlier. Very different from Russia. Not that Mikhail had any very clear remembrance of Russia—three years is a long time when one is but nine. His memories were hazy ones of fear, cold and hunger; of hurried journeyings, unanswered questionings and sudden disappearances; for example there was Rabbi Uncle Isaac, and then there was not... Mikhail's eyes took on a glazed mistiness, his fingers lagged... but he shook himself and brought his mind back to the happier present sloughing off dim unquiet recollections with a sharp intake of breath that was almost a sob.

Certainly it was a strange country, and strange the customs thereof. Look now at the poster he was making, a health poster! Scattered around him on the desk were various pictures of preternaturally clean boys. Boys whose faces, and whose raiment (where unsullied by Mikhail's finger marks) shone and glowed with cleanliness. Boys bathing, boys washing their ears and necks, boys smothered in bubbly lather from pink, white or green soaps, boys cleaning their finger-nails, or their shoes! Mikhail snorted. From these he must evolve a composite picture bearing in fair lettering the laudable sentiment that cleanliness is indeed next to Godliness.

Such a pother about soap and water. Mother said that it was no business of the school. In no school in Russia would such a thing be dreamed of. But in this Canadian school, before they would so much as teach him his letters, on his very first day, he had been seized upon by a tall white woman. She had led him, terrified, but still and unresisting, like a little hunted animal, to a white room where she had stripped him of all his clothing, layer after layer, then lifted him into an enormous white bath, tubbed him, rubbed him, scrubbed him. Hair, hands, body, feet, not an inch of his protesting flesh escaped her vigorous cleansing. Then she had dressed him again, using only the less dirty layers of clothing. The remaining garments she had bundled up and given him to take home, telling him by signs they must be washed as well as he, and left at home. Aie! He might have died, so mother said. Still, it had felt rather nice; he had been comfortable—Mikhail wriggled his back—not so scratchy.

He knew that bathroom well now. He feared it no longer, but he knew that it was a disgrace to be sent there by the nurse to bathe himself and then report to her office for inspection before the eyes of giggling girls and scornful boys waiting for shoes, or milk, or bandages... Mikhail shrugged his shoulders at the thought. His pen point dug into the soft surface of the drawing paper, spattering scarlet drops upon the smudgy surface of the "Cleanliness Poster." Mikhail paused for a moment in dismay, remembering that all the lettering was to have been done in pencil—but red ink is so much more interesting. Sighing he drew a varicolored scrap of cloth from his pocket and proceeded to mop up the surplus ink. He surveyed the result

doubtfully. It did not appear much improved. Ah well, a few drops of ink more or less, what matter? Manfully he bent to his task again, with a pencil this time, mindful of instructions.

As the bell rang for recess he put the last flourish to his name, Mikhail Zorinsky, and laid down his pencil with the satisfied smile of one whose task is

"Ten - shun," he shouts. Five hundred pairs of heels click together, five hundred pairs of eyes look straight ahead.

"Off - caps. Quick - march!" At one and the same time the teacher strikes a martial chord on the piano, and five hundred children march—left - right; left - right, into the school.

Now Mikhail was in the fifth grade, his day was at hand, was upon him with tomorrow's sun, when he should be the golden lad who stood and said the magic words. Softly he tasted them, rolling them

under his tongue, savouring their deliciousness. He toyed with the idea of changing the sacred formula; he might say, "Caps - off!" What would happen then?

They were back in the classroom now. It was the great moment. Toshio Yokohana had brought the lines today, his name was next on the roll, and this was the time teacher announced the linesman for the following day. Mikhail straightened in his seat trying to appear unconscious.

"Anselmo D'Agostino will be linesman tomorrow."

Mikhail gasped. What had happened? Anselmo, Little Three Legs, was the first on the roll. He started and waved a compelling hand.

"Teacher! Teacher! But me you have forgot!" His voice was almost a wail.

"I have not forgotten you, Mikhail. But how could we have such a dirty boy as linesman? I'll leave it to the class. What do you think?" appealed the teacher.

"No, siree, we gotta rep'ta-shun to keep up. Can't have no rag-bags rep'sentin' us."

"Say, teacher, that kid, if he seen the bath-tub he'd faint, that's what he'd do."

Loud and ribbald laughter greeted this sally, and under cover of the excitement Annunciata leaned over to Mikhail's desk—"Sha-ame, sha-ame, dirty boy's his na-ame," she chanted hissing in his ear. Then she stood up.

"Teacher," she shrilled, "his cleanliness poster is offul dirty too, look!"

With a dramatic gesture she snatched the poster from Mikhail's desk and held it at arms' length between an outraged finger and thumb, displaying its blotted and bespattered surface to the whole derisive class.

"Cleanliness poster!"

The room rocked with glee.

"That will do, children," said the teacher firmly, and order, like a little sighing wind swept across the room.

"See Mikhail, how it is..."

Of any but the first humiliation Mikhail was oblivious. He sat as though stunned by so terrible a blow.

"But, teacher, if I am clean tomorrow?" he pleaded falteringly.

"If he is clean! Pigs may fly, but they ain't likely birds, is they teacher?"

It was Annunciata's voice. A smothered giggle rippled the silence, but teacher merely raised her hand in a repressive gesture, her look was on Mikhail, questioning, probing. His eyes met hers, they two were alone for an instant. Then slowly she answered, "Yes, Mikhail. If you are very clean."

Lessons went on as usual, but Mikhail was far away. He was a hare doubling on his tracks; he was a general preparing a strategic movement to outflank the enemy.

[Continued on page 36]



"Naw, mother, not to-day. I've just had a bath and I ain't going to no dump to get no coal to-day"

well and truly wrought. As he went out he flashed a joyous smile at his teacher, not because he loved her, but because the sun shone and playtime had come, because his little belly was comfortably full, and it was good to be alive. There was no flaw in all this happiness and but one drop lacked to fill the cup. Since the first morning he had found his place among the orderly throng of children when the sound of the bell drew them from play to preordained positions before the Junior School building door, like scraps of iron on a magnetic field, the object of Mikhail's envy had been the boy from the fifth grade who stood on the steps and called the lines in. What a position of honor and responsibility was his. On either side of him stand the door-keepers, the teacher at the piano awaits his word of command.



“Marvin T. Jones,
look at that
towel!”

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FELS-NAPHTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE
CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

What Have You Been Reading?

By Shiela Rand

DEAR John and Janey Canuck, You will be much interested, I am sure, in the novel called "Red Rust" by Cornelia Cannon, for it is a narrative concerned with the production of rust-resisting wheat in a colony known as New Sweden. Although the story is enacted on an American Prairie, one could imagine it happening on a Western Canadian Prairie. This is the type of novel that surely Hugh Walpole would commend, for I believe I am right in saying that he is always pleading for a return to the "real story" type of novel. You can't read "Red Rust" without feeling that you are living in a little cabin with the untutored genius Matts; with the crippled sister Olga, and their unimaginative, uninspiring parents. Or in another little cabin with Lena and her brute husband, the beautiful little girl Christine and the epileptic baby, Axel. I call this a finely told story, which thrills one because of the great achievement by which Matts found his immortality, although he died before his prime.

IT was rather amusing to turn from the stern realities in "Red Rust" to the trivialities in Michael Arlen's new book, "Lily Christine." I suspect Michael Arlen of having desired to create a creature who would provoke tremendous pity; who would linger in the memory as one of the human sacrifices that Fate claims every once in a while. In short Michael Arlen would have us think of Lily Christine as we do of Mary Borden's, Jane, in "Jane Our Stranger." I suppose it is three years since I read "Jane Our Stranger," but I still wince when I think of the martyrdom of that woman. But if Michael Arlen wishes to make us feel deeply, he must first think deeply. He writes about such piffling people. I heard someone the other day remark that the movies were utterly unrelated to life. Michael Arlen's books always give me the same impression. I have met a good number of people in all spheres of life, but never have I known full grown men to spend their time pattering in and out of a lady's bedroom because for some inexplicable reason, she prefers to receive them in her bedroom, although she has a dining room and a drawing room, and a bathroom and a nursery, and (I think we may take this for granted) a kitchen. Is it any wonder that poor Lily Christine should have been misunderstood? One day she is driving; her car breaks down, a stranger approaches; she goes home with him; she accepts his hospitality for the night, she dines with him; she talks to him about her children, and he, a highly respectable man, talks to her about his wife who is absent from home. Nothing to misunderstand here, but no sooner has Lily Christine tucked herself up in bed, than she calls to the stranger to come in and give her a cigarette, and then Michael Arlen would have us feel hurt because Lily Christine is misunderstood. There are some very, very clever passages in this novel. The delineation of the actress who poses as possessing all the Victorian virtues and none of the vices, is a masterpiece. Isn't it curious how, in novels, people all congregate? People who have never met prior to the beginning of the story, but suddenly they are all together and they are all interested in each other, and they are all bent upon interfering with the private life of a woman they scarcely know. My experience is that in any crisis, it is difficult to think of one single person to call upon for aid. As for half-a-dozen charming men sitting for hours gazing moodily at each other whilst one reclines in bed—not even Michael Arlen can make this story live for me!

I FOUND it hard to believe that the novel "Our Daily Bread" is written by the same Frederick Philip Grove who wrote "The Turn of the Year," but I suppose the two books are written by one and the same man, for it is not likely that the Christian names, together with the surname, would be duplicated. Moreover, the author of "The Turn of the Year," lives in

Western Canada, and the novel of "Our Daily Bread" is the story of a Western Canadian farmer's family. I say that I found it hard to believe that the man who penned "The Turn of the Year," also created "Our Daily Bread," because there is no sign in the later publication of the tenderness and beauty and sympathy that made "The Turn of the Year" a prose poem, an idyll, and a masterpiece. What has happened to the fires of hope that burned so brightly while Frederick Philip Grove busied himself with "The Turn of the Year"? "Our Daily Bread" gives us nothing but despair and ugliness. Of course, I know it is foolish to quarrel with the author over the Elliot family. Were I to say to him, "Why did you make all the children failures, unloving, lacking in understanding?" he would just answer, I suppose, "Because they were so." When I first opened this book, I was prepared for enjoyment. I realized from page five, that the book was set in a country that I knew something about. I expected to meet people who reminded me of so-and-so, but I did not. I found "Our Daily Bread" a very difficult book to read. I ploughed through it as wearily as John, the farmer sometimes went to work. Night after night I took it up and said "I will finish it." But always I had to leave off after having read a chapter or two. It is so fearfully depressing. I suppose the author would justify his portrayal of John Elliot, the father of ten children, by saying that he meant to show how a man could become the slave of his own weakness in character. And yet it is not clear at all why John Elliot was so unloved by all his children. There is a hint that he was stern, but sternness does not bring in its train such sorrows as turned John Elliot into a Lear of the Prairie. When one of the daughters, Kathleen, married a University professor and moved to Winnipeg, I felt that at last I would be at home in this story, for did I not know Winnipeg well, and had I not counted amongst my friends and acquaintances quite a number of people connected with the University staff? But when we were given a glimpse of Kathleen Ormond's home, I felt just as puzzled as I did when staying on the Elliot's farm in the territory, known at the time of their settlement, as "Assiniboia." I was not surprised that the young professor's wife met her father at the station with a car, because there was nothing strange in a woman learning to drive. But it was rather a surprise to find that the Ormonds ran their household with the assistance of three maids. Things must have changed greatly in Winnipeg since I left. When I was there, nearly all the wives of the professional men known to me, did all their own work with perhaps the help of the "hired woman" once a week. Some, I admit, had a general all the time. I cannot think of any just now that employed two permanently; as for three! The author might be describing effete England where houses are as comfortable as ever they were, and where labor saving devices are known only to the minority, and where two people employ five to look after them.

After the cranky old farmer has shown his disapproval of the luxurious manner which the young professor and his wife and child are living, Kathleen says, "You don't understand, Father. I would much rather have a cottage somewhere in the suburbs, but Woodrow would never be satisfied. He needs this continual bustle and excitement." What on earth does Kathleen mean? What bustle and excitement is there to be had in any one of the residential quarters of Winnipeg, and where are the suburbs? According to Kathleen's own statement, her husband receives 3,600 dollars a year, and as they have three maids, and a mortgage, to say nothing of a furnace and a car, I should think there could not be much left for luxury. And then Kathleen makes this other idiotic statement. She apologises for having something to eat at lunch time, and says that a bun and a cup of coffee would suit her very well, "But what would the servants think?" she asks. "We have to have servants because other people in our position have them. Having servants, we must live up to their idea of a household like this." Now, with all due respect to Mr. Frederick Philip Grove, this is sheer nonsense. There is nobody bred and born in Canada who would make such a statement. It is against the very grain of Canadian Life and character for any young housewife to talk about living up to the servants' idea of their social position. Quite frankly, I can remember no "social position" amongst the very nicest people I ever met in Winnipeg. This same unrealness that I find in Kathleen's character and in her Winnipeg home, haunts me throughout the book. I might have accepted the ill-tempered bitter-tongued Henrietta, because she had goitre, but I cannot accept the nastiness of all the ten children. Perhaps Mr. Grove will now write a third book which will combine the beauty of his first with the realism of his second, and give us a truer and more lasting picture of a country he knows so well.

A VERY long time ago I read a story or a novel in a magazine, I cannot remember now which it was—about an angel who came to live on earth. Only one person in the household recognised his angelic qualities, and he had, in consequence, a rather bad time of it, because he was unable to adapt himself to the social conditions of this planet. I am sorry to be so vague, but I have forgotten all the details of this story. I am left with nothing but the recollection of the pain the angel suffered. Perhaps one of my readers will recognise the book to which I am referring, and will be good enough to write and tell me its title? For the time being, I am going to tell you about another angel who came to earth, and lived for a short span with a bishop. He came in response to the bishop's prayer for an archdeacon with the qualities of an angel. Mr. Robert Nathan, the author of this delightful novel, "The Bishop's Wife" is a thinker, a lover of beauty, and a poet. I have always had a great interest in the Saint described in the lines "Before a Painting of St. Michael." Saint Michael of the flaxen hair, With your youthful austere air And your spearlike sword; With your ancient, world-wide fame And your immemorial name— "Who is like the Lord? Help us to combat the ill, Inspire us with intent and will. Lend your angelic power To set the good upon the throne With truth to serve, yea, truth alone, That beauty may still flower.

It was because Michael, or Dr. Michael, as the Bishop politely called him, failed to enthrone goodness, serve truth and make beauty flourish, that he decided to give up his deaconship and return to his heavenly home. There is not only an evening's great enjoyment in "The Bishop's Wife," but there is much food for thought. Robert Nathan is a past master at portraying an ironic situation with subtlety and wit. Did he not write that delightful "Fiddler in Barley."



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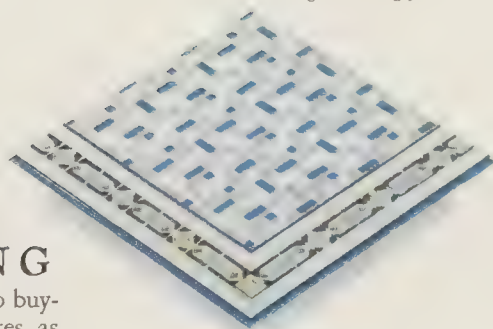
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French Election Boards

French Elections are Like a Horse Race

By Francis Dickie

THE "League of Woman's Rights" is growing stronger in France. At the just held elections in France for the appointment of Municipal Councillors, the women showed fight because of the unfair tactics of their male combatants. It is the right of every party striving for a hearing to have the privilege of pleading their cause by means of large boards erected on the boulevards. In the last election the women were denied it. They showed their feelings against this action by a demonstration that was striking in its logic, of which women are said by men to be lacking.

A hundred strong a delegation of feminists marched to that golden equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, a worthy feminist if ever there was one, which stands in the Place de Rivoli in Paris. Here they laid a wreath with this inscription:

"TO JEANNE D'ARC, who saved France, but who to-day would be judged unworthy to elect a municipal councillor." From the League of Women's Rights.

This is a good joke, with the women having all the best of it, but there is so much bitterness in it as to overwhelm the humor.

Very often one has difficulty in laughing at the jokes of one's own countrymen; but when it comes to appreciating the humor of France, then, indeed an Anglo-Saxon must have an elastic mind.

For instance in "Gay Paree," which really isn't nearly as naughty as Hollywood, they call the oldest bridge across the Seine the Pont Neuf, which means the new bridge. They call a hospital a house of health, and a barber shop a lavatory. And then there is that famous market far on the outskirts of the city which for seven hundred years has been known as the "Flea Market." You can buy anything there from a milk bottle to an "old master," and yet, despite the name, you can't buy a flea. And then there is the Legion of Honor, truly to-day the crowning glory of French humor. Way back in 1801 Napoleon created this to be presented to valorous men. It was among the most coveted in all the domain. But now the joke is on Napoleon, for this once priceless mark of prestige is handed out to hotel keepers, watch makers, a telephone girl that was faithfully on the job for twenty years, a diligent shoemaker, an actress or two, and a maker of cheap automobiles.

THE French nation has always been considered a wee bit unmoral. But like so many other things in the country, this has been much exaggerated. Indeed, the French people are so

moral they carry it right into the language. Every noun and every qualifying word has been placed in a category either male or female. There they march along through the language of the nation, just as the animals went into the Ark, male and female, in separate lines. And always are they separated. Here they have several hundred thousand words divided carefully into two sexes. But this is not all. No, indeed. Every male noun must have a qualifying adjective. Never by any chance can a female adjective get into the same sentence with a male noun. Such a happening would cause nothing short of a meeting of the Chamber of the Deputies, or the calling out of the Republican Guard.

But all these examples shrink to nothing by way of manifesting the French idea of humor when compared with that one known as "The Tithe to God."

Many years ago this phrase came into the common coinage of the land, and it has to do with taking an apartment. While the procedure at the present time is somewhat different, you pay just the same and to the same persons, whom, when known, brings fully home the significance of the title. In the old days when you took an apartment in Paris, or any other French city, you gave the concierge a small sum for doing you the favor. That was in the good old days when apartments were plentiful, before foreign art students and too rich Americans had made the finding hard. Now concierges live in cubbyholes, or some do still; though some now roll in affluence. They lock the front door at ten o'clock, go to bed with a bell over their head, the cord releasing the door in their hand. Naturally, being awakened from ten to fifty times a night, they are of a sour and suspicious disposition. Furthermore they pass on all the tenant's mail, incoming groceries, new clothes, and visitors. There power is so great that even strong men tremble. They are difficult to placate, and given to evil ways of forgetting to deliver mail, telling your visitors you are out, and other little humorous things. Thus it was that some genial Frenchman long ago, doubtless remembering the Greek god Zeus, or perhaps the Roman Jupiter, who were noted for their naughty pranks, conceived the idea of calling the payment to the concierge, "The Tithe to God." But you have to live a little while in Paris before the true ironical humorousness of this name hits home to you.

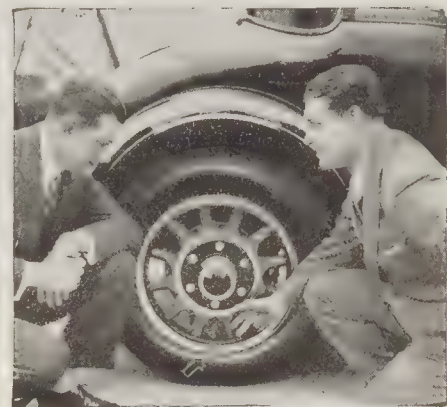
All of which remarks are merely by way of leading up to the high lights of French humor called the elections. It is possible occasionally to guess how an election is going to go in England, or Canada or the United States. But no one has ever yet guessed a French one, for even after the results are all in, after the first voting, then they start all over again, to be herein explained a little later.

A FRENCH election is strangely like a trotting horse race, run off in heats. The comparison is further emphasized by the long rows of billboards (see photograph) which lean against the various walls of the towns and cities from about three weeks before election day until the week after. In English speaking lands the rival candidates expend much lung power in acclaiming from many platforms what a scoundrel is their rival.

They flourish pages of statistics showing to what extent the country went to the dogs during the time the rival party was in power. The French candidates have these privileges, but go these one better by means of announcing boards. These boards some six feet high by four feet wide, are a unique feature of French elections. When one looks upon them, sometimes as many as twelve in a row, each bearing a number at the top, one is reminded of a horse race just when the jockeys ride out their mounts in answer to the post bell. Upon these boards the candidates have the last word, a word that stands throughout the two hectic weeks or so before the elections. It is much less breath-exhausting to call your rival a scoundrel in placards than from the platform, and the words once printed shriek automatically for all who pass to see. But mere words alone are not sufficient for the blood thirsty French office-seeker. To words are added all the power of the illustrator's genius. Thus the boards from the point of a pictorial display are well worth viewing, much more exciting than the average art exhibition, and some of the pictures are not so bad.

Here, for instance, is a Communist candidate's board. He is sparing of words. Over the board is spread the picture of a wild man, truly terrifying in the lankness of the hair, the wildness of the eyes, the fury of the face. Between the wild man's teeth is a gory knife. This is the capitalist who one must not on any account vote for. Then there is the board of the Socialist showing a raven with a beak dipped in blood. The raven perches upon a cannon. Beside him the dove of peace, the socialist member, is about to take flight. Having [Continued on Page 34]

SENT FREE! Your Pressure Discs



A New Way in Tire Care
that can Save You \$30 a Year

Leading authorities urge use of discs
in combating underinflation, the
cause of 80% of all tire trouble

OBTAIN 1000 to 4500 extra miles from your tires. That's what thousands of motorists everywhere are doing today!

They sent for the Pressure Discs offered here. Mailed a coupon such as you see below. And now every season their tire costs will be lower.

You get your discs free by sending us the coupon. They cost you nothing.

These discs show the exact pressure each of your tires should carry. Place one on each wheel near the valve stem. No tools needed. Then you simply keep tires at the indicated pressures.

To test your tire pressure, leading tire engineers recommend the use of the time-proven Schrader Gauge. It is dependably accurate and durable.

So buy a Schrader Gauge today. Then use it weekly. Use it in conjunction with the Pressure Discs offered here. Also insert new Schrader Valve Insides and protect them from dirt with Schrader Valve Caps.

Remember, it pays to insist on Schrader products. See that the name "Schrader" is on the valve stem of every tube you buy.

Now fill out the coupon carefully. The information requested is essential to get the discs for your specific car.

The Schrader Gauge is built to stand the gaff. Also note two Schrader Valve Caps and Schrader Valve Inside.



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A. Schrader's Son, Inc. K-4
P.O. Box 773, Washington & Johnson Sts.
Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

Send me FREE a set of Discs indicating proper pressure for each of my tires.

Make of car..... Year.....

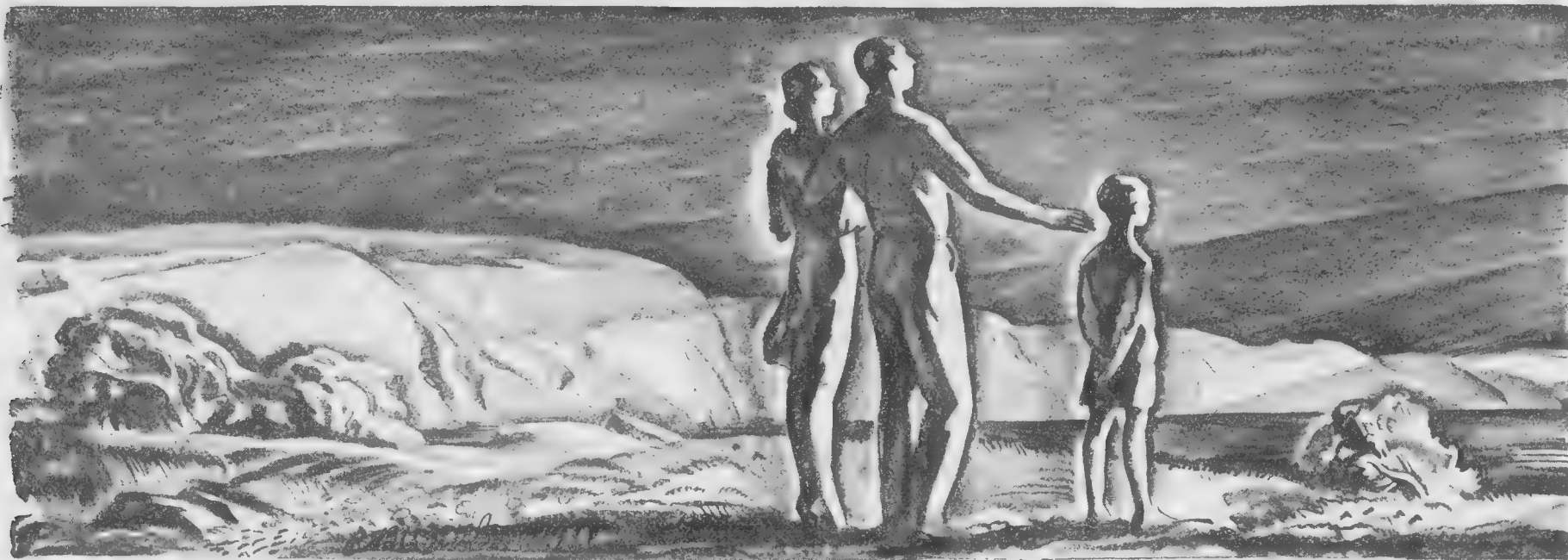
Body type.....
(Sedan, coupe, touring, etc.)

Model..... Tire size.....
(T, 60, Big Six, etc.)

Name

Address

DOWN FROM THE SUN SPEEDS A MYSTERIOUS



NOW in a familiar food . .



HIDING FROM the sun in office, factory, school, home, a "sun-starved" race is growing up—soft-boned, weak-muscled, teeth a prey to decay . . . Read how you can eat your sunshine now in a food already famous for its health qualities.

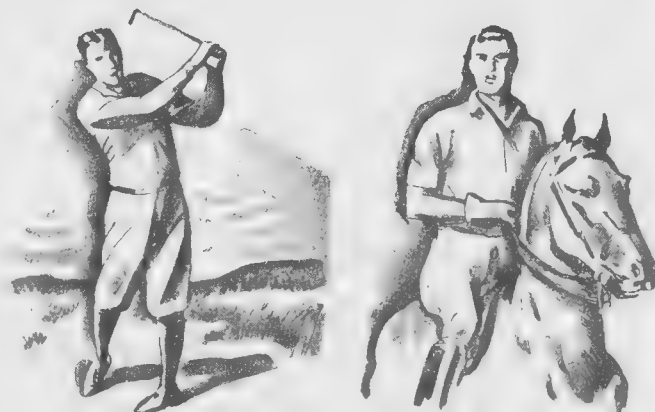
THERE is mystery, fascination in the great healing power of the sun. For centuries persons with sick bodies, who could afford to go where the sun was, have bathed themselves in its light, to be cured.

But millions today must spend the sunny hours in cave-like offices and factories, in sunless schools, shops, homes. Victims of a sunless age, they are literally "sunlight starved."

An astonishing discovery promises to end all this!—a discovery hailed as the greatest health advance in twenty years. A brilliant scientist in one of America's leading universities has made it possible to capture the health energy of the sun and place it, intact, in a simple, inexpensive food.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is this food. Already an average of one person out of every three has eaten Fleischmann's Yeast—and benefited. It has proved itself the easy, natural way to banish constipation—to renew appetite and digestion—to clear up long-standing skin complaints.

But now the health value of this famous food has been enormously increased! The *new* Fleischmann's Yeast, "irradiated" by a unique patented process, brings you the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin—the vitamin "D" of science. It is the richest food source by far of this vitamin. Our laboratories estimate that three cakes are equi-



How much healthier we would be

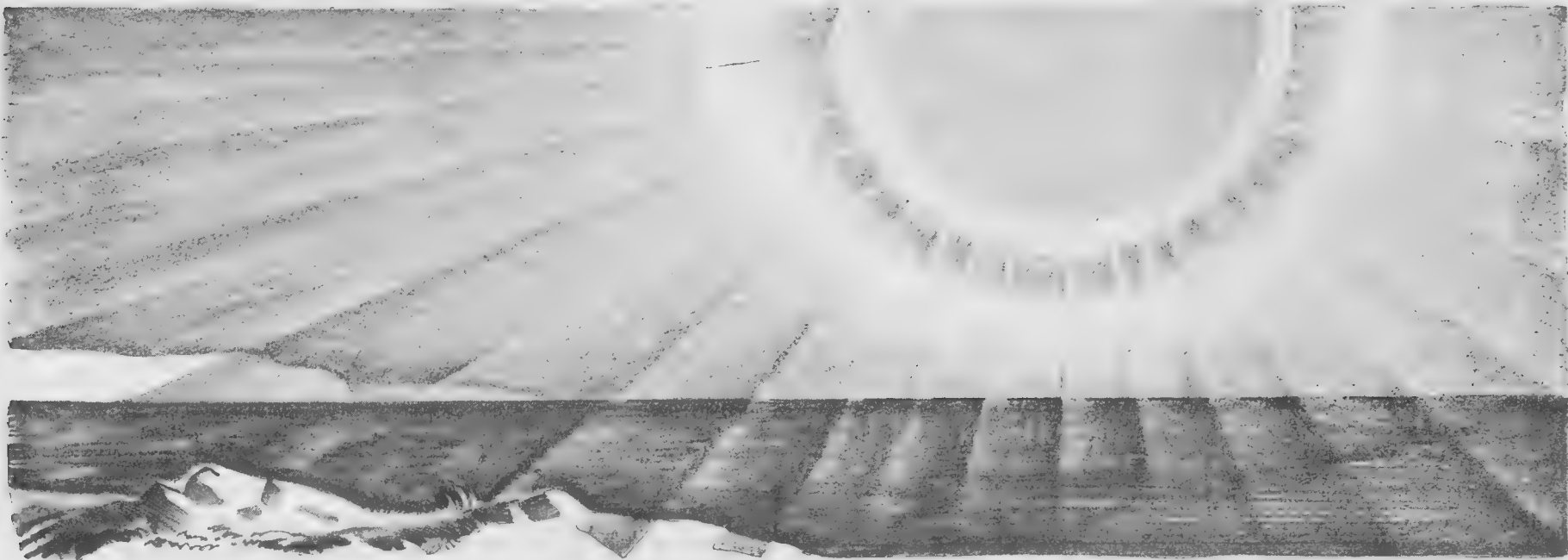
valent to the ultra-violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun!

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast. Without it, your system cannot absorb enough lime and phosphorus—elements essential to bones, teeth and muscles. With it, bones and teeth grow straight, strong. Your body is harder, tougher.

The expectant or nursing mother needs it daily. Her bones and teeth tend to soften as the infant drains her body of phosphorus and lime. The "sunshine" vitamin enables her to assimilate these bone- and tooth-hardening elements. This also fortifies the unborn or nursing child

The NEW FLEISCHMANN'S

POWER TO MAKE SICK BODIES VIGOROUS · WELL



the health value of hours in the Summer Sun



if we could get plenty of sunshine

against rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth). Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, as before, to keep your whole intestinal tract active, healthy and clean—to speed up elimination and check the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin.

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now! Eat 3 cakes every day, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking. Write for booklet. The Fleischmann Company, Health Research Dept. S-15, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.



In the front rank of Italian physicians is Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, special lecturer to graduate doctors in the University of Rome. He has lectured frequently in hospitals in America.



Considered by many as Europe's greatest gastro-enterologist, Dr. Maurice Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, Paris, is the author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."



Director of the famous Institute for Experimental Therapy at Dahlem, near Berlin, Prof. Dr. Carl Neuberg is a leading German physician and lecturer in the great University of Berlin.

READ WHAT WORLD-FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY . . .

DR. CHERUBINI: "Few people indeed get enough sunshine. Untold health benefits are thus made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin—vitamin D—now in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones, sound teeth and tones up the muscles. It is important for expectant and nursing mothers."

DR. DELORT: "Ergosterol, which exists in large

quantities in fresh yeast, is converted by irradiation into vitamin D. This vitamin brings about the deposit of calcium in the bones."

DR. NEUBERG: "The vitally important provitamin, ergosterol, which becomes a true vitamin upon irradiation, is found more abundantly in yeast than elsewhere."

Y E A S T



contains the "Sunshine" Vitamin

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 8

PRESERVE
YOUR
PLATE



SILVERFILL
IT PLATES AS IT POLISHES

New silver for old—silver plate for copper, brass and bronze—fresh fixtures for shabby—new radiance for your automobile radiator—all these things and more are yours with SILVERFILL, the new utility compound which plates, re-plates, cleans and polishes all bright-surfaced household metals.

A little SILVERFILL powder on a wet cloth, a few gentle rubs and tarnished, dull or scratched metal surfaces disappear forever beneath a permanent, gleaming coat of pure silver.

SILVERFILL permanently assures the beauty and life of your silver and nickel ware. It will change the finish of brass, copper, bronze and alloy metals to durable, shiny silver. It rubs NEW SILVER on with every application.

If you cannot obtain SILVERFILL locally, we will supply you direct on receipt of the purchase price. Use the coupon below and, for your future convenience, send us the name of your nearest dealer.

FRED J. WHITLOW & CO.,
LIMITED
165 Dufferin St. Toronto

Sold in one-ounce
cans by leading
department and
grocery stores.

50
cents



Fred J. Whitlow & Co., Limited
165 Dufferin St., Toronto
Enclosed please find 50 cents for which send me one ounce can of SILVERFILL as advertised.

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craft; not quite so slender as a ship intended entirely for warfare, but—a goodly combination—deep of hold, with beautiful lines terminating in exactly the same way fore and aft. Her prow was graced with a magnificent dragon's head, her stern decorated with an ornate tail. The fore-deck was left unsheltered, but the poop or stern-deck was covered with a canopy of tanned skins, painted a gleaming white, and bordered with that shade of blue so favored by Eric's house.

When all was completed, every forethought taken against threatening danger, whether of weather or marauding pirate, the beautiful ship turned her proud head to sea, unfurled her square, red sail, flying Eric's crest—The Holy Hammer of Thor—together with its raven ensign, and, leaving a heartsick people behind, entered upon her undying glory.

LEIF had neither compass nor astronomical instruments, nor any other nautical appliance wherewith to ascertain his position at sea. He set forth upon an incredible venture with no actual knowledge of the seas he meant to conquer, and only a certain vague information to guide him. He knew, for example, that the color of the sea varied in one region and another—was now clear and deeply blue; now murky grey or a sickly green—and he appreciated the importance of observing all migratory birds. But for all that his safest aid reposed in the faithful North Star, in the endurance of his sailors, and in his own intrepid courage. Indeed, in the event of storm or long-protracted fog, only a keen commander, with stout hearts and strong arms at the oars, ensured safety and ultimate success.

Leif's crew was wisely chosen, consisting of forty fighting seamen, the very flower of Eric's retainers, all trained to combat with equal fury the onslaughts of a raging sea or a devastating foe. They could swim like seals, fight like demons, and ply the oars with incredible grace and power.

For a time all went exceedingly well. Leif's robust sailors roared out their pleasure in rollicking song, lampooned each other in mischievous vein, and, off duty, lolled about the deck gambling away the riches they meant to acquire. One merry fellow went so far as to set at stake a bride yet to be wooed, and lost her to a burly comrade already burdened with a shrewish mistress.

That same night they met contrary winds, whereupon the lucky winner hazarded humorously that his stormy Greta was breathing him a blessing. But even the merriest sobered under the lashing gale which whirled them along in its evil embrace. Leif had hauled in the sail as soon as he recognized heralds of a coming gale in the huge billows which swept over the fore-part of the ship, beating against her bows with terrific impact like the driving of piles. Before the leathern canopy over the poop could be lowered, the rising tempest had ripped it asunder and the huge hides beat and roared in the faces of the struggling seamen, threatening to sweep them into the angry, swirling sea. No sooner had this menace been cut away than the hold of the ship, entirely unprotected from the elements, was found to be fast filling with water.

Then began the grimmest of struggles. While the twenty-eight oarsmen, fourteen on a side, strained and struggled to keep the valiant ship nosing the mad sea, the remainder of the crew took turns in the back-breaking toil of baling out the deep hold. Nor did Leif evade this, the most difficult of labors, but kept two men busy emptying the buckets he so ceaselessly heaved up out of that yawning black hole where he stood rooted waist-high in the icy water.

Day and night the gale continued to rage, until it seemed to the hungry, tempest-hounded men that they had passed into an eternity of toilsome hells whence there was no escaping. Yet they fought on, scarcely conscious at last of the very toil which preserved them; silent, grim, dogged; taunted by death

at every turn, but driven harder by the insistent, brutal energies of life.

Finally, when the point of utter exhaustion and listless indifference was reached; when the rowers hung across their oars like sodden bags of meal, their purple, bloated hands seemingly glued to the wood by the blood oozing from bruised and torn fingers, the fury of the gale abated and, presently, like an uncertain ghost, the battered ship lurched into calmer waters.

Hour upon hour they drifted, these storm-tossed mariners, more dead than alive; caring nothing whither they were faring, dumbly grateful for this sudden peace wheresoever it might lead them. But, just as the great red sun was sliding into the blue embrace of ocean, Leif sighted a dark speck to the south-east. Hope, leaping into life, rekindled his flagging energies, but he checked the cry of joy upon his lips, waiting for certainty before disturbing the terrible calm of his drifting ship. Only when a dozen flaming points of light proclaimed this broadening speck on the horizon as the indubitable haunts of men did Leif rouse his weary companions with the glad cry: "Ho! my lads, mark the favor of Thor! Land lies ahead!"

THIS land which loomed ahead, with all the charms of a sunset-enfolded Gimli, bringing new lease of life to the exhausted mariners, was an island in the Outer Hebrides. A rugged, picturesque spot was this solitary island, and by virtue of its isolation, its precipitous cliffs and bold promontories, it had been chosen by Rafn, a Norse chieftain, for his fortress home.

Rafn had need of such sure refuge; himself a political exile from Norway, he was continually at war with the petty chieftains of the surrounding isles, and was, besides, constantly threatened by the hordes of Norse pirates which still harassed these coasts. Nor was he less a prey for his marauding countrymen when it became known that he had forsworn the ancient gods in favor of some strange new religion. On the other hand, his apostacism led to an alliance with several other Christian chiefs, whereby his safety was rendered somewhat more certain.

On this particular day Rafn's household was all en fete. The long fires burned in the banquet-hall, filling it with cheerful warmth and comfort. In the courtyard huge bonfires were kept crackling merrily by swarms of lusty children, and along the shore at stated intervals pyramidal beacons roared their ruddy welcome.



In the cook-house and adjacent distillery all was hustle and bustle and noisy good-will. Deep-bosomed women with strong red arms kneaded coarse cakes of bread, pounded curds, and cuffed indiscriminately the ears of prying little ones. Old men and half-grown boys turned great cuts of beef and deer and mutton on giant spits, and, despite the chief cook's warning, stole juicy bits from time to time. But no misdemeanor detracted from the general merriment for this feast under preparation was to celebrate no ordinary occasion, but was, in fact, to commemorate the oldest trism, "audaces fortuna juvat"—a truth acceptable enough to stout Norse hearts. And as the spoils of victory were both valuable and varied, the chieftain himself had ridden off in fine fettle to summon the clan, leaving his motherless daughter to superintend the final preparations.

The lady Thorgunna was the acknowledged beauty of the Hebrides; but her charms were of that rare quality which defy description. To one it seemed her graciousness, to another her glorious coloring, and to yet the third it was no more than the cold perfection of a proud sibyl to which she owed her fame. By which it may safely be concluded that the lady was at least different—was not of the usual Norse type—a vagary not entirely in her favor.

There was, naturally, a potent reason for this irregularity, but a reason which her newly-converted clan thought best to ignore. Consequently this slender Venus of the Isles, whose rich young blood danced beneath a satin skin white enough to please the most critical Norse fancy, yet curiously tinged with blue like the frailest china, was given the ponderous name of Thorgunna and forbidden to use the ridiculous appellation Carmona, which she herself preferred and had carried in childhood.

In much she was humored, but in this her excellent Christian parent remained firm; he refused to own a daughter so curiously named; he could not see her labelled like a certain amulet foolishly prized by Thorgunna. Nevertheless, to her old nurse, Elspeth, she remained Carmona, and in her secret heart Thorgunna preferred it to any other title. She should have been named less harshly; there was a witchery in her moods ill-befitting a namesake of Thor.

Variableness was undoubtedly Thorgunna's chief attraction, for with her it was the unconscious variableness of the sea's own self, now flaming and vivid, now silvery solemn and still. So still she seemed at times, so chaste and marble-white, her dark curled lashes lying like a sleepy shadow on the sweetness of her cheeks, that it was difficult to believe her subject to mortal turbulence and passions. But again, roaming the hills she loved, the sunlight falling on the red-gold hair contrasting so strangely with the deep velvet of her eyes, there was discernible in her every agile movement a boundless energy and something of the easy strength of feline creatures.

Doubtless Thorgunna owed much of her unfailing charm to her eyes. Set rather widely apart, their color a dusky violet, they shone in the fair mask of her face, now pensive and serene, now flashing black and passionate. Her mouth was exquisite, with its sweet upward curves and the full lower lip in itself a thing of beauty. And when she laughed, which was but rarely, the proud aloofness of her face melted into tender loveliness. In short, this daughter of the Hebrides was at once a potential Bacchante, voluptuous and eager, and a chaste, dreaming Persephone. Nor was she averse to dreaming, but spent, instead, many a peaceful hour in fanciful meditation. She was, moreover, credited with being unusually psychic and gifted with a vision other than that of the physical eyes alone.

But on this day in question the lady Thorgunna was strangely disturbed by a haunting vision. She had dreamed of Balder the Beautiful, the heathen god of light and love. He had risen from the dim curve [Continued on page 33]

Picture-takers that reflect the Rainbow

THE introduction of Kodaks Petite adds greatly to the pleasure of picture taking. You treasure them not only for what they do but for what they are . . . exquisite little costume accessories that are wholeheartedly welcomed by women of the most exacting taste. You carry them with the same pride and appreciation that you would bestow on something picked up in the Rue de la Paix.



>>> KODAKS PETITE <<<

Above is the lavender Kodak Petite. There is also the blue, the green, the gray, and the old rose. In each the bellows and lens-mount form part of the color scheme. Picture size, $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$. Cost, \$6.75; Carrying Case, \$1.25.



>>> POCKET KODAKS <<<

In four colors—blue, as above, and green, brown and gray. No. 1 takes pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ and No. 1-A, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$. They cost \$16.00 and \$18.00, respectively. Attractive Carrying Cases in the same colors, \$3.50 and \$4.00, respectively.

POCKET Kodaks, too, are brighter and more attractive than ever before. Still as sturdy and reliable as always, still as efficient photographically, still the handy companion of sportsman, traveler and parent, they now have acquired a smart and colorful freshness and novelty.

CONSPICUOUS in this color renaissance are the Brownies. Not to be outshone by their higher-priced companions, they now appear in five radiant hues. And clever craftsmen have made a few slight changes in the Brownie design which have left it just as simple but have increased its appeal a hundred-fold. The Brownie's capacity for taking first-class snapshots remains undiminished.



>>>> BROWNIES <<<<

Models 2 and 2-A come in red, brown, green, gray and blue—each in the most approved shade. Picture sizes, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ and $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, respectively. Prices, \$3.25 and \$4.25; handy Carrying Case (in color) with shoulder strap, extra.



The Symbol of Health

WELL KNOWN to all households, OK apples contain an abundance of health-giving vitamins. Whether eaten as they come from the tree or cooked in any way, their nourishing qualities are unimpaired. Set aside a corner of your buffet for a bowl of apples. Allow the home folk to eat as many and as often as they wish. Make a point of preparing some cooked apple dish daily. There is no easier, safer or more economical way to preserve the health of your family than by following these few suggestions. Order plenty—at least two boxes for each member during the year.

*Fall in line with
General Health*



ASSOCIATED GROWERS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
HEAD OFFICE, VERNON, B.C.

Lord of the Silver Dragon

of the sea, a glorified being, and had come toward her, swift and eager, over the blue-green waves. She had watched his progress in fascinated silence until she was drawn into his golden embrace, there to melt into suffocating raptures.

Sitting in her bower, having her hair brushed and bound with silver webs, gleaming with precious gems, Thorgunna now frowned at the memory. So disturbed was she, so fretted with the belief that this dream had a vital significance, that, her duties done, time wearied her and she grew impatient of the happy chatter round her.

When her elaborate toilet was completed Thorgunna amazed her two young maids by saying she felt stifled for want of fresh air and restful quiet. And, ignoring their crestfallen attitude, she commanded them to find cloaks and to follow her to the sea.

ALTHOUGH it was growing dusk, Thorgunna persisted in following a narrow trail which, snake-like, wound in tortuous coils down the ragged hills to the level of the sea. Progress was both difficult and slow. Impeded at every step by rocks and tangled brushwood, the disgruntled maids lost patience with their lady and grumbled at her folly. What madness was this on her part to tempt the Powers of Darkness by such capers? Who ever heard of a lady's leaving the comforts and safety of her hall to scramble down a passage fit only for goats and trolls? Whatever was she thinking of to trail her fine robes over such a dreadful passage? If she was not tempting the Fates—well, then there were no Fates! They, at least, were certain that no good could come of such scandalous behavior.

Thorgunna paid no heed to their grumbling. She was not in the habit of sacrificing her desires for a mere scruple. Far below them she heard the sonorous booming of the great sea and the spasmodic spray of billows washing sharply against the rocks which jutted out from the gravelly shore. She loved the sound, and loved, too, the sea-washed coastline. Her main desire was to lose herself in that indefinable peace, compounded of majesty and mystery, which seemed the true atmosphere of that romantic shore.

However, peace was not to be Thorgunna's portion that night. No sooner was she seated on a sheltered, moss-hung ledge than all three women simultaneously sighted the "Silver Dragon" crawling into the harbor like some huge slow-moving centipede.

Some fifty yards down the shore blazed one of Rafn's beacons—a glowing welcome in honor of his unexpected guests. Thorgunna saw that the strange ship was making for this point. Her maids were terrified and begged their mistress to flee at once and to rouse the household. This was perhaps a pirate ship; her crew blood-thirsty heathens bent on mischief. Thorgunna laughed at them. "My foolish ones," she chided lightly, "see ye not that their steel limps? These are not victors, but victims!"

Fascinated, they watched the battered ship making shore; observing how uneven were her rowers' strokes, yet with what frenzied energy the makeshift oars beat the waters. At last the vessel's keel grated on the gravelly beach, and with a grinding moan, as of some dying creature, the storm-blown craft came to her well-earned rest.

What a shout was raised by her weary crew! Never a cry of victory like this! Life, victorious over Death, crying her eternal defiance to the forces of destruction—this and a profound primitive joy rang in that cry. How shall their boundless delight in feeling again the firm, friendly earth beneath their cramped feet be adequately described? Not a man among them but blessed this unknown land. Like lions loosed from long captivity they roared their relief, shook back their shaggy heads, stretched their tired, aching muscles, and, intoxicated with the mere pleasure of free

Continued from page 30

movement, took such rocks and boulders as lined their way in flying joyous leaps.

Thus, a wild, hilarious company, they made for the welcoming fire, and only when their shouts and laughter gave way to a calmer delight in the comforts of cheerful warmth did Thorgunna spy the solitary figure of Leif slowly following his sailors. When he drew into the ring of light flung by the blazing beacon, her heart seemed to cease its beating. She grew faint; a curious trembling laid hold of her, and a premonition of an inevitable fate filled her with momentary terror.

On sighting land the daring warriors had immediately donned their war gear, for none knew what their welcome might be. And now, when the red glare fell full upon Leif's bronze armor, which fitted his magnificent figure like a facile mold and reflected the light in rippling undulations, Thorgunna recognized him as the Balder of her dream. This was the lord of her destiny, come to her out of the sea!

Thorgunna shook off her weakness and, fully determined as to her course, stepped down from her hidden shelter. "If courage be lacking," she said to the quaking maids, "get ye off to the hall and say that a party of guests is already come. I go to offer these men the hospitality of my lord, for unless my eyes fail me they have fared ill of late."

Her companions tried to dissuade her. They shuddered for her safety. She might be borne off, the gods only knew whither, for who could say that these men had not a second vessel concealed somewhere? She would certainly be robbed of her jewels; and small wonder, for they were in themselves an incentive to crime.

There was much truth in this. The lady Thorgunna was famed far beyond her island home, not alone for her beauty, but more, perhaps for her matches gems and unrivalled wardrobe. A tantalizing mystery enhanced these possessions with an added lustre. It was generally conceded—in whispers, one may be sure—that they had been amassed by the Rafn family in a manner which their new Christianity might not openly condone.

In fact it was common history that a former Rafn, nicknamed "The Fiery," had followed the precedent of adventurous forbears to the extent of conducting a protracted Viking cruise. That had been almost a century ago; and the fiery Viking was gone now to his Valhalla some forty peaceful years. Yet his exploits were still the subject beloved of budding scalds and romantic ladies. And it had been a bold adventure, gloriously foolhardy and successful past belief.



Down from the north the fiery marauder had swooped, a fierce, ravaging vulture, upon the dreaming shores of sunny Andalusia. Up and down that pleasant coast he had led his plundering pirates; from the Tagus to the Guadalquivir, and up that majestic river to far-famed Seville. Of the routed Moors the young Viking had spoken with rough affection. He had found them a worthy enemy! But the virtues of their country had pleased him even better, and when he returned to his brooding Northland no small booty was his. Linens and silks, strange foods and sparkling wines, silver and precious stones—all these were his, and a black-eyed, high-tempered daughter of Andalusia besides!

Rumor had it that for every chain of gold and precious gems clasped about her lovely neck, the unwilling captive had given the enamored Rafn a goodly scratch. Yet she had learned finally to love her red-headed Viking, and not him alone, but the grand and rugged scenery of his native land as well.

Six sons had she given him by way of atonement for those livid scratches, and if she had regrets at the close of life they were principally because she had been denied a daughter beautiful and amorous as the airs of her distant Andalusia; golden-red of hair like her adoring lord. So much had she grieved that her husband had consented to a strange whim: he had given her a carved ebony chest wherein the Southern beauty had laid away all her personal adornments, fine linens and festal robes, to be kept until such a time as the house of Rafn should beget a daughter combining the grace of Andalusia with that of the imperial Norway. In this wise the lady Thorgunna had come into her enviable possessions, her whispering silks and glittering jewels, and, mayhap, her vagrant dreams.

Like her high-tempered grandmother, the lady Thorgunna was wilful, so now ignoring the trembling fears of her maids, she bade them be off, and herself hurried toward the strange mariners.

A very queen of loveliness, she emerged from the shadows and, quite without fear, confronted the startled men. Transfixed, they gaped at her, in their amazement discrediting vision and senses. She had no eyes for them. She saw only their commander standing so tall and stately before the blazing fire.

As for Leif, every drop of his clean young blood leaped at the joy of her. Her beauty swept him like a flame burning away the dullness of the flesh, releasing the quick and fervent intensity which slumbered within. The magic of her eyes quite dazzled him. He drank in this loveliness hungrily, dimly aware of his rudeness, but fearing the more to break the curious spell which bound him. He had never seen her like before; he would never see her like again. Terrible thought, engendering madness! He was conscious of an insane desire to bear her off—anywhere, any place—out upon that friendly sea which had cast him at her feet! Madness, perhaps, but Leif knew that in all the world there was none else so to stir him!

One breathless moment they gazed at each other, the cold blue eyes of Norway tempered to quick intensity by the alluring depths of velvet-eyed Andalusia. Then, "By the gods of my fathers," thought Leif, "now do I swear never more to look upon women!"

Thorgunna was first to recover, and, dropping her dark-fringed lashes to hide the pleased smile in her eyes—for well she had read his admiration—she bade him welcome in her firm, clear voice.

Leif collected himself with what grace he could and, hurrying forward, replied with becoming dignity: "Lady, we are come to crave the hospitality of thy country. The fates have made sport of us of late."

"Thou art come at a happy time," Thorgunna assured him graciously. "My noble father, Rafn of the Hebrides, banquets his friends in honor of a great victory over the heathen chiefs to the north. I welcome [Continued on page 67]



Dress Every Burn Scald and Wound Antiseptically

THE simplest wound may result in blood poisoning. The only safe way is to look upon every cut or burn as serious.

First cleanse the wound thoroughly and then apply Dr. Chase's Ointment and cover it with clean cotton.

There should be no exceptions to this rule. You cannot afford to risk the dangers of blood poisoning.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is so delightfully soothing that it will quickly bring comfort. In the shortest possible time it will set up the healing process and leave the skin soft and smooth.



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Modern foods, so soft, so rich threaten the health of your teeth and gums

*But Ipana and massage
keep gums firm and sound
and teeth sparkling white*

NEARLY all the things we eat are soft. Our taste is for tender meats, for fruits and vegetables stripped of fibre, for grains robbed of their husks.

To this over-refinement of our diet the dental profession traces the under-nourishment of our gums—to it they trace the multitude of gum troubles which beset modern teeth.

*Why over-coddled gums become
soft and tender*

There's nothing mysterious about it. Like any other living tissue, the gums need exercise. But modern diet robs our gums of exercise. They become soft. They lose their normal tonicity, and they bleed easily. "Pink tooth brush" is often the forerunner of more serious troubles to come.

Fortunately, specialists have discovered an effective safeguard against the damage done by soft foods. It is gum massage—a simple frictionizing of the gums, with the brush or finger. You can perform it twice daily at the time you brush your teeth.

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Ipana has an ingredient of specific benefit to the gums—ziratol, a preparation widely known to dentists for its anti-septic and hemostatic properties. To its beneficial effect upon the gums as well as teeth, Ipana owes the professional standing that has brought it such swift success.

Test this excellent tooth paste. Send the coupon for the ten-day tube, if you want to. It will quickly demonstrate Ipana's delicious taste, its remarkable power to make your teeth clean, white and beautiful.

Ipana is worth a full-tube trial

But to give your gums the full benefit of Ipana, get a full tube at the nearest drug store. Brush your teeth and gums with Ipana, twice daily, for a whole month. Note the improvement in your gums—how much firmer their texture, how much better their color.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANATOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent star p.

Name

Address

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French Elections are Like a Horse Race

Continued from page 27

looked upon this you naturally cannot fail to cast your ballot right. But in graphic appeal that board put out by the Woman Suffrage Party in the last National Election was easily first. It reminds one of those hideous valentines issued in quantities back in the 1890's. The board of the Woman Suffrage party carried four scenes. Number one showed a murderer going out of a room after having killed a woman. Number two, thieves breaking into a safe. Number three, an insane man tied in his cell. Number four a group of women and children. And underneath the pictures these bitter words: "These four kinds of people have no vote."

Upon still another board, that of the Bloc National, a long road up a hill is shown with the Socialists rolling up a ball labelled the franc dropped to fifty to the dollar in the summer of 1927, at which time a gang of international bankers reaped fortunes gambling on exchange.

THERE was once a parliamentary candidate standing for re-election. Remembering how many dead men had voted against him at the previous election, he announced at the opening meeting of his campaign that he would hold a meeting in the cemetery so all his electors would have a chance of hearing him. But in the last French National election, a candidate went this one better. He pointed out that as it appears to be impossible to prevent the votes of dead men being recorded, the practise should be regularized by giving every one the right to state in his will the name of some person who should vote for him in the future. It would then logically follow that the right of dead men to be electors having been recognized, their right to be elected also could hardly be refused. So, anyone craving parliamentary honors even after death should have the right to name in his will the man he wished to run for him. As I said when it comes to humor the French are hard to beat.

Referring once more to the comparison of a horse race and a French election. The long line of boards which bear the different candidates' statements, and which so resemble a line of thoroughbreds fling out to the post, are made of nice dry wood. Now firewood is dear in France. So it is possible for a candidate or his supporters to "kill two birds with one stone," so to speak. Thus not a few election boards disappeared in Paris at least, during the campaign and found their way to the stoves of the needy.

The previously-made comparison of a French election to a trotting race refers to the fact that the election, like the trotting races in North-America, are run in two heats. A candidate is not declared elected unless he obtains more than half the total of votes cast. Naturally with six men running for one seat, relatively few secured this on the first election day.

In such constituencies where no candidate is definitely elected a second ballot is held the following Sunday. In the meantime some of the candidates who decide to drop out do so in favor of one of the men remaining and hand over to him their number of votes. Thus the first election day, which takes place on a Sunday, means nothing, except to heighten the suspense. Of course the chief disturbing element in France is the Communist vote. The candidates for this party, as they announce with loudest posters, are against everybody else, chiefly the Socialists, which seems passing strange to a stranger. They would prefer a Unionist candidate rather than their rivals in the left party. So they keep their candidates in the field to reduce the non-Unionist vote, and do this right up to the second "heat" of the balloting even when their man has not the ghost of a chance.

If the women ever get the vote French elections will be more like a horse race than ever.

Dear Lonely Mabel

Continued from page 17

crept into his heart with each passing moment.

It was now about eight o'clock, and the sun was just settling down, a round red ball, over the edge of the horizon. Dusk was creeping slowly across the quiet prairie, and the first stars twinkled faintly in the sky.

Mabel drank in the beauty of the scene like a blind person whose sight has suddenly been restored, and who sees the world for the first time.

Peter gazed at her, and understood. "You like dass country, Mabel?" he asked.

She looked at him as though afraid the sound of her voice might, as a strange noise sometimes shatters a pleasant dream, cause to vanish all the wonderful things that she saw.

"Peter, it don't seem true. It's 'eavenly. It's like the fairy tales me mother used to read me. Like it? I love it."

"You tank you like to live here then?"

"I won't go, Peter. If I'd a knowed wot a lovely spot this was I'd a come out 'ere years ago. My I'm glad you wrote to me. If you 'adn't I'd a probably still been workin' at Skirrow's spongin' women's skirts and men's pants. But Peter . . .?"

"Yah?"

"Wot was the job you promised me out 'ere? I've been so excited I forgot to ask."

For about the eighth time that day Peter's cheeks turned turkey-red.

"I . . . I . . . dere is no yob, Mabel. You must forgif may, but . . . maybe I shouldn't hafe done at . . . maybe . . ."

"No job!" Her voice trembled with disappointment. "No job, Peter? Wot do you mean?"

"Unless . . . unless . . . I thought maybe . . . maybe you might marry may, Mabel?"

No longer was the tremble in her voice; no longer the frown puckered her brow. She smiled, and it was as though the rays of a new sun flooded the world.

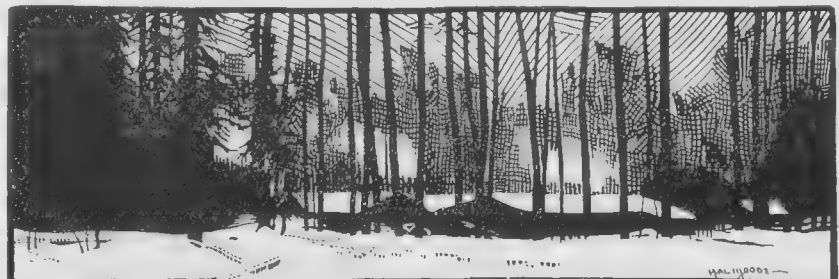
"Oh Peter! I am so 'appy. Do you really mean it, Peter? Say it again."

Peter fumbled in the breast pocket of his mackinaw until he found a small grey box. He pressed the whole thing into Mabel's hand.

"I don't know af at will fit," he said.

There was a brief pause, and then: "It does, Peter. It's just the right size. I'm so 'appy I can 'ardly speak."

She drew her arms around him and gave him her lips just as the setting sun disappeared from sight, and the moon rose in the eastern sky.





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YOU'LL prefer the larger ice cubes that freeze faster in Frigidaire.

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You'll want the added certainty, the priceless protection to health offered by the powerful Frigidaire compressor; power that keeps the food compartment below 50° . . . regardless of hot days in the kitchen or sudden weather changes.

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will be amazed by the new low prices and by the liberal General Motors deferred payment plan.

We urge you to call at the local Frigidaire display room. You place yourself under no obligation.

And . . . *today* . . . mail the coupon for the new Frigidaire catalog and a copy of the book of recipes for making frozen delicacies. Frigidaire Corporation, subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Toronto, Ontario.

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G5-20M

At His Command

Continued from page 18

At noon, accompanied by a jeering, dancing chorus, shrieking, just out of reach, and with appropriate gestures, "Sha-ame, sha-ame, dirty boy's his name!" he crossed the grounds to the Senior School building, where he held conference with the nurse. The mocking clamour he heard not at all. His mind was rapt by a single vision—himself standing in the Junior Building door-way saying, "Ten-shun..." obedient crowds marching, left - right; left - right, at his command.

To the little Russian there was something symbolic about it; emotions beyond his understanding or power of expression gripped him. Urgently, undefinably he felt that once he had stood there he would be armoured against those thronging memories, no less terrifying for their vagueness; he would have arrived, would be a Canadian in truth, sealed in that precious safety he and his had sought so far.

BEFORE school reassembled in the afternoon Mikhail smuggled in a large bundle carefully wrapped in newspaper, which he cached behind a cupboard. The afternoon session he endured, and at last it came to an end. Before the class started its march downstairs he slipped back into the room, salvaged his parcel, and contrary to all regulations, dashed down the fire-escape. Down and away across the grounds, till he was safe in the Senior Building before his classmates appeared at the Junior School door.

Rosy and exultant he emerged an hour later, his fair curly hair an aureole about his shining face—he fairly oozed cleanliness. Under his arm was the newspaper parcel, now somewhat damp and discouraged. He picked his way daintily along the street, avoiding those alluring puddles which but yesterday had been his delight, refusing with regretful firmness to take part in several promising sporting adventures. Not the news that "a whole carload of stuff" had been newly thrown on the dump; nor that Isadore's dog was even now chasing a rat in Hogan's Alley, "a big one, Mike, big as a kitten," had power to move him. He went straight home, stopping only to make a purchase, involving all his cash assets, in a nearby drug store.

On his arrival home he was greeted with a flow of Russian. He answered in English.

"Naw, mother, not today. I ain't going to no dump to get no coal today," raising his voice as his mother raised hers in a renewed flood of words.

"I've just had a bath. No, I ain't going to die neither. People don't die because they gets them a bath now and again. A Canadian has a bath twice a week. Teacher said so. Teacher says..."

For a moment his mother's fluent Russian overwhelmed his halting English.

"You get the coal... Is it then disobedience to your parents they teach you in that school? What says Moses, 'Honour thy father and thy mother!' Two baths a week! It is so many baths makes your Canadian teacher so white and little. Bah! so thin a girl, so puny, such mincing ways, she must teach because

no man will marry her. Russian ways are good enough for us. Go now, before the others have taken all the coal from the dump."

"I'm not going." In despair Mikhail lapsed into Russian and painted the situation with glowing words. In spite of herself his mother was impressed. Mikhail undoubtedly was clever. Were not his reports always "A's"; was he not, though but a learner of the language, the youngest in his class and almost at its head? She hesitated. Mikhail pressed his advantage. He posed.

"Ten-shun." She heard the heels click, saw the heads straighten, heard the clap-tap of all those feet as in torrential Russian he depicted the scene. At her son's word they marched—left - right; left - right... "But only if I am very clean. A linesman must be very clean. It is the custom. Little mother, I will not go to the dump? And thou wilt mend the rent in my sleeve, motherkin? And Paula will clean my shoes..." he smiled at her and patted her withered hands coaxingly.

"Ah, well, little son..."

NEXT morning Mikhail was up betimes. He partook daintily of the fried potatoes and coffee he found already hot on the stove, then retired to complete his toilet. A raid on sister Paula's room yielded such unaccustomed necessities as a tooth brush, comb and a nail file, and these he used vigorously at the kitchen sink. At half-past eight he was ready, and snatching up his books he bade his proud mother good-bye.

Behind a protecting fence he applied the final touch of elegance. From his pocket he took yesterday's drug-store purchase and unwrapped it with something of reverence. Carefully uncorking the little bottle he smelled it. Um-mm, violets, delicious! So much smell for ten cents. He sprinkled his shirt and handkerchief liberally, recorked the bottle and pocketed it, then continued his way with the slight swagger of one conscious of his sartorial perfection.

He leaned against the great doors of the Junior Building waiting for his teacher. In his mind's eye he saw himself standing at the top of the steps, a door-keeper on each side. He saw his gleaming shoes, his stockings smartly taut, his blue shirt on whose bosom bloomed father's purple tie—his Sabbath tie, abstracted while he slept—he saw the red handkerchief that peeped from the breast pocket of his coat. He heard himself pronounce the magic words, his voice was strong and deep, like the Reader's in the Synagogue. Simultaneously music leapt from the piano and left - right; left - right, a sea of children marched at his command.

Emotion inexpressible surged within him. His eyes blurred and stung. When his vision cleared teacher stood there smiling down at him. He gazed at her, unable to speak for hope and fear. Her eyes sounded his again, searching, questioning.

"You may be linesman today, Mikhail," she said gently.

Song of the Plainsman

By Mary Matheson

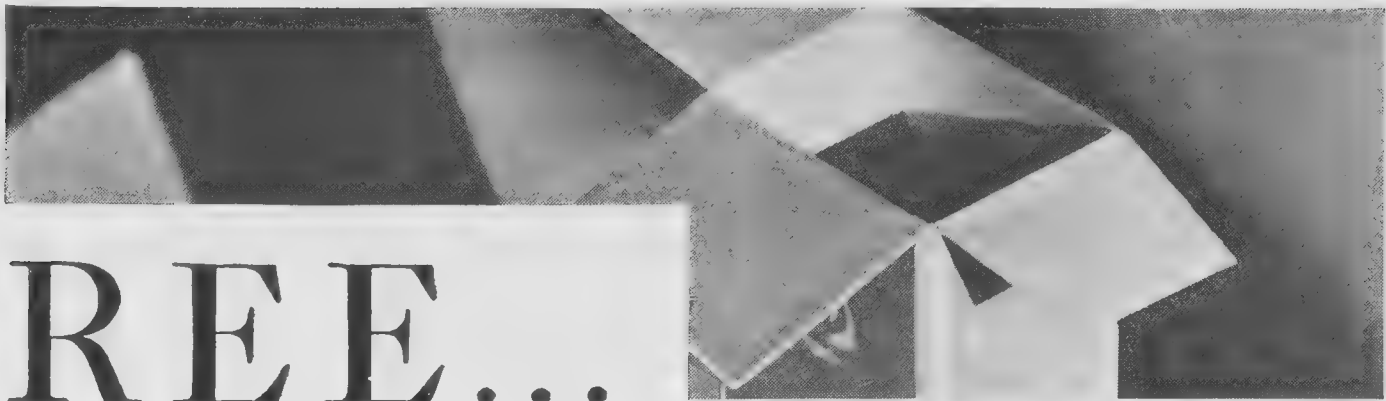
Talk to me not of hills
—The plains are mine.
Canyons and tortuous rills
Are not so fine
As is this landscape broad I see
Far stretching toward the skies from me.

Talk to me not of heights
Where grand views are,
—For all the wondrous sights
Not as one star
Are to me, when the broad plains call
Their loveliest—the first of all.

Talk to me not of love.
Narrow, confined,
The love of hills. Above.
Beyond, I find
The love that nourishes the plain
And giving once,—gives yet and yet again.

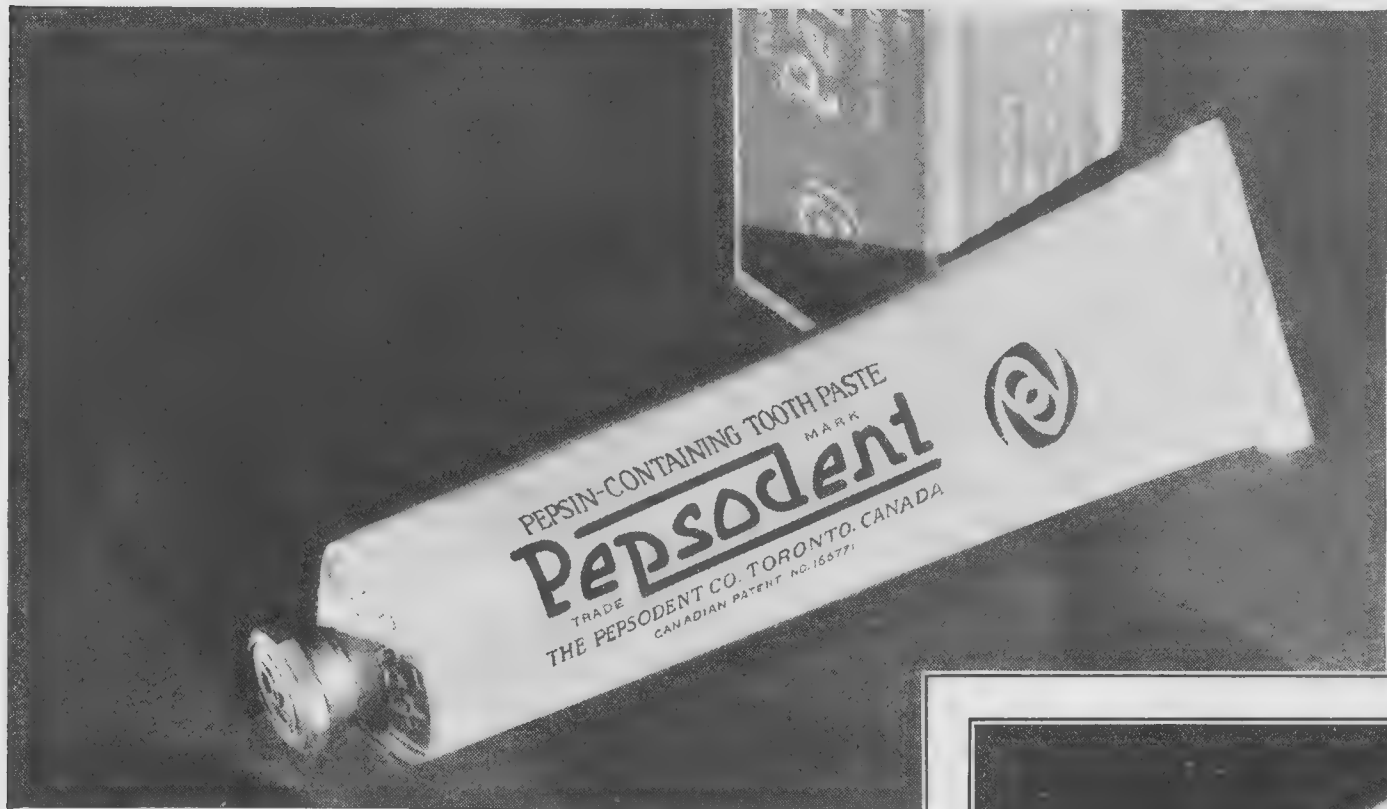
Talk to me not of peace.
Hills know no rest,
Wild stirrings never cease
Within their breast;
The prairie-heart, a mother heart, contents
And whisperingly calls her children hence.

Talk to me not of joy
Theirs high and deep
—Yet not without alloy.
Their gifts they keep
For some. The plain's arms open wide
And long to take the whole, wide world
inside.



FREE...

Where shall we send your 10-day supply of this amazing formula?



OF the people having pride enough to brush their teeth, ten million have mailed a coupon like the one at the right. That is one reason so many fascinating smiles reveal unbelievably white teeth.

One reason, too, why dentists have noted a declining tendency of many patients towards serious tooth and gum diseases.

Please send your name and address. Your supply of Pepsodent will be mailed you at once.

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Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dangerous coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—film invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How the new way removes film

Ordinary brushing fails to remove film suc-

cessfully. Now science produces a special film-removing agent. First it acts to curdle film so that light brushing easily removes it.

When film is gone teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is scientifically combated. And the danger of many ills that appear in later life may be immeasurably lessened.

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

Try this way—Free

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon to nearest address for free 10-day tube. Do not delay. It will work wonders in gaining dazzling smiles.



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Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, Paramount star, whose skin shows flawlessly lovely in a close-up. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."

9 out of 10 screen stars guard their skin this way . .

"EXQUISITE skin is woman's most compelling charm," says Malcolm St. Clair, director for Paramount. "Flawlessly beautiful skin is more appealing than any other charm." Directors and screen stars know so well that lovely skin is the most magnetic of all charms. And in Hollywood, among the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 (98%) use Lux

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Nine out of ten screen stars use this white fragrant soap. You, too, will like the way it cares for your skin. Abundant lather even in hard water!

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MARIE PREVOST says, "Lux Toilet Soap, delightful as the finest French soaps, keeps my skin satin-smooth."

Lux Toilet Soap *Nine out of ten screen stars use it for smooth skin* 10¢

Vagabond's House

By Toni Halsey

FAR away to the west of the sunset in Hawaii, set on an island born of night and sired by sun is the Vagabond's House. A quaint old place on a bit of beach, the plaything of the sun, an imaginative ideal of the owner, a blind poet who forgets the price of his little acre in Paradise. Far more than sun-browned island grasses and sinewy bamboo poles went into the weaves and walls of this grass house; for, from the rise of the sun at dawn until its fall at night, tatters of laughter, sighs of love and beautiful thoughts were tangled up with the binding ties.

The roof is a drab brown—it once was red, now mellowed by the years of Hawaiian sun, while up and down run in purple splendour the bougan-villia vines, to tear their gorgeous blossoms down to paint the roof would be sheer apostasy of beauty.

Deep and cool is the broad lanai (balcony) wherein to sit in the torrid heat of day within the sight of surf madly hurled on the coral reef below—and the soft hikiea (divan) where lazy souls may loaf in luxurious splendour with a cool drink or a book idling away the sun-gold hours. On the ceiling jade green lizards crawl while the sunlight plays through the heart-shaped blossoms of the "chain of love" the blind poet's descriptive vision of the Mexican Creeper.

A brass gong booms and we go to a meal that only Ah Goo can cook. In an honored place in his kitchen stands his heathen gods before whom he burns much joss. Whether this explains the sheer magic of his cooking can only be answered by the "inscrutable Chinese." All day long the wandering notes of a melancholy tune come floating up from the kitchen. Old Ah Goo with his wrinkled face is singing a song of far-off China, the song of a homesick heart in a strange land and Taki-San with her almond eyes and fan doll smile croons as she dusts the chairs and sweeps—a poor song that only Taki knows.

From the rise of a joyous sun to the setting of a tired moon the big front door of the Vagabond's House is ever opened wide. It has no key. The hala mat, offering a welcome alike to saint or sinner, is scuffed and worn by the many feet that have trod its weave. Always there is room for another guest in this house, for:

One who will not grouse if he must bunk with more

Upon the hikiea or perhaps the floor, Who will not mind if the meal is late Or must eat from the broken plate. There's a bowl of poi and a hala mat A cigarette, a smile, a friendly chat So if you care—to say Hello There's "Aloha" there.

A winding path goes by the house and the footsteps of seven nations passing by make the blind dreamer listen and surmise. The soft, silken swish of slippers—and he knows a Chinese has passed in silken coat so gay with golden threads and dragons fierce—the clack of wooden shoe or sandal tells him that a geisha girl from Nippon is trotting past and he wonders if the figures on her obi are in exquisite pinks or lavenders and blues. And then the staccato-like steps of leather heels upon the ground are heard, the stride of a youth of his race. By the firm, proud sound the poet knows his eyes are clear and bright and not blind with murky haze. Sometimes there come a sound so low he scarcely hears it—native lover's bare-foot walk, the whispered murmur of their talk drifts in. He smiles. How odd, they say that lovers too are blind. All through the day he hears the people pass but cannot see them—only in his mind and yet he does not cry the fate that took away his eyes—his sight.

Looking through the window on a still bright night we can see a fisherman prowling with a torch of smoky orange peering into coral caves in search of tiger eels, crisp limu cooled by

the sea, little sea urchins and crabs for his beloved master to eat.

Green are the hills beyond this home and white and frothy the clouds up in the high blue sky. Here is a winding trail through fern and guava and waving ti. There a little stream comes rushing down across the yard—dammed to let the water hyacinths grow and all the reckless shower plants spend their hoarded wealth to please their keeper's fancy with a dress of gold. If you care to use his ears, you will hear the carillons of the tiny flower bells so shrilly pink.

Little grass house nestling on the beach

The drifting wind-blown leaves will reach

Across the world across the years To settle lingeringly on my heart.

The Southern Cross hangs o'er the door While the moon flings silver 'cross the floor.

And we watch again by the quivering light

A hula dance on sands of sparkling white.

The surf with resonant crashes and resounding booms sets up a rhythm for the dancers as they sway in the light of the kukui torches—thud, thud, thud of the beaten hollowed drum and the impassioned sound of hot native voices pour wild cadences like saki liquor in your veins. A hundred, perhaps a thousands years turned back and in fancy we smell the reek of living sacrifice and crushed flowers, hear the savage prayer of priests, the victim pant in agony. The movements of the dance the gestures of their hands from throat to wrist sweet wilting fluid curves that stole their grace from the swaying flowers. A mystic half-forgotten rite performed some thousand years ago before some stone-faced god. Once a penance, now a pleasure.

ALL who visit the poet's abode must leave some souvenir of the casual while, of the shared meal and lively tale with the blind master. Everywhere in the big cool room where stray winds blow are gifts from near and far. That chair, so discreet in the corner, a princess sent. That great lacquered chest all flecked with gold is traced with the name of an Emperor. The shawl in shrill cerise thrown across the broad divan came from a beauty of Spain—while there on a stool of night-black and inlaid with paper-white design is a bowl of cloisonne to flick the ash from cigarette. A treasure chest stands under the window filled with vagabond's gold—worthless, priceless, dreamer's gold, gold of the sunset, of the shower trees on the lawn, artist's gold that can be neither bought nor sold.

On the wall hangs a picture of a purple girl called "Sin." Brazenly she flaunts her career of wantonness, looking down through slanting wicked eyes while her flaming scarlet lips wear a sneering and inviting smile. Yet so shamelessly splendid, "we like while we loathe the beastly thing, the way one always feels about sin." Facing this is another of the Lunar Rainbow, a night effect peculiar to Hawaii. It occurs exactly as the day rainbow against a curtain of rain or mist but in intensity of color compares with the arch of day as does the moon-stone with the fire opal. Magic it was for the artist to catch the witchery of this gauzy arc shimmering in the sky, casting a veil of ethereal light over Diamond Head crouched like a sphinx bearing her great tawny breasts to the sky above where hangs the Lunar Rainbow. Magic no less was it for the artist to catch with his brush the glories of a third picture, Hawaiian Sunset—where the sun before setting in the west turns and flings to earth his parting gift—a chain of burning amber fire.

And on a shelf are condiments sent from here and there—jars of chutney and li-cheese, ginger and syrups, great bowls of fat [Continued on page 40]

OWNERS OF NO-MAR WILL TELL YOU—

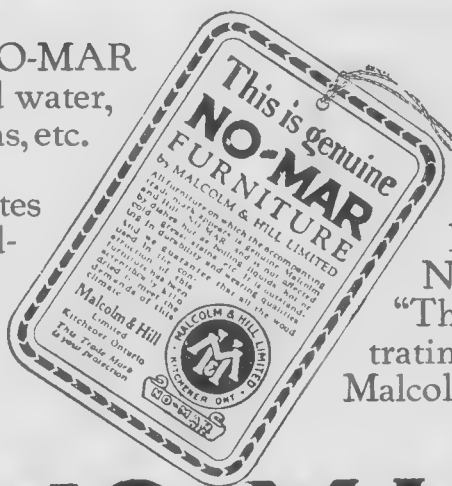


"FURNITURE is only as good as its finish!"



Spilled ink won't hurt a NO-MAR table top, neither will hot or cold water, dishes hot as boiling, grease stains, etc.

NO-MAR Dining Room Suites are admirably adapted to the modern vogue of setting a "polished table", because table mats are not necessary for the protection of this fine finish.



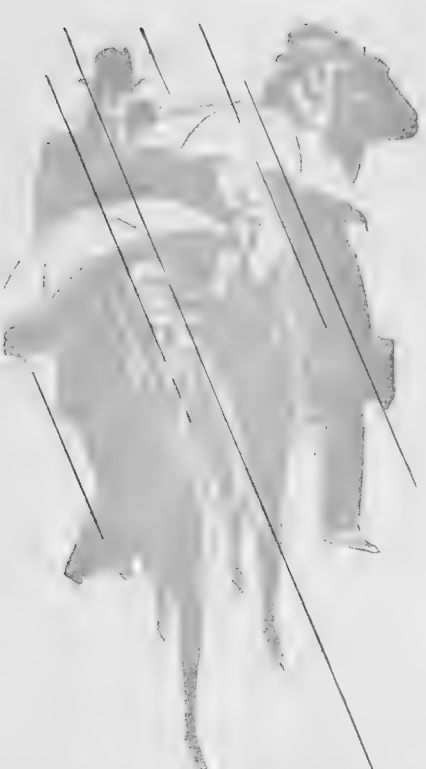
Genuine NO-MAR is sold by all leading furniture stores across Canada. Look for the guarantee tag.

If your dealer doesn't carry NO-MAR, write for our booklet "The Charm of Good Design", illustrating distinctive suites and pieces. Malcolm & Hill, Limited, Kitchener, Ont.

NO-MAR

FURNITURE by Malcolm & Hill Limited

IF IT'S NOT MALCOLM & HILL - IT'S NOT NO-MAR



**White
teeth may
hide this
bitter truth**

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

**Thinking all is well when teeth are white.
4 out of 5 surrender to the disease-of-neglect*

If you would enjoy health and preserve your teeth don't let appearances deceive you. See your dentist at least once every six months. Have him examine teeth and gums and correct any faults. And start brushing gums vigorously when you brush your teeth, using the dentifrice that helps to firm gums and keep them sound, thus safeguarding them against disease.

Forhan's is such a dentifrice.

Such a simple regime will bring you peace-of-mind. It will protect you. For such diseases as Pyorrhea ignore teeth and launch an attack on neglected gums. If contracted, only expert dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance. They ravage health and often cause loss of teeth. And Pyorrhea alone takes 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger as its victims.

You will like Forhan's. Its taste is refreshing, cleansing. After using it morning and night for a few weeks you will see an improvement in the appearance of the gums. For this dentifrice helps to firm them and keep them sound. In addition, without the use of harsh abrasives, Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay.

Start brushing teeth and gums with Forhan's today. Teach your children this good habit which will protect their health in the years to come. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

Talks With a Demented Gentleman

By Edgar A. Wood

WE HAD attended a court case during the day, and I was expecting The Demented Gentleman to make some comment on it while we were engaged with doughnuts and coffee at the restaurant.

"Have you ever lived on a farm?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes, when I was very young."

"And did you ever milk a cow?"

"Milk a cow?" I repeated. "Say, I had to milk six cows, morning and night, for —"

"I see," said The Demented Gentleman. "That being the case, you will readily agree with me when I say that cows are tantalising creatures."

I nodded in amusement.

"Yes," he went on. "Cows are animals that have to be managed with a certain amount of tact. For instance, you probably noticed that most cows were decidedly nervous while you were milking them, if you kept talking to them?"

"That's right," I agreed.

"And how did you sooth them, or did you bother?"

"Oh, yes, I bothered," I grinned. "I used to sing to them while I was milking. Found that —"

"Excellent," commented The Demented Gentleman. "You found that they paid little attention to you while you were singing, and didn't hold up the milking operations, but contentedly chewed the cud or browsed on the manger fodder? Of course. Now what was the reason that these temperamental bovines were so quiet and easy to manage while you sang to them, do you know?"

"Sure," I returned. "They like music —"

"Several sorts of bosh. Cows are not musical, as anyone who has been kept awake half a night by their vocal experiments will emphatically tell you. But if they were musical, I am quite sure those cows you used to serenade would never have tolerated your singing, for I have heard what you call singing."

"Well, explain why they kept so

quiet, then, if it was not that they were fond of listening."

"I will tell you. The reason they kept so quiet while you were singing was not through enraptured admiration for your talent, but because they knew that you were not thinking of them. Instinctively, an animal knows when you are thinking of it. So while you were silent, or talkative to the extent of a gruff 'move over, you clumsy brute,' or 'stand still, can't you?' or 'keep your darn tail still, you so-and-so,' they were rather nervous and on the alert, knowing that you were paying attention to their every movement and liable to lose your temper and administer a wallop. But the moment you ceased to pay obvious attention to them, and started to hum, sing, or whistle, they felt that you would not play them a mean trick any old minute. They knew that you were not totally conscious of them, and they were not nervously self-conscious on that account."

The Demented Gentleman neatly sliced a doughnut and reached for the butter.

"And that is why people are so nervous on the witness stand during a court case," he told me. "They are conscious of everyone's strictest attention, and aware that the opposing counsel is waiting eagerly to give them a wallop if he can find half an excuse. Their every word is questioned, hectored, and used against them, and they know this will be so when they mount the stand. The consciousness of the people assembled there is never removed from them. The fact makes even a hardened public speaker self-conscious, and what it does to an ordinary individual who is not used to the limelight is sometimes pitiful."

He sighed.

"I am not going to suggest a remedy," he said. "It would be hardly fair to expect the learned judge to sing to them to ease their nervousness, as you used to sing to the cows. Besides, some judges can't sing."

The Demented Gentleman surveyed the buttered portion of doughnut with approval and forthwith bit it off.

Vagabond's House

Continued from page 38

brown mushrooms, weird and strange spices from the Orient and barks and seeds. If you take a look at this corner shelf, perhaps you will understand why Ah Goo's cooking can make you sigh.

Visualize this sunlit, moonwatched place of beauty—where flowers and vines walled in by hybiscus make a haunt for bees, butterflies and lunar moths. Where Mynah birds on a monkey-pod tree give strident greeting to the dawn and clouds blush rosily to see the sun disrobe. The sea a cloth of gold. A cacti so ugly till a timid jasmine entwined its unlovely branches. Like pictures in a fairy-book—the "Beast" quite happy with "Beauty's" gentle imprisonment.

What thin and tepid blood must flow in the veins of you who say the glamour is gone from all these fair far islands of Hawaii. If all the lingering sweetness of white ginger-bloom and the swaying sweetheart vines upon the wall have lost their subtle thrill—if scented moonlight vibrant with songs of throbbing native voices cannot raise the rhythm of your heart one beat—if wild birds singing in the lost blue valleys of Manoa cannot make you dream of Pan—if all the whispering palms made for all the lovers in the world mean naught to you and your cold flesh can still be calm beneath the caress of perfumed

breeze—if with fine coral sand you cannot build your castle of dreams—if your fancy cannot climb the curve of the Lunar Rainbow to steal one jeweled star for your love or one sobbing note of steel guitar cannot trip the sluggish pulsing of your heart for one quick moment—if all these things have lost their power, for they have not gone, then romance is dead, love is an idle tale, your blood can know no fevers of desire and glamour is gone from Hawaii, from all the world for you.

Always will you remember the shadowy beams of Vagabond's House—the tropical nights—sunsets from Tan-talus—rainbows at sea.

Some day in some cold city of the north you'll hear a tattered fragment of a song "Aloha Oe." The dull grey streets will fade and you'll see the golden sun drenching a land of fadeless green—the luminous Hawaiian moon—sense the fragrance of white ginger. You'll remember the blue of the sea that melts into sapphires—the flickering lights of fishermen prowling about the reef—native boys singing as your ship sailed away saying Aloha, farewell, till we see you once more.

In some cold city of the north you'll hear that song and one, not more than one pale moon will wane and you'll be back.



The famous "Wear-Ever" Roaster, used in this home-cooking lesson, is one of the finest aids to good cooking ever designed.



BUT YOU *MUST* HAVE A *GOOD* ROASTER

EVERY housewife in the Dominion can get better cooking results and better-tasting foods. It doesn't depend entirely on cooking utensils, but good utensils certainly contribute to successful cooking . . . the best cooks use the best utensils . . . they use "Wear-Ever" because they know it will give uniformly fine results.

Besides making better-tasting food a certainty, "Wear-Ever" utensils are hygienic and safe . . . they are efficient and economical . . . they are easy to clean and keep clean . . . best of all, their silvery beauty endures through years of service. "Wear-Ever" is a *lasting* reason for pride. See the dealer in your community.

ALUMINIUM (VI) LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO



"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Kitchen Utensils



Millions of Women are Convinced

... but millions more have yet to learn that medically approved hygienic service is provided by Kotex

WOMEN everywhere on this continent who value health, comfort, convenience and economy find the solution of an intimate feminine problem in *Kotex, the New and Improved Sanitary Napkin*. They learn, too, from doctors and nurses that serious consequences may follow times of hygienic distress if proper care is not taken. Kotex has the highest medical approval. Home-made napkins are often unsanitary and dangerous.

Kotex is made of the softest and most pliable materials, ensuring absolute comfort. Kotex deodorizes effectively and thoroughly. Cellulose absorbent wadding, the filler in Kotex napkins, is 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself.

Easy to adjust as you wish. Discard conveniently. No trouble. No laundering. (Full directions in each package).

Economical, too, in comparison with home-made pads. The money you pay for Kotex gives amazing returns in improved health, comfort, peace of mind and convenience.

Buy Kotex at any drug, departmental or dry goods store, and join the army of women who have found a new freedom during trying days.

MADE IN CANADA

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

Mail coupon now for THREE samples of Kotex and valuable book on women's hygiene . . . FREE.



Two Sizes

Regular size 60c a dozen and
Super-size 75c a dozen

FREE - 3 KOTEX Samples

Kotex Company of Canada, Limited,
330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

You may send me 3 samples of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain carton.

Name

Address

City..... Prov.....

Phwat's in a Number

By T. A. McMaster

BARNEY RAFFERTY was a little, cheerfully optimistic man who believed that some day, in the near future, he would find himself the richer by three thousand dollars, by reason of his having successfully forecasted the results of fourteen football games, which are played every Saturday, over in the Old Land, and which form the subject-matter of a weekly competition in a local paper, the O.P.Q.

Barney had studied football form for years; had spent Sunday after Sunday pouring over all possible chances for this, or for that emergency; had talked of nothing but football during his lunch hours; had subscribed to four English papers of the "tipster" variety; had consulted gipsy fortune-tellers during their brief stay in Winnipeg; and had worked every known "system" to the point of exhaustion, but now, after years of plugging away at prize football coupons, he felt that his reward was at hand. In popular parlance, he had a "hunch" that he was going to win.

His wife had laughed derisively at all his efforts, and his sons had freely and candidly told him what they thought of him. He was wasting his valuable time, and the family's good money to no purpose. His daughter Bridget had called him a superstitious old woman. Not a very nice thing to say to one's father, but, in a way, he deserved it. Barney was superstitious, although he never would admit it. It hurt his feelings when people told him that all gamblers were superstitious.

This particular week, he had taken madcap chances, desperate chances in an attempt to capture the three thousand dollars, and, at the same time to remove the stigma of superstition which had been imprinted by Bridget. He had sent in thirteen different coupons. He had also affixed the stamps upside-down on the envelope, and had deliberately tempted Peter, the family cat, to cross his path while he was on his way to mail the entry. He had, in short, defied all the gods and goddesses of luck to frustrate his efforts. He would show them that there was no such thing as luck. Skill was all that really mattered. He was bound to win out in the end.

"For why did ye send thirteen coupons, Barney?" asked Mary Ann, his wife. "Did you not know that thirteen is the unluckiest number that was ever invented?"

"Away wid ye, wumman! Phwat's in a number?" he retorted, "Bridget will have to be talkin' to ye about yer suspicions." "Superstitions, Father!" corrected Bridget.

"I don't care what ye calls it, suspicions or superspitions. I'm sindin' thirteen of them coupons, an' when the results come out, it's yerselves will be glad to know that you have such a clever father."

ON Saturday afternoon, the results did come out. Barney bought the five o'clock edition of the Gas Bag, published with journalistic indifference three hours ahead of time, then he retired to the dining-room to look over his copies.

The first four or five of these sent the little man's heart to his boots. Perhaps, after all, he reflected, he had been unwise in marking thirteen coupons. Some people did consider it an unlucky number. Twelve would have done just as well, or even fourteen. Each coupon seemed to be worse than the previous one. This was the case until he reached the tenth one. Here, immense possibilities were shown from the very beginning.

"Huddersfield?—Won!"
"Manchester?—Won!"
"Sheffield?—Won!"
"Glasgow Rangers?—Won!"
"Preston?—Won!"
"Liverpool?—A tie. Gosh! That's what I have!"

And so on, right through the list. His tenth coupon was an exact copy of the results as printed in the news column. But Manchester City hadn't played! Perhaps that would disqualify him.

Feverishly, he rummaged through his pile of papers and cuttings, looking for the rules of the contest. At last he found it.

With an ear-splitting, unearthly shriek, he rushed into the kitchen, waving the

journal over his head, and grabbing his amazed better-half around her ample waist, he executed one of those wild Irish dances which his barbaric Gaelic ancestors must have performed when Saint Patrick exported the last serpent to England. He was brought sharply to his senses by a vicious elbow-jab in the place where his solar-plexus should have been.

"Ye drivellin' old fool! Phwat's the matter wid ye? There ye've gone an' made me burn Bridget's new silk dress, that she was for wearin' to church tomorrow. Phwat the devil has taken ye, anyway?"

"Och now, Mary Ann, phwat's one silk dress to a man like me? Why, wumman, 'tis successful I am. That's what's the matter wid me. I have thirteen of them teams correct, an' the other game was cancelled. I've won the three thousand dollars all right. That's the sort of man that Barney Rafferty is. I told ye I could do it. An' ye said that thirteen was an unlucky number," reproachfully, "I'm surprised at ye for bein' so suspicious, Mary Ann."

"Maybe 'tis a misprint in the paper," ventured the practical Mary Ann.

Barney's heart dropped like a plummet. He hadn't thought of that. Just then, young Michael brought in a copy of the Free and Easy, heard of his father's success, and compared both papers, while Barney watched him anxiously, with pleading eyes, much as a sheep watches a butcher who intends converting her into mutton. After a long and careful perusal, and, it seemed, hours of anxious waiting, the results were declared correct, and Barney came into his own.

In the space of a few minutes, his family status had become completely reversed. Never had Barney felt so independent. It was probably the first time in twenty years that he had asserted his right to be the controller of his own affairs, and it was undoubtedly the first time since his marriage that this right had gone unchallenged by the worthy Mary Ann.

Barney, walking on air, and strutting around the house, decided to give his family a good time on the strength of his newly-acquired fortune. He would show them how to be generous. He would make them proud of him. Bridget got a new dress to replace the ruined one, in as many minutes as it takes to go down town, to try one on, and to write a cheque for it.

"C'mon, Mary Ann," he commanded, after the supper dishes had been washed, "C'mon down town! We'll get that fur coat you've been needin', an' maybe I can get a few things for meself. We can get a few things for the front room. Is there anythin' else ye would be wantin' that we could get tonight?"

There was something else. As a matter of fact, there were several things. So much so, that by the time they returned home, they had pledged themselves to the extent of eight hundred and seventy-five dollars, all the money they had in the bank until the lucky cheque would arrive on Monday morning. There was a suit for Barney; the fur coat for Mary Ann; Bridget's new dress; several pieces of furniture for the dining-room; and numerous other commodities.

Mary Ann was very proud of her clever husband, as they walked down the centre aisle on Sunday morning, the cynosure of all eyes. People nudged each other, and pointed him out as an example of perseverance and pluck, the man who had won three thousand dollars overnight. What a lucky couple! Nor was this lost on Barney, who had seen to it that the news had been well spread. It was a novelty—this being fussed over—and he certainly made the most of it.

Sunday was a hectic day. Friends and well-wishers came to offer their congratulations, and to give Barney numerous pressing invitations to get in on the ground floor on some wonderful business deals. But he, wise man, was having none of their advice. He realized that the possession of actual wealth meant the purchase of peace and privilege, so he was determined to hold the reins of power as long as he possibly could.

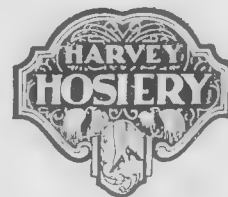
[Continued on page 44]



The MODERN MODE *daintily interpreted by* HARVEY



IN COMBINATION UNDERGARMENTS
THAT HINT OF PARIS.



... The smart Parisienne chooses her undergarments with an eye to distinction alone. Originality, even at the sacrifice of suitability, must be hers. The well-dressed Canadian woman also considers distinction, but with this important phase she combines practicability. "Does it wear well?" is a basic question.

... Harvey, recognizing this, has created a softly clinging, firmly woven silk-like material for this modern combination vest, brassiere and bloomers, with dainty shirring at the knee.

... The subtle modernistic touch, so essential in the present-day fashions, has not been forgotten. Contrasting bands of color in unique sharp outlined shapes have been placed on vest and bloomers. They're smart!

... Every color—built to cater to the most fastidious taste—this new creation by Harvey is an essential of the chic Canadian woman's wardrobe.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Harvey name and trade-mark attached to all Harvey products is for your protection. Look for it.

HARVEY KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED
WOODSTOCK - ONTARIO



So crisp it crackles in cream!

LISTEN to it! Taste it! The new Kellogg cereal. Bubbles of flavor that actually pop and crackle when you pour on milk or cream.

That's how crisp they are---and what a delicious flavor! Toasted rice grains. So good every spoonful is a real flavor surprise.

Your family will surely welcome Rice Krispies for breakfast. Something brand-new and different. Enjoy them for lunch, with fruits or honey added. And because they are nourishing and easy to digest, they are ideal for the kiddies' supper.

Make crunchy macaroons and candies with Rice Krispies. Sprinkle them into soups. Eat them plain or butter and serve like pop corn.

Order a red-and-green pack from your grocer. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. You are missing something if you haven't tried the cereal that crackles in cream!

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at London by the Kellogg Company of Canada, Limited—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Corn Flakes, and Krumbles. Other plants at Battle Creek, Mich.; Cleveland, Ohio; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.

Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES



Washing Painted Walls

By Helen Martin

PAINTED walls, so popular for reasons both aesthetic and practical, are especially appealing to the fastidious housewife. This, because they are so easily kept clean and fresh-looking always their best—and, in addition, because this cleanliness in combination with their hard surfaces, makes painted walls sanitary.

In clean and dry localities the walls will want washing about twice a year, the Spring and the Fall, probably, to keep them in perfect condition. If, however, the atmosphere is damp, smoky or dusty it will be necessary to wash the walls about three times during the year, to insure their best cleanliness and attractiveness. After each washing they will look fresh and new as though they had just been painted.

Special preparations, which make the cleaning work a very simple matter, are available now at places where paint materials may be obtained. A solution of this sort eliminates the scrubbing and effort ordinarily required to obtain a thoroughly clean foundation—it is effective no matter how grimy and dirty the surface may be. This type of dirt remover should be especially good for cleaning woodwork as well as walls, and particularly for hallways, stairs, etc., where the dirt becomes ground in, beyond the hope of the ordinary scrubbing brush.

Where such material is not available the following formula for washing painted walls and woodwork will tend to make the work comparatively easy. The necessary equipment includes water, soap, glue, a sponge and a piece of soft chamois. You will have to shave down the soap (which should be pure and non-alkaline)—and mix it in about a quart of boiling water until the soap has completely dissolved. Then dissolve about two

ounces of granulated glue in a little more than a quart of boiling water. The two liquids are mixed together and allowed to stand. They will form a jelly that can be used as an effective cleaning compound. It is used as one uses ordinary soap. Put enough in a pailful of lukewarm water to make good suds. Then apply the soapy mixture on the wall with a soft sponge, beginning at the bottom and working up. The mixture is wiped off with the piece of chamois. This is an excellent way for washing walls, and does not harm the gloss of the surface in any way. It is far simpler to wash down the entire wall in this manner than to try to wash off spots, since in washing off spots, particularly if the wall is greasy, unsightly rings will be left.

This wall-washing formula can be used also to wash painted woodwork and furniture. For washing varnished surfaces, which also are apt to become dusty and dirty, use lukewarm water, to which a small amount of household ammonia has been added.

Surfaces that are to be repainted or varnished should be thoroughly cleaned in the manner already described. If you wish to secure a perfect paint or varnish job never attempt to work over dirt or grease.

Since a drab, shabby home is depressing not only to grown-ups but to children as well—and since the cleanliness which can be matched only by freshly painted walls is so easily obtained—it is advisable while washing the walls to go over the entire interior of a house. The operation of the washing is so simple. No matter what color the surface is painted, or what its decorations may be, if the work is done as has been thoroughly outlined, the effect will be as described.

Phwat's in a Number

Continued from page 42

The family was astir early on Monday morning, moving in the new furniture, and moving out the old. Barney was not available for this part of the programme. He was standing at the corner of the street, patiently waiting for the postman.

"Any mail for me?" he asked, eagerly, when that worthy official came on the scene.

"Yes, I think there is," came the reply, "I'll be along your way in a minute or two."

Barney received the expected letter, saw that it was a cheque letter, with his name on it, broke a bottle of Scotch in honour of "Postie," then he proceeded to open the flap, with a studied pose of abstraction bordering closely on nonchalance.

He read the accompanying missive quickly, looked at the cheque, took a deep breath, and read the letter through again—slowly this time.

Having finished the second reading, he folded both cheque and letter very carefully, placed them neatly in the envelope, and deposited it carefully in the centre of the kitchen table.

"Well, Mary Ann," he drawled, reaching for his cap, "I guess I'll be runnin'

off to the office now. I'm late enough as it is. I think I'll be better off there than hangin' around the house. I—I may—that is to say—I may be late tonight, so don't stay up waitin' for me. Goo' bye, m'dear!"

BY the time Mary Ann had read the letter, and managed to regain her breath, Barney had disappeared in a cloud of dust, his little, short legs twinkling like polished piston rods, and his subconscious mind recalling the text of Sunday's sermon, "Flee from the wrath to come!"

This is the letter which induced his speedy exit—

"Dear Mr. Rafferty,

May we be permitted to congratulate you on your good fortune? The prize of \$3,000 has been awarded this week, as usual. As there were 231 coupons with thirteen correct forecasts, the prize will be divided.

Your share, therefore, amounts to \$13.00 (thirteen dollars), a most singular coincidence. But what's in a number? Better luck next time!

Yours for success and happiness,
The O.Q.P."

Hark! 'Tis Morn!

By George W. Tuttle

Hark! 'Tis morn! All nature sings,
Day its wondrous banner flings
O'er the distant, misty hills—
All its charms our being thrills.

Night has flown on sable wings;
Wond'rous glory morning brings.
Flowers for us their hues unfold,
Morning ope's their hearts of gold.

Rich the flowers with pearls of dew;
Shimmering webs our paths bestrew—
Webs by cunning workmen spun
Ere the day had scarce begun.

Rich, O rich each passing morn
That has flown since we were born;
E'en the mornings when we heard
Drip of rain—no song of bird;

When the flowers—once parched and dry—
Bowed in thanks, then lifted high
Beauteous heads to mother sky
As the copious showers passed by.

So each morning rich of life
Comes to us with beauty rife.
Sun and flowers, or clouds and rain,
All shall be eternal gain.



Custom beauty sleeve-valve power in the complete WILLYS-KNIGHT Line

... FROM THE
LOW-PRICED "70-B" TO
THE LUXURIOUS NEW
GREAT SIX.

THE beauty and style of the new Willys-Knight, the power, smoothness and economy of the patented double sleeve-valve engine, are now available in two lines of ultra-modern motor cars—the popular low-priced "70-B" and the distinctively beautiful Great Six.

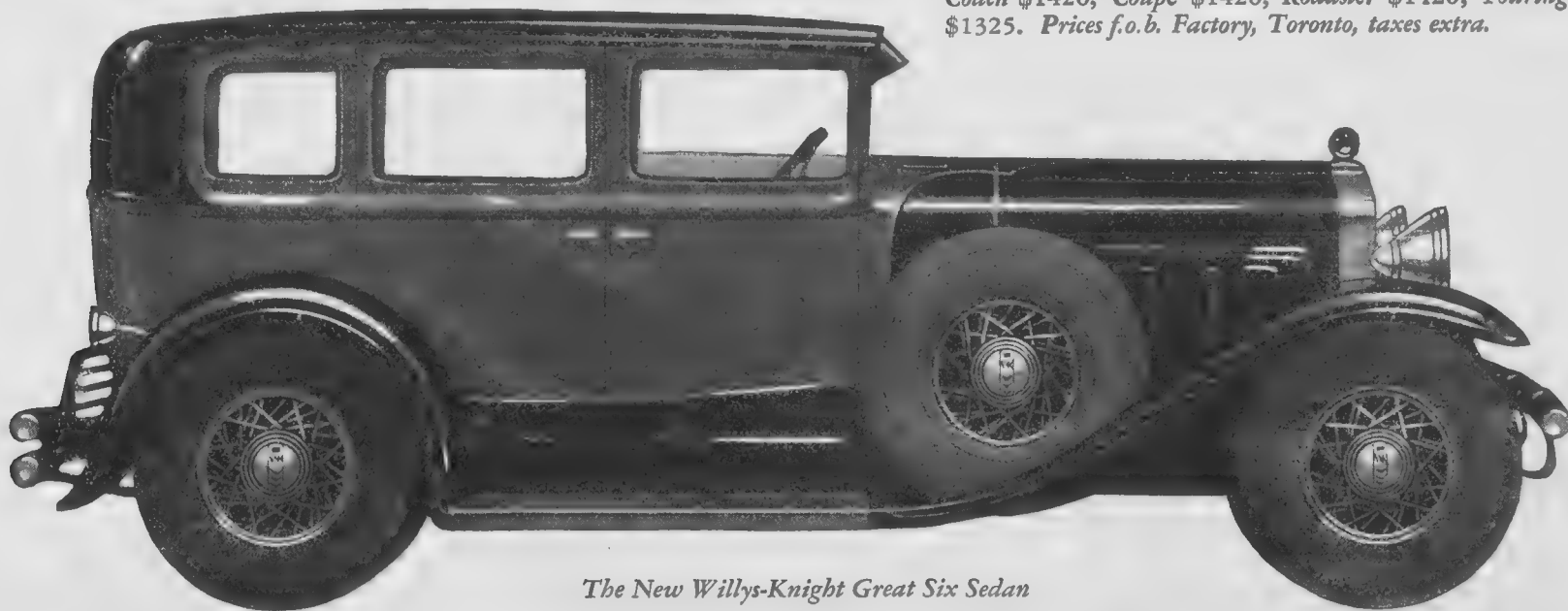
The brilliant success of the new-style Willys-Knight "70-B" proves its value as the largest, smartest and most powerful Knight-engined car ever offered at such a low price.

The new Willys-Knight Great Six is distinguished by an individuality that reveals itself in a higher order of design, luxury and performance. Some of the car's many advanced mechanical features are: Bijur one-shot lubrication system, heavier seven-bearing crankshaft, extra strong and rigid frame, full internal four-wheel brakes, manual heat control and automatic radiator shutters.

Great Six Sedan (illustrated below) \$2575, 4-passenger Coupe, 5-passenger Coupe, Roadster and Touring at same price. 6 wire wheels, trunk rack included. All Willys-Knight prices f.o.b. Factory, Toronto. Taxes extra—Special equipment extra.



Willys-Knight "70-B" Sedan (as illustrated above) \$1545, Coach \$1420, Coupe \$1420, Roadster \$1420, Touring \$1325. Prices f.o.b. Factory, Toronto, taxes extra.



The New Willys-Knight Great Six Sedan

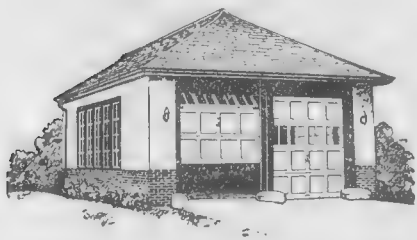
The Two Best Doors

....Which for your garage?

There are many different types of garage doors, some good, some fairly good and some just plain no good. Here are two types that a great deal of experience has shown to be best suited to our Canadian climate. A comparison of their main features will enable you to choose the one right door for your garage.

Rolltite

The Space-Saving over-head Door



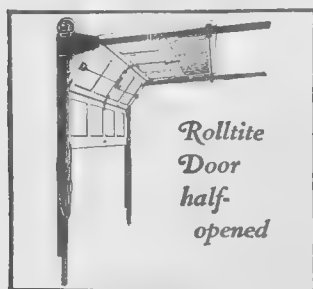
ROLLING upover-head the Rolltite Door occupies a minimum of room and is never in the way.

It cannot be blocked with snow or ice, nor be blown about by wind—because it opens inward.

Rolltite is made in any width up to twenty feet and is supplied as a complete unit, door and hardware, in four or more sections according to height of opening.

Rolltite makes it possible to build a shorter garage with a consequent saving in building cost.

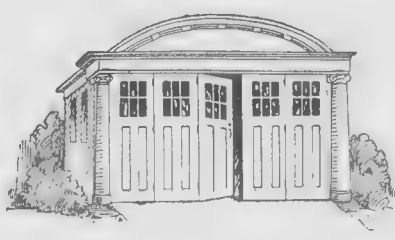
Rolltite is operated by a heavy springwinding on a ball-bearing shaft. The guide rollers are also ball-bearing. The door is tight-fitting, weather-proof, and easy to operate.



Rolltite Door half-opened

Slidetite

Equipped Doors

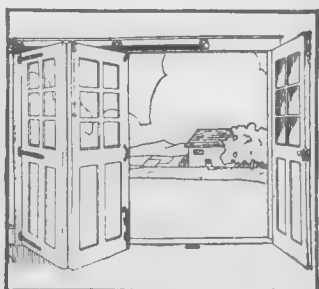


WITH Slidetite Hardware, garage doors are folded to the side leaving a wide, clear opening—as wide as thirty feet, as narrow as eight feet—and no centre post is needed.

Slidetite Hardware is made for sets of three doors and up to sets of ten doors. They cannot be blocked with snow or ice, nor be blown about by wind because they open inward.

Slidetite Hardware requires three feet of clearance over the car length to permit the doors to fold inside.

Narrow, artistic doors may be used and they always move freely and easily on the overhead track and hangers.



"Modern Design in Doors and Windows" tells about Rolltite and Slidetite. May we send you a copy?

Richards-Wilcox Canadian Co. Ltd.

MONTREAL

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CANADA

WINNIPEG

The Week-End Girl

Continued from page 11

possessed to the Nth degree of what is Glynnishly known as 'It.' Um, well, as I have got to do it I may as well go all the way. Will you be so kind as to show Miss Piercy in?"

It may be said that this persistent formality from which John never departed was the cause of deep irritation to that faithful girl. But without a word she proceeded to carry out his wishes and only marked the fact that she was being kind by the angle of her head.

JOHAN waited on tenderhooks. His dramatic imagination ran wildly ahead. His whole constitution was flung about like a seismograph stirred by violent eruptions when one of the prettiest creatures whom he had ever seen slipped into the room with the modesty of a violet, the quality of a sunbeam and the disturbing effects of the Mona Lisa with almost the same subtle smile. Her frock, which was individualistic, would have brought an exclamation of admiration from Monsieur Poirot himself. It was longer than the standardized length and fuller here and there. Also it was black, which proved that she had solved the secret of how to be well dressed. It goes without saying that her stockings were black as well as her shoes and a hat which was not of the basin tribe but had a rakish brim. All this made the most exquisite frame for a skin that was like that of a child—a pure and unassisted skin, into which little rushes of color came from time to time with the most astonishing ease. The eyes, with their long thick lashes, were child-like too, wide, friendly, unsuspecting, filled with a simplicity which, though utterly convincing, was almost beyond belief. It was only when one looked at her mouth, a little perhaps too full and great deal too inviting, that one fell with a crash from confidence to a queer uncertainty. It was as though one had picked up a book that was simply and charmingly entitled, "Roses and their treatment" and had found that it was a mere camouflage of an unabridged edition of *The Arabian Nights*.

"How do you do," she said.

And before he could pull himself together and say what he didn't mean in the usual civilized way he blurted out, "I was perfectly well until you came in, but now, not being a doctor, I am utterly unable to diagnose the symptoms you've brought about."

Good Lord, you should have seen that mouth! The corners of it went up and up, and the nice old prints of all the actors quivered in their frames.

"Won't you sit down?" he added, quoting once more from one of his monthly increasing plays which already filled the drawers of an armoire of old oak.

She sat down, arranged her frock, clasped her hands together and bent forward with an expression of the keenest interest. "I answer," she said, "in every particular to the requirements as they were set forth in your advertisement."

"I see that you do," said John.

"Possessing myself the utmost rectitude and high morality I must ask you, however, to explain what you mean by a week-end companion, please."

"Thank you very much," said John. "What I'm going to tell you must be held, I need hardly say, in the strictest confidence. . . . Five years ago at the age of twenty-six I fell in love and by the grace of God won the girl of my choice. She was, and is still, the most charming, the most beautiful and the most sterling girl in the world."

Miss Piercy bowed to him. "On behalf of every member of my sex," she said, with genuine emotion, "I thank you for those words. It is the first time that I've ever heard them spoken by a married man—behind his wife's back, I mean."

John forgot that he was a dramatist and became plain Warrington. "I don't mind telling you," he said, "that I'm an idealist, a fanatic and a Die-hard.

I mean that I regard marriage as a very sacred thing. I'm all for the preservation of the home and I detest divorce. To make a clean breast of it—and I feel that I must do this—marriage to me is the most beautiful thing in life. I have invented this scheme because, unfortunately, my wife, although a woman of character and fine intelligence, has been bitten by a microbe which is doing more to undermine marriage than any of the other harmful bugs that are attacking the home. In other words, she has fallen a victim to the latest craze of adopting a gigolo, by which is meant a young and glossy male person who dances to perfection, utters words of fatuous flattery with the ease of a diplomat, carries little parcels and takes the dog for a walk. It is a new profession for those young men who have Arrow collar faces and a great distaste for work. The desire for such a man on the part of the modern woman has been brought about, it seems to me, by bobbed hair, short frocks, beauty parlors, the craze for dancing, the new svelte form and the tyrannical and overwhelming pressure of the demand for pretty things."

Percy Piercy nodded. "I know exactly what you mean."

"Thanks very much," said John. Here was sympathy. "My wife—merely, I think, in order to be in fashion—has had a boy who is paradoxically known as Dodo knocking about for weeks. I detest the little beast. I stumble over his well-shod feet in every room of my house. It's 'Dodo, Dodo, Dodo,' all the blessed time. I'm no longer able to see my wife alone or confide my troubles to her. This complacent little wretch treats me as though I were an intruder, has the gross effrontery to sit in my favorite chair, smoke my cigarettes, pinch my ties from my dressing room, and more than once has actually gone to the lengths of making free with my toothpaste and appearing in my hats. He's even taken away the affection and one-time confidence of my Sealyham, who now, if you please, turns his back upon me in complete disdain. I simply hate to go home."

He sprang to his feet and waved his arms about.

"Why don't you kick him out?"

"I can only do that if I have a frightful row with my wife, and I'm far too much in love to do anything of the sort."

"Well, but can't you point out to her, in perfectly sensible words, that this Dodo person is getting on your nerves?"

"It's impossible to be sensible with the modern wife. She doesn't understand. Every husband today conspires to make his wife an egotist and a despot. She has become so accustomed to having her own way that even the gentlest form of criticism becomes a sort of offense." He began to walk up and down. It was easy to see that his long pent-up indignation and sense of injustice were undermining his nerves.

"But surely you've said something—given out, humbly and with tact, that you desire this thing to end?"

John turned upon her quickly. "Humbly and with tact," he said, with a quiver in his voice, "I have thrown out hint after hint. Last Saturday, for instance, I even ventured so far as to say nasty things to Dodo when we were having tea."

"How did that work?" she asked.

"It merely had the effect of making my wife raise her eyebrows and ask me if I were ill. She suggested my seeing a doctor and going up to bed."

"I see," said Percy Piercy. "Things are becoming clear. I, if I am chosen, and I think it will be wise, am to play the part of a female Dodo and shock your wife into the realization that the worm has turned at last. I may say at once that the role of a week-end girl is essentially down my street."

With a wave of enormous optimism John bore down upon little Percy and clasped her outstretched hand. "The idea is," he said, "that you are to do for me, twice as well and twice as horribly, precisely [Continued on page 48]

The Latest Opinions of SCIENCE on SLEEP

Written by an
Eminent Medical Authority

WHAT LACK OF SLEEP DOES

MANY ILLNESSES TRACED TO SLEEP- LESSNESS

Rich Homes and Cheap Bedding

Two women were discussing a mutual acquaintance and one remarked, "I was over at Mrs. Blank's to a bridge party last week. She had us remove our outer wraps in her bedroom, and when I put my things on the bed I got a real shock."

"Why the mattress was very lumpy and felt as if it had been used for twenty years."

"With all their money I could not understand why they would spend one-third of their lives in such discomfort."

"It wasn't because they are stingy, because they entertain generously, and are very kind and charitable to folks in need."

The other lady remarked "I noticed that too and a relative of mine who is a physician stated that this might be the reason, or one of the reasons, why the Blanks are such a nervous, fidgety pair. They appear to be 'restless' all the time."

Now a mattress that is lumpy thus not supporting the body evenly and easily, actually keeps the muscles tensed because of the uneven position of the different parts of the body. And a tensed muscle is not resting; it is working.

The fact that it is tensed or working means that it is asking the brain for the nervous impulses to stimulate its fibres to work. Thus the brain is likewise working.

Does the loss of sleep really mean so much to your health?

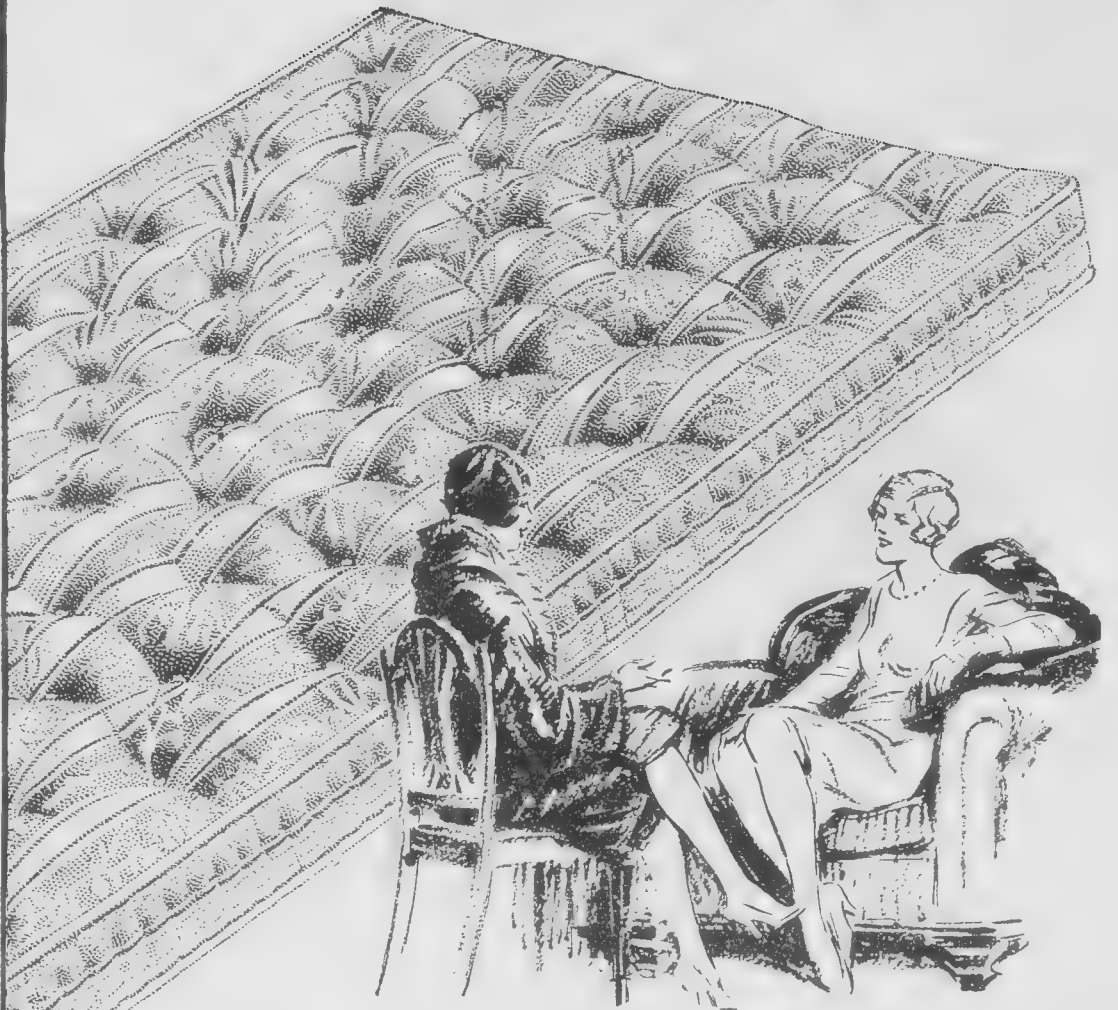
Dr. R. C. Cabot of Boston said recently, "I believe that more minor illnesses are due to lack of sleep than to any other recognizable factor."

Now what does he mean by "minor illnesses"?

Frequent "run down" conditions, the "common cold," disturbances of digestion, headaches, pains in the muscles, and many other conditions perhaps permit the individual to get about but they make life seem hardly worth living. And what is more important is that it is from these simple ailments that real trouble begins. It has been well said, "an illness doesn't happen, it develops."

What about your sleeping habits? Is the room well ventilated? Is it too warm or too cold? Are the bed-clothes too heavy? Does your body get ventilated during sleep? Is the mattress comfortable? Is your pillow too high or too low?

If lack of sleep is the cause of more minor illnesses than any other one thing, and these minor illnesses are the forerunners of serious ailments, surely it is only good sense to give some real thought to your sleeping equipment.



For only a Few Cents a Month—
Deep, Dreamless Sleep Every Night

Ask any medical authority and he will tell you the vital importance of sound, restful sleep that comes from perfect relaxation.

Why do without healthful sleep when the cost is but a few cents a month.

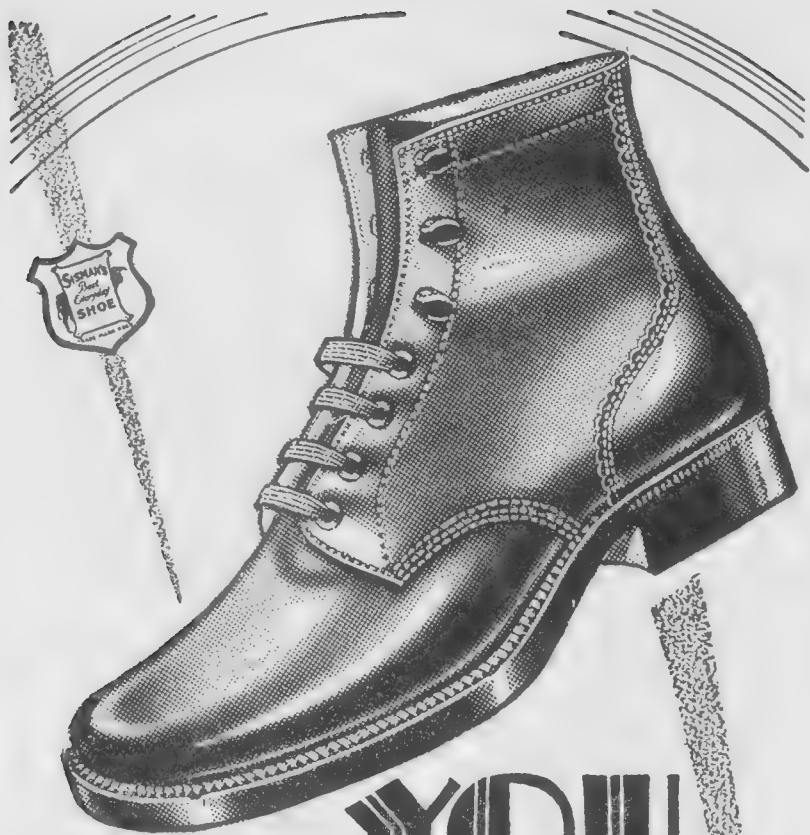
Let your mind and body surrender to the sleep-coaxing Ostermoor—a soft, inviting

hand-tailored mattress, built—notstuffed—with layer upon layer of clean, white, soft cotton felt—laid and tufted by hand.

When you buy an Ostermoor, you get—for \$25—mattress comfort and satisfaction which, figured on its lifetime service, costs but a few cents a month—the best of all value, bar none.

OSTERMOOR
MATTRESS
BUILT BY SIMMONS

\$25

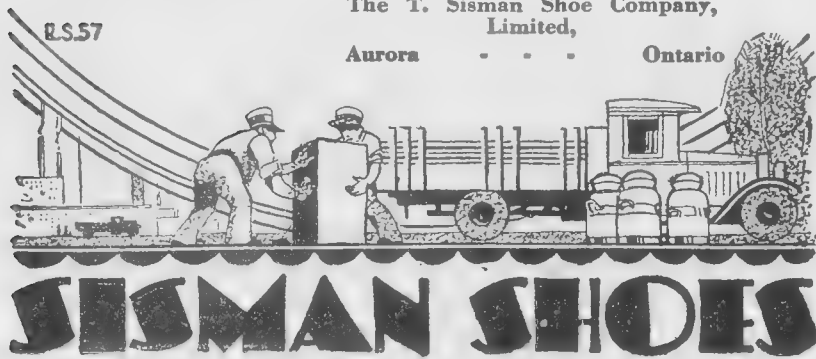


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THIS**

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WELL over sixty years' experience is worked into Sisman Shoes for outdoor workers. You are wise to make sure you get them. Always look for the Sisman tag and label. Do not accept substitutes. If your dealer has none in stock, suggest that he write to his wholesaler or to us direct, and his needs can be supplied immediately.

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for Floors, Furniture and Woodwork**

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DRIES HARDER • LASTS LONGER

CHANNELL LIMITED
TORONTO

The Week-End Girl

Continued from page 46

what this Dodo person does for my temporarily demented wife. The idea is that you are to drive home with me today and commence proceedings at once—to be wholly at my disposal and follow me about, to treat me as your pet whenever my wife is present, to snuggle and adore and to say the sort of sweetly idiotic things that will make even Lallah squirm."

"I know exactly what you mean." And then she examined John, and, finding that he was extremely nice looking with a remarkably attractive profile and her favorite eyes, she told herself that the job was one which would provide her with very pleasant moments while she was resting from professional work. She might even catch this man on the rebound and make herself so essential that when he decided to be divorced she could lead him to the altar and thus make those tiresome visits to theatrical agents' offices wholly things of the past. She had always felt that her métier was to become the wife of a man with a house on Long Island and a substantial bank account. Things were looking up.

"Are we driving out of town?"

"Yes," said John. "I'll fetch you at four-thirty, if you'll give me your address. Have you everything you need?"

Percy considered that question with a somewhat tilted chin. "For this week-end," she said. "But when we drive back on Monday I'll make out a list of Long Island things and ask you for a cheque."

"Thanks very much," said John. "Anything you say goes."

"And the salary?" she asked quite frankly. "My terms in the theatre for smallish parts are a hundred and seventy-five."

"Make it three hundred," said John at once. "This is the lead, you see."

You may imagine what all this meant to a man like Warrington. On the sunny side of thirty, fundamentally simple and honest, he had succeeded both by luck and character in retaining the idealism, loyalty and enthusiasm of his adolescent days. If there were two things that he hated more than any others they were trickery and deceit. And yet here he was, simply because he was far too sensitive to run the risk of hurting Lallah's feelings and because he knew that the highly delicate relations between a man and his wife can be bruised as easily as the colors on a butterfly's wing, playing the part of a philanderer in the home that he loved so much. And while as a dramatist he considered this scheme a histrionic feat, as a man he loathed the business.

ARRIVING at his charming house at a moment when the afternoon sun touched its pleasant roof line with a golden light he found himself faced by the butler, a large pontifical person who held him in high respect. He followed this man's eyes as with arching eyebrows they ran over the young and alluring figure that snuggled at his side. He found himself actually blushing as though he were a would-be sophisticated undergraduate making a stab at life as Smithson registered surprise and outrage at the sight of two round knees, a Mona Lisa mouth which has just been over-reddened and the expression of flapper coyness which Percy Piercy had assumed with the most consummate art. His desire to go and drown himself was added to immediately because Orlando Lulworth, hearing the arrival of the car, oozed with that feminine curiosity which belongs to that curious breed from wherever he had been where comfort was obtained.

"Hullo," said this young person. "Here we are again. Welcome to the homestead. You're just in time for tea." But as he looked at Percy it was noticeable that his back stiffened in a sort of parental way. Johnny was up to new tricks—the hitherto

worthy Johnny bringing down a girl without permission or consultation. Here was an amazing idea. Who ran that blooming house? What right had a mere husband to do independent things . . . ? He would have to speak to Lallah and egg her on to a scene.

Under the scandalized observation of these two men John lifted Percy out and led her up the steps. He was appalled when, with one hand on his arm, she said, "Oh, dar-ling, how divine." It was almost too well done. It conveyed the impression of a series of similar week-ends and proud proprietorship. If he had been writing this scene in any one of his plays he would have made his hero reply to this with an equally appropriate line. As it was all his words went out of his head and he knew that he looked as sheepish and as guilty as he felt.

And there stood Lallah in the hall—the lovely, laughing Lallah, as white and cool as a dove.

As a rule on his weekly arrival he kissed her on the lips. He insisted on maintaining this pathetic symbol of domestic autocracy even with the Dodo standing near at hand. But under these conditions he conquered that desire and pecked her on the cheek, collecting powder on his mouth. He said, in the manner of a tired business man who was striking out for himself, "Let me introduce my dear friend Percy Piercy who has kindly consented to come down every week-end to brighten things up for me."

"How very nice," said Lallah. "What an excellent idea." Then, showing two lines of almost unbelievably beautiful teeth, she laid her hand on Warrington's shoulder with all the charm and insincerity of a tennis champion when she congratulates her opponent on having lost the match. "Was it De la Rochefoucauld or Oscar Wilde who originated the aphorism that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery—or words to that effect?"

With her head against Warrington's shoulder, Percy proved how much she knew. She spent a good deal of her leisure in puzzling out the daily questions that were set by the morning papers. "Noel Coward pinched it from Maugham," she said, "who lifted it from Pinero." She had played in stock, you see.

Whereupon, tremendously amused and intrigued, Lallah indulged in a ripple of laughter that was highly suggestive of Spring. "I'm so glad that John has brought you down. We need intelligence here. Smithson, take up Miss Piercy's baggage to the blue room and send Adele to unpack them, please."

The blue room! . . . Into the stultified and frustrated thoughts of poor old John came that line which had been used with such effect by Kipling, the master. "Into the blue room thou shalt not go." And although he was deeply chagrined at the hospitable and light-hearted manner in which his wife had met his female tertium quid her humor filled him with admiration and he laid his hat at her feet.

But from that moment onwards Warrington stuck out his chin. He didn't intend to be knocked over the ropes during this desperate fight. With a grim determination to make himself the most consummate fool on earth, so that he might never again be obliged to undergo the ghastly humiliation of being pawed by little Percy, he started in. By gum, Sir, Coney Island and Atlantic City wouldn't be able to stand for the things that he would do, nor would the fertile imagination of the most daring picture director in his scenes of flaming youth be able to cope with him. And if by Monday morning he had not made his wife so resentful of his behaviour that she demanded a divorce, or, by the grace of God, came to him in horror and contrition very ready to bargain with him by sending Dodo away, he would give the whole thing up and take the first boat over to Paris where he could study Sardou in his native atmosphere.

It would be too bad and far too rash

to report exactly what happened during those dreadful days. It can be stated simply and carefully that John and Percy snuggled, ran about hand in hand like Pelleas and Melisande, allowed themselves to be caught in petting postures and rushed cooing in and out of each other's bedrooms, chucking pillows about. It would be impossible to bring oneself to describe their frightful coyness, their awful bursts of titters, their games of hide and seek, the way in which they sat cheek to cheek in public places, the intertwining of fingers, their sighs when the moon came out. It was a desperate and horrible business played to perfection by both. It almost went to prove, if any proof were needed, that John was a better actor than he was a dramatist.

BY twelve o'clock on the night of Sunday John had become "Sqoosalums" to Percy and Percy "Woozy" to John. Oh, Lady, think of that! But when on Monday morning at the usual time John's car was brought to the front of the homestead—sarcastic word—and Lallah, the lovely Lallah, still as white and cool as a dove, stood framed in the arch of the doorway there to say "Au 'voir", where was Woozy—where?

Echo answered, "Where."

Did it matter after all? The experiment had failed. John had worked for nothing. He had only hurt his cause by making himself so cheap. All his fat-headisms and inanities had left Lallah supremely amused. It is true to say that he had provided her with more laughter and delight than the most risqué French farce had ever done during all her playgoing days. At breakfast, in fact, at which the foursome was present, she had been gracious enough to thank John for having succeeded beyond all her expectations in "brightening things up". She had said, through irresistible chuckles, "Do it again, old dear. Repeat the process next Friday. I shall miss you both most horribly during the next few days. Percy, you little wonder, you have the run of the house."

She had kissed her fingers to the exemplary and efficient little actress who had so nobly accepted the righteous position as Warrington's week-end girl.

It was noticeable that Dodo, during this meal and all these nice remarks, had sat with a tom-cat smile as though, like a plump Angora, he had left a scatter of canary feathers under the shade of a bush.

If there was one thing more than another that Warrington hated to do it was to keep Mildred Pilgrim waiting, that very punctual girl. He had collected a smart dispatch case in which there was a copy of his latest play, locked the desk in his excellent den and now stood waiting impatiently on the bottom step. He had told his fellow conspirator that he must leave at nine o'clock and by Jove, it was ten minutes past. So he raised a shout for Smithson, who came to the door like a bishop and held his pose. "Smithson, where's Miss Piercy?"

"Miss Piercy left in a station taxi, Sir, while you were up in your room." To which was added an almost perceptible sigh of relief.

"What! In a station taxi! Are you quite sure of that?" What on earth was the meaning of this?

"You must be wrong," said Lallah, showing those beautiful teeth.

"No, Madam. Mr. Lulworth phoned for the cab before going in to breakfast." Smithson turned to John and seemed to shake hands with himself. "Mr. Lulworth drove off with Miss Piercy, Sir. I put all his baggage in. Miss Piercy left a note for Madam in the hall. Shall I fetch it, Sir?"

It was difficult for John to answer. He was a winded man.

So it was Lallah who answered the question in her usual level voice. Yes. She would like it, please.

With the pompous withdrawal of Smithson, the dramatist, scenting a situation, faced his wife. "This is most extraordinary," he said. "What do you think it means?" [Continued on page 50]

Keep Your Youthful Figure



"She is a dear soul but . . . a little Bovril in her daily diet and a little less bulky food would be of great benefit to her figure."

Her friends chuckle behind her back when she puts on excess weight

You will gain *more nourishment* from a smaller quantity of food if you add Bovril.

A little Bovril makes a lot of difference and helps to avoid clogging your system with excess that encourages fatty tissues.

You will feel more energetic and vigorous and better able to resist epidemics, and . .

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PRICES

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If silk hosiery is absorbing too large a percentage of your dress allowance, try **Weldrest**. Their unusual wearing qualities assure a very definite saving, just as their sheer texture and wonderful color range assure keeping step with the mode of the moment.

AT ALL BETTER CLASS STORES

The Week-End Girl

Continued from page 49

Lallah was perfectly calm. "Simply that Dodo was going to town this morning in any case and as your car's a two-seater he persuaded Percy to go with him by train. He hates to travel alone." Guessing how John was feeling she hummed with uncanny intuition the opening bars of "My heart stood still."

Smithson brought the note. The handwriting was large and bland. Whereupon, catching Warrington's gesture, he went back into the house.

"Why does she write to me?" asked Lallah. "She's your week-end girl, after all."

"Because she feels that she's been put in to a flop," said John, to himself, "and couldn't face the drive with me."

Lallah ripped open the envelope and read the hasty letter. And as she did her lips tightened, her nostrils fluttered and there was rage in her eyes.

"Oh, my God," said John, in his mind, "is it possible that Woozy has written something about Dodo that's angered Lallah? Even in this moment of failure is there any hope of peace?" No, because Lallah was laughing and her face was sunny again.

"Your little companion tells me," she said, "very brightly and rather well, that she and dear old Dodo had a talk last night when everyone was in bed. He has a friend, it appears, a successful dramatist, who's been trying to cast a play and was hung up for a girl. She says that Dodo came to the conclusion, having watched her over the week-end, that she was born for the part, a snuggly kind of part, and as he has been dying to go on the stage himself he's going to give her to the dramatist in exchange for the part of the boy. She says—I'll read these lines—'Dodo and I discovered that we are soul-mates at two o'clock last night and if we get this joint engagement it will lead to wedding bells.'"

There was another ripple of laughter as the letter fluttered down.

"Camouflage," thought John. "Lallah's

deeply hurt." And with indescribable gallantry he went over to his wife. She had driven him to desperation, and ruined his life for months, but he was a generous fellow and he hated to see her in pain.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "It's all my fault. But it will be just as easy for you to find another Dodo as it is to buy a dog . . . Percy's nothing to me. In fact, I hardly know her. I saw her on Friday for the first time and used her over this cursed week-end to bring things to a head. I couldn't stand that rotter Dodo hanging about the house and I wanted to let you know it by bringing Percy down. I thought you'd take the hint and kick him out, or—have it out with me. But I never supposed that Percy would take him away from you. What do you intend to do?"

Lallah continued to laugh. But as it went on it grew warmer, far more like the laughter of the Lallah of the old good days—the sensible, wifely Lallah, who called John home from his work.

"Be out of the fashion, John," she said, "and drop a gigolo."

"What!"

"Or start a newer fashion and take up with a husband again. This may be a wonderful day for husbands and bring joy to many homes. Imitation is the sincerest—but, of course, you know the rest."

John caught her in his arms and kissed her. His heart actually did stand still.

And she—just think of it—actually returned his kiss.

"Don't go to town this morning," she said, "come and read your play."

It was the first time . . . for nearly a year . . . that she had submitted herself to be read to . . .

Poor dear old choking John! He might never have a success in the theatre, but he'd have a long run in his house.



To keep your table
silver lovely for all
occasions.

LET the soft gleam of silver greet your dinner-guests. Keep your silver beautiful with **SILVO**, and never fear the most critical glance! Silvo is quickly effective, and contains neither acid nor mercury.

SILVO

LIQUID SILVER POLISH



Maybe she hears a burglar—But more likely Barbara Kent is posing. She wears a lovely rose-colored satin negligee trimmed with cream colored silk lace. Her "mules" are of dainty gold and lavender leather.

Perfect Thirty-Six

By Mary A. Parke

OUR "Home and School Club" had wished on me the task of writing a paper on "Youth," with instructions to pay special attention to the brief joys and pleasures of that care-free period of human existence.

So, as does every wise woman who wishes to establish a well-deserved literary reputation, I sought the advice of a friend. Two heads are sometimes better than one. I paid a friendly call and—

"Cynthia," I said, over the tea-cups and toast, "What was the happiest time of your life?"

But she didn't play fair. She looked at me smilingly across the edge of an adorable Coalport cup, whose blue matched her eyes, and answered promptly:

"Why, the present time, of course!"

"The present time!" I echoed, surprised out of my usual tact. "Why, Cynthia, you can't mean that. Of course you are wonderfully situated, but you are a widow, and besides you are—you are—"

"Thirty-six," she laughed, then added dreamily "Perfect thirty-six!"

Cynthia buys gowns for the biggest department store in town.

"You don't look it one bit," I assured her, dragging back my tact by the nape of the neck. "But even so, why—oh why should you say that this is the happiest time of your life? You had a perfectly wonderful girlhood, Cynthia. We girls were always in jealous rages over your beaux; you always had the nicest man in town at your heels."

"And was always breaking my heart over him," interrupted Cynthia, "Either because I'd just lost him or was afraid I was going to lose him; or if I had a brief period of unalloyed bliss with my beau I was fretting because Helen or Susie or Eva had said something catty about me; or because I couldn't get a new dress for the dance; or because I had got a new dress and some gawky swain had spilled ice-cream on it or stepped on it. Those were the days when a boy might conceivably step on a girl's dress without clumping into her lap!"

"Look back honestly, Molly; wipe the gold-dust of romance out of your eyes and try to remember truly if you were ever absolutely happy and content for one whole day between the ages of, say, sixteen or twenty-two or more. You spoke just now of being jealous of my beaux; if it wasn't mine it was some other girl's, just as I was jealous of yours. I remember so well one June night, about eighteen years ago. George was my special friend at that time and he took me to an ice-cream social on the manse lawn; late in the evening I missed him for a moment and I wandered away from the crowd toward the house. I came around a clump of lilac suddenly and there stood George talking to you in the moonlight—he leaned over and kissed you!"

She paused and fixed me with a mildly accusing eye; I blushed and murmured:

"It was such a little kiss!"

"No matter," said Cynthia sternly. "I went home and cried on my pillow until I fell asleep. Today I met George coming out of the restaurant with his fat, frowsy wife on his arm and three of their children bringing up the rear. I giggled all through lunch at the memory of that tragic evening!"

"And, Molly," she went on more seriously, "It is the same with all young people. Even now, when they are being criticized for going the pace so strongly, it is often to hide their aching, unhappy young hearts. It is only the years that bring understanding of the transient nature of those heart-aches. We can laugh now at the memory of things that were tragedies twenty years ago, but that doesn't mean that the pain and heartaches were not real, it only means that they were not lasting—no suffering is. And so the years have brought me wisdom that enables me to smile serenely through the hurts that come to each of us every day, hurts that would have been heart-breaks when I was sixteen. Do you suppose there is a man living who could make me weep now by

kissing another woman, or a woman who could rob me of my beauty sleep by gossiping about me? Even if I really cared the sense of humor and the knowledge of life I have acquired at thirty-six would help me to smile and say, in the words of the philosopher, 'This, too, will pass.'

"That is the greatest gift of maturity—the knowledge that time heals all wounds. And so the worst blows of fate leave us with a sort of poised expectancy in our souls, a calm waiting for the healing to come."

"And do you think you are happier as you are than you would be if you were married again?" I queried, breathlessly.

Cynthia drew her fine brows together thoughtfully.

"Of course I don't just know about that," she said, "It depends a lot on the man you choose how happy married life can be! But I do think that I would have a greater chance of happiness with a man I might choose now than I had—or any girl has—with the choice of an immature passion. And, once having acquired him, I would not expect so much from my man. I would understand that he was no sun-god, but a frail, faulty mortal who was likely to drop egg on his tie at breakfast and snore at night, but I'd smile sympathetically, all to myself, and love him just the same."

"And, Molly—" Cynthia hesitated and flushed, then went on earnestly, "Another wonderful thing about thirty-six is that at that age a woman, if she has kept her soul and mind and body in proper trim, has as much feminine allure as she has at twenty, and with it she has a sympathy and a capacity for understanding that the young girl cannot have. I hope it doesn't sound conceited when I say that I find myself able to gain the friendship of almost any man I wish. I can always make him make love to me too, if I wish, and I'll confess, Molly—why shouldn't I—that I still love being made love to. It has all the thrills of twenty years ago and more, because now I'm not fretting my heart out wondering if he will ever cease to love me. I know he will, and so I enjoy the little moments of happiness, I enjoy my work and my independence, I most thoroughly enjoy all the good things of life that maturity has brought me—but I don't cry for the moon as we all do at twenty."

And it was not until I was walking thoughtfully homeward that I remembered my paper on "Youth."

Plain Logic

First Darcy: "What fo' yo' name yo' baby 'Electricity,' Mose?"

Second Darcy: "Well, mah name am Mose, an' my wife's name am Dinah, an' if Dinahmose don't make electricity, what does they make?"—Open Road.

All's Well that Ends Well

Butler: "Your wife has run away with the chauffeur."

Husband: "Oh, well, I was going to fire him anyway."—Life.

Shoo!

"Did you miss that train, sir," asked the porter.

"No! I didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station."—Open Road.

Why the Camel Has the Hump

An elderly man approached one of the attendants in the travelling menagerie.

"Can you tell me what that hump on the camel's back is for?" he asked.

The keeper scratched his ear.

"What it's for," he murmured.

"Yes; what use has it?"

"Well, it's pretty useful, sir. The old camel wouldn't be much use without it, you know."

"But why not?"

"Why not?" exclaimed the keeper in surprise. "Well, you don't suppose people would pay to see 'im if 'e 'adn't got an 'ump, do you?"—Tit-Bits (London.)

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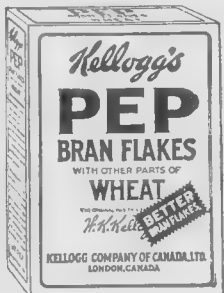
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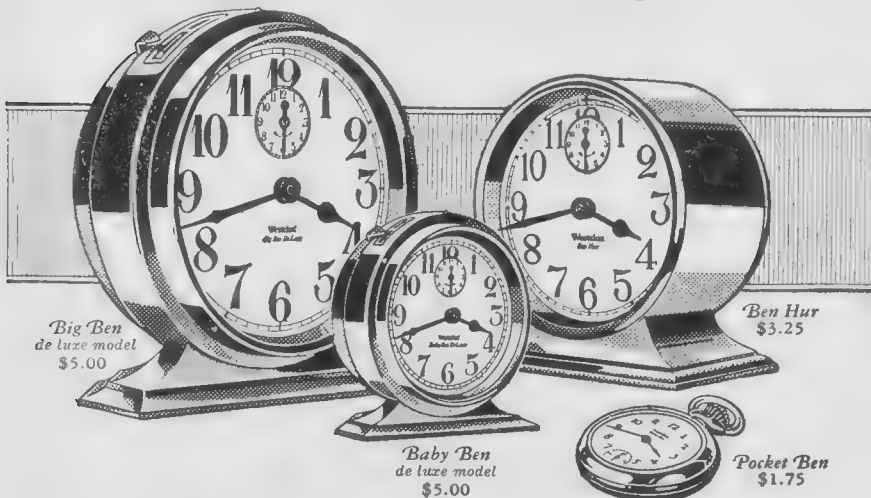
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Interviewing

By One Who Loathes It

"SO you're in newspaper work, are you? How wonderful. It must be so thrilling to meet so many interesting and famous people and write them up!"

How often, after a casual introduction, has this enthusiastic comment been gurgled at me. And how often have I wanted to laugh a little sardonically and reply with some neat but crushing rejoinder which should gently and effectively disillusion the speaker. Only, somehow I never can think of one in time.

Yes, yes, I know that interviewing is an art. I am fully aware that it calls for talent of a high order. But evidently I lack that particular talent—or *something*. At all events of all the various angles of journalism my pet hate is interviewing, and since we are assured on the highest authority that we always dislike the thing we are prone to bungle I can but conclude that I was never intended for a personal interviewer. Yet, I have had my fun out of it and even too a few thrills. It is of my hodge-podge experiences I propose to speak.

Personal interviewing is said to be the perennial Big Adventure in newspaper work, the great gamble with all the odds against the interviewer. I can unhesitatingly testify that the latter part of this statement at any rate is true. It is further claimed that even when success is yours you've missed the full flavor of the thing unless you've been thrown down a flight of stairs or have gotten your paper into a libel suit. Interviewing is the specific part of the game which induces in the young and timid beginner a high degree of self-confidence, not to say nerve. I don't know whether they throw ladies downstairs or not—I never heard of it being done—but my acquaintance with gentlemen of the press reveals to me that this suggestion is not without its foundation.

I long ago came to the conclusion that interviewing the coy and more deadly sex is the art of arts. This calls for twenty-five percent each of psychoanalysis, thought-transference, double-barrelled determination, and that ever-so-scarce quality that Mr. Bindle defines as "tact." Woman, permit me to say, despite all of her newly-acquired privileges and rights has yet to learn how to be interviewed for the press. There's the no that means yes. There's the no that means m-m-well-perhaps. And there's the occasional no that actually means no. The interviewer must be prepared to guess with nice accuracy, and at the first shot, just which particular negative the lady has in mind. For they all say no—on the start. Which reminds one of the shoe clerk who said that all feminine customers wear size three.

THIS little article should have been called "Interviews that Flivvered," since in the main it is to deal with a chapter of failures, plain and fancy. So lengthy indeed is the list of interviews I almost got that even yet when an occasional one seems to me to be coming along too easily and smoothly the germ of distrust enters into me and I begin instinctively to look round for the darkey in the wood-pile. Perhaps our esteemed "contemp" has scooped me? Or is it that I am being "worked" for free advertising? Possibly the distinguished visitor—this has frequently happened to me—may even go back on her promise and leave me flat, in other words cancel the whole thing! So, not until the soothing hum of the big presses grinding out the copy greets the ear do I for one permit myself to draw an easy breath. At that, one is never quite sure. For once in the very dead of night a certain well-known woman telephoned us to demand that the presses be stopped in order that the story about her be "killed." So, "Kill Mrs. Blank!" ordered the night editor, and the deed was done and the space filled with an entirely unnecessary but harmless article about the League of Nations.

As a very young and green interviewer, before I had mastered the fine art of telepathy I made a fatal diagnosis in the case of a certain prominent club-woman who was known to be shy of the limelight. (Yes, really, she was!) I mistook a no that meant no for a no that meant yes.

After the deluge, the lady having demanded my scalp and my job and apologies from everybody, beginning with the editor-in-chief, I watched her from a window and observed her crossing the street to a messenger-service bureau whence she despatched a boy to the business of our despicable sheet—her own expression—with an order for 150 copies of the paper!

I don't want to give the impression that my sex as a class is eager to be "written up." Become an interviewer and learn, on the contrary, how excessively modest the average woman actually is, particularly the single woman! (I'm speaking of Canada.) The married lady is a shade more willing, or say less reluctant, to appear in print. I don't know why this should be and I shall not attempt to analyze it here.

There is the occasional woman who "high-hats" the interviewer, just as there is always the one who snubs the waitress, the ribbon clerk, the maid, or anyone whom she feels to be beneath her. On one occasion I was sent by my editor to "get a story from" a woman who was head of a large catering business which she had inherited from her father. It was the intention I believe to run a series of sketches about women who had made good in a big way in business. This woman was credited with having developed her shop from a mere candy store to its present high-class—and high-priced—status. The mother of the catering lady received me. She was a kind, gentle old soul and was wearing a lilac woollen hug-me-tight as I remember, and she chatted in a friendly way with me until Daughter appeared, and the fireworks began. Daughter was a tall, angular spinster, a lady of dominating personality, and she didn't walk into the room—she strode. First of all she turned on her gentle old mother and roundly berated her for having let a newspaper person into the house. One could see that the elder woman was accustomed to this bullying, for she took it as a matter of course and quietly faded out of the room. Then the catering lady fixed her cold, unpleasant eye on me, and for a moment I thought she was about to bite a piece out of my ear. Never had I received such a scolding. Why hadn't I made an appointment? Did I not realize that I'd interrupted her nap? She never gave interviews. The editor must have known that. When we newspaper persons learned manners we should be much further ahead. At the first interval in her torrent of abuse—and she was abusive, even rude—I mentioned very meekly the name of my paper, which had the largest circulation in Canada, and immediately a change came over the face of things. The sort of change that is wrought in Mrs. Jiggs when she discovers that the person whom Jiggs has been out roystering with is a titled nobleman. There was a suggestion of graceful yielding, and the catering lady hinted that on condition that we gave her story first run in the series and plenty of prominence—However, it so happened that after all my trouble the editor changed his mind (or had it changed for him) and the idea of the series was dropped.

THEN there was the case of the nervous bacteriologist—at least that was what I called her. She was afraid of everything on earth but germs, and these she could gaze upon for hours with the greatest absorption and delight. A thin, eager-eyed little woman who was engaged, she told me to a doctor. She wanted to see every word I wrote, rough draft, typed copy, even the proof sheets. She was afraid her boss might object to the idea of a write-up about her, and she feared that her fiancée wouldn't like it either. She was in obvious terror that I might get the name of a germ wrong. She really had done some remarkable research work and was quite deserving of publicity, but couldn't be made to see this. She was preoccupied with her bacteria and as proud of them as the owner of a kennel of prize dogs. I was permitted to gaze at the little dears through her 'scope, and she called them all by name, and once when a colleague entered the office with a brand-new germ in a test-tube I was entirely forgotten

while they gloated over the find. After six calls had been made and the article was complete save only to turn it in to my editor the bacteriologist telephoned me hurriedly ordering the whole thing cancelled! In vain I protested that I had spent the better part of three weeks at the work. She gave no reason for her decision and left me to assume anything I would. It so happens, however, that newspaper work allows very little time for analysis of feminine whims, and the disappointment was soon forgotten in a rush of new experiences.

ONE of the most difficult tasks that ever fell to my lot was that of trying to make a Chinese girl talk—I mean, talk for publication. This little lady was a native of British Columbia, was a university graduate taking post-graduate work in Toronto and because she was Chinese and a newly-fledged M.D. looked like a unique subject for a sketch. But alas, she had all of the Oriental inscrutability attributed to her race and then some. She declined to talk for the press. In fact she refused to utter anything at all except monosyllables. She was polite enough but sheathed in an armor-plate of racial reserve that couldn't be punctured by any amount of flattery or coaxing. (Our paper never stooped to bribery.) As I told the editor afterward I might as well have tried to skin an eel with a wooden spoon. He laughed and suggested giving it up, but my Scottish stubbornness prevailed over at least part of the difficulty, and I "did" a column about Miss Celestial. It wasn't an interview of course—it merely told of our inability to procure one, and being rather humorous got by.

There had been a family difference between an Irish couple in which a poker and a tin coffee-pot had figured prominently. They were considered to be "copy," not because of this but on account of the fact that they had recently adopted two children, having none of their own, and the well-known human-interest element was a factor in the story. Rumor had it that Mrs. McGlannigan (which isn't her real name) had good grounds for divorce in the matter of cruelty, and the papers were keeping their fingers on the pulse of the case and awaiting developments. News of the row reached us first, and I arrived at the scene of the late altercation ahead of any others of my craft ready to do full justice to my scoop, but lo, only to find that a complete armistice had been established and that the pair were re-living their honeymoon days. Norah, who must have weighed in the vicinity of 200 pounds was seated on Patrick's knee holding a piece of raw beefsteak to his left eye, which apparently had suffered a total eclipse by reason of the coffee-pot. She was pouring *acushlas* and *alannahs* into his partly-chewed ear, and he had his great arms around her and was peacefully smoking a malodorous old pipe. I was about as welcome as a moth at a furrier's.

ANOTHER item on my list of almost-interviews had to do with a married pair living on the outskirts of the city who claimed good big damages from a railway company for an alleged cow that had been run over. They were truck-gardeners and just making a bare living it was said. The loss of the bovine was a great hardship. It was the woman who was pressing the claim, and when I arrived to get her story (with a hint from the editor to "sob it some") she was upstairs having a nap. Her husband received me and went out into the passage. I overheard the following dialogue spoken in stage-whispers:

"Hi, Sairey! You're wanted."

"Who is it, for heaven's sake?"

"It's somebody from the paper." This was spoken in the hushed tone of awe, one would employ in mentioning the arrival of the police-wagon. There was a moment of silence and then the wife said: "You'll jest have to tell him to wait!"

"It ain't a him, it's a her."

"Oh!" remarked Sairey, with falling accent. "Then I'll be right down."

"Do you want I should talk to her, Sairey?" asked the husband, still in a whisper. "I could tell her all about it."

"No I don't," snapped the lady above. "The idea. You been in the paper twicet, an' I guess it's my turn now!"

She descended in haste and a flowered dressing gown, and the late cow was described in the most minute detail. She was, it seemed, a large red cow, a

thoroughbred or nearly so, with a star on her "forrid," one white leg and a patch of white on her right side. She had weighed—"How much was it that there fine critter weighed, John?"

John, intent at the moment on something going on outside and only half-listening, turned from the window and in an absent-minded moment said: "Eh? What? D' you mean the calf we sold or the one that was run over?"

Tableau!

THERE was the woman who fainted in our office when she learned that an interview about her, then on the presses, was being illustrated with a photo of herself taken from an old family album and supplied to us by a dear friend of hers while she had been out of town. It wasn't such a bad picture but it "dated" her irrevocably, and we had accepted it only because the one originally sent had been a sepia and so wouldn't reproduce very well. The indignant lady finally absolved us and turned her guns on the friend, whom she termed a "cat" and a "rattlesnake" and other euphonious and complimentary designations. At her most tearful request the presses were halted an instant and the offending photocut removed, but naturally this left a blank space of several inches at the bottom of a column, and the foreman of the presses demanded a "filler." There was no time to be selective. A copy boy rushed up obediently with the ever-ready joke-strip and the top joke was snatched. It seemed rather a coincidence that the particular witticism which the foreman should have seized was this chestnut:

"She (cooly): 'You'll never guess how old I am.'"

He (politely): "You're right, I never could."

She: "But try."

He: "I really couldn't." (Then hastily) "But whatever it is you don't look it!"

MOTION picture stars are the easiest people in the world, and the nicest, to interview. Of course it may be that my experiences with them have been unusually favorable, but I shall insist on my contention nevertheless. Not only are the movie people willing to talk, but they rarely criticize your write-up. Some of them, far from being the sophisticated breed one would expect, are on the contrary the most naive of all subjects to draw out. They'll tell you the most unexpected and human-interesting things—about the Christmas gift they're sending to mother, about the bad cold they've just had and how they cured it, how they like salt and not sugar on their tomatoes, how as children a dime looked as large to them as the proverbial cart-wheel, where to get the finest coat of winter tan, how they've got little thin spots on the top of their head and are religiously applying bear's grease—two different actors told me this—and whether their eyelashes are real or the kind you take off and leave on the dresser at night. Trustful—that's the word. You feel you wouldn't betray them for worlds. Nor do you. One very popular woman star showed me a quite disreputable blouse which she put on to go from the theater to her hotel. She said she had got so fond of the old thing she couldn't part with it. Explained that it was nice and easy to slip into, and that she went right to bed anyway on reaching her hotel. I could believe her or not but there was the evidence before me in the worst-looking old rag of an upper garment I'd ever seen and she donned it and then drew on a magnificent fur wrap over all. (She was making personal appearances in our city in connection with a picture.)

I have a pair of gloves that I wore on the occasion when I met and interviewed the late lamented Valentino. Various flapper friends have endeavored to annex these gloves—the right-hand one had the honor of shaking the idol's hand—but I've managed to retain them for all that. I also have a tall flower-basket of wicker-work which, filled with wonderful pink roses and tied with a great bow of pink satin ribbon was thrust into my arms by none other than Mary Pickford, when I had the pleasure of interviewing her. The flowers, she explained, she couldn't very well take with her (she was literally swamped) and she had sent some to all the hospitals she could think of, so wouldn't I please take these, with her kind regards? [Continued on page 56]

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An
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Guaranteed
never to lose
its Stretch

The
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"Cumfy-Band" Bloomers and Bobettes possess an absolutely unbreakable rubber band, that indefinitely retains its lively stretch no matter how often washed or ironed. It does away with the old bother of elastic replacement forever.

Lies flat always, without chafing or binding. Tailored of the finest rayons, Moodies "Cumfy-Band" Bloomers and Bobettes are the choice of the modern woman everywhere. Also ask to see Moodies "Run-Resistant" Knitted Rayon—guaranteed not to run. Moodies Underwear Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

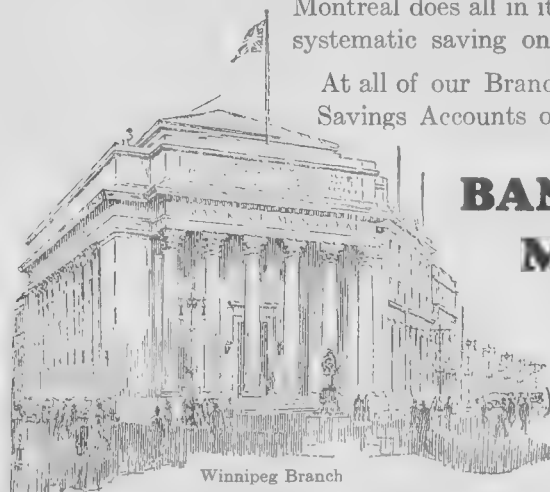
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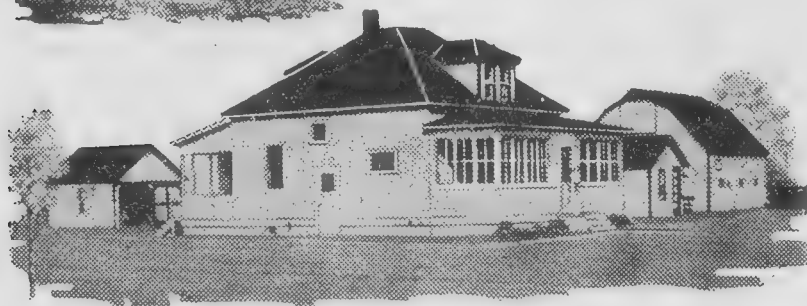
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Enclosed find \$1.00 in payment for one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly.



THE Dominion Bureau of Statistics in its monthly report lays special emphasis upon building construction for the year 1929. It points out that the award of construction contracts furnished the spectacular feature of June, reaching a new high point for any month in history, the half-year total being 8.5 per cent greater than in the same period of 1928. Urban building was in good volume in June with an aggregate for the first half of 1929 exceeding the first half of any year on record. Permits in the first six months were 21.7 per cent greater than in the same months of the year 1928, the previous high total.

The crop situation is still the dominating feature of the financial world. The Bureau states the marked deterioration in the wheat crop during the early weeks of July was caused by lack of moisture and high temperature. Conditions in the eastern part of Manitoba were somewhat better than in the western part of that province. Saskatchewan crops suffered severely and prospects indicated a yield varying from poor to only average. Temporary relief was reported in Alberta as the result of showers, but more rain was needed. Summer-fallow wheat stood the drought well in most localities, while stubble and fall and spring-plowed wheat crops suffered materially. The official estimate placed the area of Canadian wheat at 24,305,000 acres and the yield, based on conditions existing June 30, was placed at 88 per cent of the average of 17.1 bushels per acre, obtained during the ten-year period from 1919 to 1928. The rise in wheat prices suggests that the unfavorable weather of the last few weeks has caused a further decline.

That the situation is by no means as pessimistic as was first thought is evidenced by statements issued in the monthly letter of the Bank of Montreal where it is stated that though the condition of the crop is at this moment unfavorable over large sections of the Prairie Provinces owing to prolonged drought, yet there were compensations. It proceeds to state that the estimates of the wheat yield in the Prairie Provinces run as low as 300,000,000 bushels and even this figure may not be reached. In only one of the last seven years has so lean a crop been gathered, namely, in 1924, when the yield was 262,097,000 bushels; in 1928 it was 533,571,000 bushels, and in 1927 was 440,025,000 bushels. The prospective shrinkage this season of 200,000,000 or more bushels cannot be lightly regarded in its influence upon general trade. Prairie farmers will have less money to spend, railways and steamships less freight to haul, the market for agricultural implements and automobiles will contract, and purchase of many lines of merchandise be lessened. On the other hand, some compensation comes from higher prices. Within a few weeks, wheat in Winnipeg jumped from \$1.05 to \$1.77 a bushel, and it is now regarded as fairly certain that prices will rule during the coming crop year substantially higher than in that now drawing to a close. As coarse grains usually move up or down with the price of wheat, farmers fortunate enough to have average crops should fare well. Then, the carry-over of wheat this year is larger than usual. In the Central and Maritime provinces, prospects promise average crops. A good crop of fall wheat is promised in Ontario, the yield of hay is large, roots and Spring grains are growing satisfactorily, apples indicate better than average, livestock prices remain at a high level, and an adequate rainfall has given a good pasture.

The value of summerfallowing land, especially in time of drought, is emphasized in an article published by one of the investment houses. In part it records that this year of extreme drought has

illustrated clearly the fact that summerfallow land is almost certain to produce a crop, while spring ploughing, and even fall ploughing, are not. Throughout the prairies, where damage from lack of moisture varies from district to district, it has become plain that those farmers whose acreage is sown mainly on spring ploughing, will finish the season relatively in poorer condition. And it is noticeable in what cases there are of crops being ploughed or pastured, that it is the spring ploughing, or occasionally fall ploughing, that is abandoned before summerfallow.

We have received a copy of the Third Annual Report of the Empire Marketing Board whose headquarters are in London, England. The Board, which is concerned with the creation and development of trade between the Mother Country and the Dominion and Colonies, gives remarkable evidence of the wisdom of its creators if for no other reason than that it presents in clear and unmistakable language the wonderful expansion of Empire trade, an expansion which goes on daily despite the jeremiads of certain types of politicians. There is romance permeating every page of what at first glance would appear to be a stolid and purely business-like report. Consider these points as contained in the summary of the report:

Two generations ago, the United Kingdom derived only a very limited range of its requirements from overseas parts of the Empire. The fiftieth anniversary of the first shipment of frozen meat from Australia will take place towards the end of this year, while New Zealand's meat trade only began in the 'eighties. Fifty years ago only small quantities of butter and cheese came from the Southern Dominions; the tea industry of Ceylon was no more than a few years old; Canada had not yet begun to export apples, and no pears, plums, grapes or peaches from South Africa and no apples or pears from Australia had reached this country. Rubber from Malaya, bananas from Jamaica, and cocoa from West Africa were equally unknown. A quarter of a century later, in 1904, these products had all appeared on the United Kingdom market, some of them, such as frozen meat and dairy produce, had become firmly established, others were in their infancy. But there were still hardly any Australian currants or raisins, no New Zealand apples or pears, no South African oranges or grapefruit and no Kenya coffee. Year by year the gaps were filled up. But as recently as the end of the war there were no eggs from the Southern Dominions and scarcely any home-produced beet sugar or canned fruits. In the last two or three years cigarettes made from Rhodesian tobacco have become familiar in our shops, cigarettes from Cyprus and Mauritius have been obtainable and canned fruit from Fiji, chilled salmon from Newfoundland and grapes from Palestine have, for the first time, been shipped to this country.

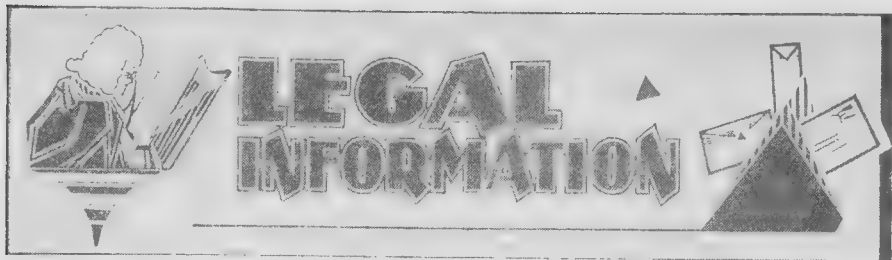
The conclusion of the report states that it need only be added that the Board has been encouraged by the evidence it has received from official and from commercial sources that its work is considered useful by those who may be termed its clients, that is, by the producers of the Empire at home and overseas."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Medicine Hat.

(Q) I would like some information re the Doctor Middleton Food Company, Vancouver. About four years ago while in Vancouver I bought some shares in this company. Should I not be expecting some returns if this company is prospering? Would you also give me information regarding Old Age Pension in Alberta. Can a person of eligible age living with one of their children being entirely dependent on said child, claim pension? —M.K.

[Continued on page 81]



This Department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

AN interesting case has been decided in Western Canada in connection with the liability of an owner of a block for maintaining premises, part of which were found to be insecure. The evidence and finding of facts contained in the judgment are as follows:

A certain Company owned an apartment block in one of the Western Provinces and leased a suite to a tenant. The Company employed and kept on the premises a caretaker who superintended the building and who from time to time made necessary repairs. The suite was on the second floor and opened in the rear on to a balcony which ran the length of the length of the building and served as a rear exit and entrance for the tenant and also for other tenants. The balcony had a railing about three feet high which was built in sections. The section immediately in front of the tenant's rear door extended from the top of the stairway past her door a distance of about 8 feet. One morning the tenant stepped out of her rear door to shake out a duster and she found the storm door off the hinges and resting on the balcony rail. This door had been frequently out of repair owing to the method of fastening it and on every occasion it had been repaired by the caretaker. The tenant picked up the door and put it back against the wall of the building and then stepped to the balcony railing to shake out her duster over it. The whole section gave away and she fell to the ground below, sustaining very severe injuries.

The evidence further showed that the last repair work on the balcony and its railing had been done in 1925 and further that its construction was flimsy and most dangerous. Outwardly it appeared to be substantially strong but a close and careful examination showed the nature of its weakness. The Court concluded that it was not by any means as safe as it appeared to be and far from being as safe as its purpose demanded in fact it was nothing but a trap. The Court thereupon gave Judgment for \$5,500.00 for the damages sustained by the tenant.

ALMOST every week our courts have to deal with claims for damages arising out of collisions between motor cars and Railway trains and pedestrians. In one recent case the following facts were disclosed in the Judgment of the Trial Judge. Last fall a farmer was hauling wheat with a Ford motor truck out of a field to a highway and thence Northerly across the track belonging to one of the railway Companies and while crossing the track the train proceeding west collided with the truck, destroyed it and injured the farmer. The facts showed that the farmer drove out of the field through a gate and stopped just short of the highway. His engine being hot and the load being heavy he stopped to let it cool. While waiting he proceeded thirty or forty feet to the track and looked both East and West but heard nothing of the approaching train. From the gate to the railway there was nothing to obstruct the view of the railway tracks East and West for a quarter or half mile, except perhaps a line of telegraph poles. Following the farmer was a threshing outfit consisting of a tractor separator and water wagon. After he had examined the track he walked back to his truck, went to the rear of the threshing outfit, and procured some water which he put in the radiator of his truck. Certain of the witnesses for the farmer including himself swore that they did not hear any train whistle blow or any bell rung but on the other hand the train crew swore

that both happened. The Trial Judge found however, that the whistle was blown but the bell not rung. After the farmer had put the water in his radiator he climbed into the cab, stating that he looked at the same time Eastward along the track and as he did not see anything he started up his engine and started across. The crossing is elevated from the highway sloping away from the track on either side. His speed was estimated to be about two or three miles an hour and he stated that he could have stopped at any time within a foot. He further stated that if he had looked for the train at any time during his approach to the tracks he would then be able to avoid the accident. On the other hand the evidence of the train crew showed that if the head-end brakeman had been keeping a proper lookout he would have seen the truck before he did and in time to enable the engineer to have given an extra warning of the train's approach, but the court doubted very much if this extra warning would have avoided the accident.

The Judge further pointed out that it was very difficult to determine which party was liable, but he gave Judgment for the Railway Company on the ground that the driver of a motor vehicle is much less restricted in his powers to avoid collisions with a train than were members of a train crew. He further found that the immediate cause of the accident was the farmer's neglect to look for trains when moving toward the crossing and that there was no reasonable excuse for that neglect.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Saskatchewan.

(Q) Deserted wife absolutely penniless and without the slightest means to provide a living for herself and small children, desires advice as to how she can secure financial assistance from the government. The Mothers' Allowance Act does not cover this case.—K.C.M.G.

If the wife's case is not covered by The Mothers' Allowance Act we do not know of any way in which she can obtain government assistance. Her only recourse would appear to be to appeal to local charitable organizations. If she has any information as to her husband's whereabouts she can lay an information against him under the Criminal Code and the police will bring him back to face a charge of non-support. This will only be effective if the husband is residing in Canada. She will have to assist the police in locating him.

Arborg.

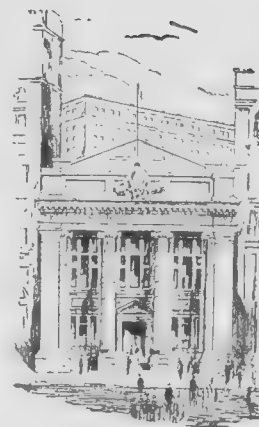
(Q) Please advise me regarding the following: My mother was born in Newmarket, Ont., in the year 1851. Where would I write to secure a birth certificate for her? If her right to an Old Age pension in Manitoba be established could she reside in Saskatchewan?—G.S.C.

(A) For the birth certificate write to the Director of Vital Statistics, Ontario Department of Health, Toronto, Ont. If he has not the record he can indicate the office in which the record can be obtained. As to the Old Age Pension it will be quite in order for your mother to move to Saskatchewan after obtaining her pension. Thereafter the pension will be paid by the Saskatchewan government.

Solsgirth.

(Q) I purchased a piece of land and sent transfer to registrar. He replied stating that there was a judgment against my name and I would have to dispose of it before he could register the document. He gave me the name of the legal firm interested and told me I had better write them, which I did. They gave me the [Continued on page 56]

Who is Independent?



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Legal Information

Continued from page 55

amount of the judgment and sent an account of \$2.00 for searching. The registrar also told me I would have to send him an affidavit prepared by a lawyer saying I was not the party in the judgment. This cost me \$3.00. In all I have to spend \$5.00 to remedy the matter. Should I have been put to this expense and annoyance after I had explained to legal firm interested that I had lived in the district 50 years and had never been sued?—H.

(A) We see no way in which you can obtain any redress for the expense to which you have been put in proving that the judgment was not against you. Any person presenting a document to the Land Titles Office for registration must satisfy that office that his title to the property is exactly as he claims it to be. In this particular case the information was required by the Land Titles Office, but it is not more than a careful lawyer would have required in case he was acting for a purchaser from you. If a judgment is registered in the Land Titles Office it affects all registrations in the name of the judgment debtor or any name similar to his. Otherwise the judgment would be ineffective. If you are unfortunate enough to have the same name as a judgment debtor you will have to in all cases provide satisfactory evidence that you are not the person who owes the money. You apparently consider that you should not have had to bear this expense. On the other hand, to whom could it be charged? It is not the fault of the Land Titles Office any more than yours that the judgment is registered, so there is no reason why you should ask that office to repay you this expense. You must remember that the government guarantees your title to be as shown on the Certificate of Title, and if you want that protection you must prove your title to their satisfaction.

Transcona, Man.
(Q) About five years ago I found it necessary to run a grocery bill on account of sickness. Since then I have not been able to settle the same, giving the said grocer from time to time what little I could. He now threatens to do this and that if the bill is not paid up. I honestly intend paying the same when I can, but so far it has been impossible. Just what can he do?—A Worried Mother.

(A) You do not state whether your husband is living or not. A woman is responsible for any accounts which she incurs. If she is married her husband is not necessarily responsible for payment of the account unless in some way he has permitted his credit to be pledged as security for the account. This would be possible either by the husband actually making arrangements for giving credit to the wife, or more usually could be by the husband paying his wife's accounts from time to time. We presume that your husband is still alive. If he has never paid any of your accounts with this grocer and you have always made the payments yourself, then your husband cannot be held responsible for this debt unless he has specially arranged for credit to be given to you by the grocer.

If you have no income of your own, neither the grocer nor anyone else can force you to pay their account. If your husband gives you moneys with which to pay household expenses this is not really an income for you.

If your husband is responsible for the debt the grocer can sue you or your husband at any time after his account is overdue and can of course garnish your husband's employers or take any other proceedings which he thinks advisable.

Interviewing

Continued from page 53

THRILLS? Oh yes. Heads of institutions, big-business men, field-m Marshals of finance, educationalists, ministers, doctors, writers, poets, inventors, the man on the street, and players. An interesting company, some of them inspiring company, and yet—I can't really say that I enjoy interviewing them, except in the most casual and informal instances. They present a wide range and varying characteristics. Some take themselves with ponderous seriousness, resenting the least hint of frivolity, some treat the whole business of interviewing with off-hand matter-of-factness, and others (bless their hearts) enter right into the spirit of the thing and do all they possibly can to help a poor distraught interviewer out. I have interviewed (after a fashion) the most unapproachable people, men and women whom I hoped I'd never have to meet again in this world or the next, and on the other hand I've written up, those whom it was sheer pleasure so to do folks who held out the right hand of fellowship—and squeezed hard. If I had to be doomed to a lifetime of interviewing (which heaven and my guardian angel forbid!) I should prefer men subjects.

They are, on the whole, more amenable, less temperamental and "whimsy," and they make allowances for human faults and failings and the exigencies of business. There are I think two women who have never forgiven me because their stories were cut down ruthlessly from three thousand to one thousand words. A man would have understood that it was the editor who did this cutting. Another woman still blames me to this day for a printer's error which she felt made her ludicrous.

The above episodes are perhaps not altogether typical of that sex which is more deadly than the male. Nor do they exhaust the list of my failures. Were I to continue, my story I fear, would last, like the Arabian Nights Dream, till the rising of the sun. The conviction has been slowly borne in upon me that the good interviewer is born, and not made. As stated somewhere at the beginning of this article the really *bona fide* interviewer is he who has known what it's like to be unceremoniously kicked down a flight of stairs. This ultimate thrill hasn't, as I said, happened to me as yet. I doubt if it ever will.

It is Really Up to You

By V. Grace Wheeler

When you waken in the morning
And the skies are grey and low
And the wind is howling dismally
Like a spirit full of woe.

Sure it's easier to grumble,
And it's easier to fret,
Than to chase away the gloom clouds,
With a song and smile, but yet—
That won't make the sun shine brighter,
Nor the clouds a lighter blue,
So to make the day seem cheery,
It is really up to you!

If you plan a happy programme
And the whole thing goes awry,
It won't make a bit of difference
If you sulk and mope and sigh,
It's much easier to give up
All your aims and plans, but then,
Wrongs won't right themselves by fretting,
You'll just have to try again.
Try again, a little harder,
Heart and soul in all you do,
For to conquer disappointment,
It is really up to you!

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The Dealer and the De'il

Continued from page 13

was a big yew. One of its branches, indeed, pressed against the rambler which clothed McLauchlin's cottage, and clustered about his window. Again McLauchlin sat up.

"Woman," he exclaimed suddenly, prodding his wife in the ribs, "d'ye no feel a strange smell the nicht?"

"Haud yer tongue, mon!" replied the partner of McLauchlin's domestic bliss. "Awa' to sleep wi' ye! How d'ye expect to get up in the morning—?"

But again McLauchlin prodded her. "D'ye no feel a strange smell, woman?" he insisted even more forcibly.

Mrs. McLauchlin sniffed aloud. "Yes, I do," she informed him. "I've felt a strange smell ever since I came to bed. It's your claes, meddling wi' devil wild-cats!"

"It's no my claes!" responded McLauchlin with dreadful significance. "I had my claes on my person when you came to bed. Did ye feel it then?"

"I felt it when I brought the chicka-biddy to bed," said Mrs. McLauchlin, wearily.

There was another tragic pause, then "D'ye mean the smell o' cat?" enquired the man in a tragic whisper. A square of moonlight fell through the window and lay vividly on the heavy patch-quilt at their feet. "D'ye mean the smell o' cat, woman?"

"Yes," she said, turning her back to him. "The smell o' cat is just what I DO mean!"

McLauchlin's next comment was a bombshell. His wife, who had strongly disapproved of the whole thing, was clearly prepared to treat him coldly, but never before in his life had McLauchlin known her more ready to rise.

"Tak' the bairn," said he, "and awa' downstairs, the twae o' ye. It's my belief that darned cat's in this room!"

Mrs. McLauchlin shot out of bed and seized her infant. A thunderous growl, which might have been the growl of a tiger, came distinctly to their ears. It filled the whole room, so that there was no judging its proximity and its direction.

"Skit before it jumps at ye!" McLauchlin urged, leaving the bed on the other side and groping over to the fender for the poker. He could not find the poker. He could find nothing more reassuring than a box of pills.

Mrs. McLauchlin, in the act of raising the infant, uttered a tremulous cry, then as the growl increased in volume, she seemed incapable of further action. Half-swooning, she clung to the bed-rail, whereupon McLauchlin took his wife, complete with the baby, and dumped them through the door at the head of the staircase, closing the door behind him.

Bill—A Biography

Continued from page 14

with flowers and trees and smooth green grass the resting-places of those they loved. God himself arranges and renews as the seasons come and go the beauty of the spot where lies all that remains of Bill.

A smooth little stream, that breaks into laughing ripples when the wind and sun play upon its surface, or steals quietly and peacefully under cool banks shaded from above through the long hot summer days by stately, dark pine trees; little grassy openings, flower-dotted, sloping down to the water here and there; the songs of birds and the distant tinkle of a bell. Such is the place to which Doctor Jim came one morning, a lonely man, of desolate heart. Stopping upon the little bridge that spans the stream, he lifted sorrowfully from his car the dead body of his friend, carefully sewed up in a weighted sack, and with a rope gently lowered it into the middle of the stream below, where the water is deepest. Then climbing into the car again, with a heavy heart

But no sooner was he back in the room with those nightmare sounds filling every square inch of it than he wished he had not come back. After all, why had he returned. Clad only in his night suit, from which his scraggy legs protruded visibly, he was anything but equipped for the occasion. Was he here to catch the cat? Not much! If the cat was here, and clearly she was, his sincerest hope was that she might escape unscathed by the open window.

So McLauchlin left the room, and hurrying down to the kitchen he found his wife still half swooning as she rocked the infant by the peats on the hearth. McLauchlin quickly lit the lamp and began to pull on his boots.

"Where are ye going, Sandy?" his wife asked feebly.

"To get Jock," he answered. "I'll put him in at the bedroom door. If he don't skit the varmint, nothing will."

"Then put your coat on," said Mrs. McLauchlin in the same dreary monotone.

But there was no need to fetch Jock, for scarcely had McLauchlin closed the kitchen door behind him when a noise in the creeper overhead caused him to look up—Oh, fateful move! For the cat had evidently left the bedroom window about a second before, and she was in a tearing hurry to get to earth. Either she lost her hold in her panic, or the creeper failed to support her weight, for McLauchlin was aware of a fur-clad mass striking him full in the face. Also there was a hissing snarl, and in the twinkling of an eye he was thrown back against the door, as something rocketed off into the rhododendrons.

Poor McLauchlin! Dealer or no dealer, this at any rate was the end of the cat hunt, and he was glad of it. Next moment he stood looking down at his wife. There was a scratch across his nose, from which a blob of crimson was slowly oozing. It grew and dripped to the polished oilcloth on the kitchen table, and still McLauchlin gloomily regarded his missus.

"Get some iodine," she chipped in at length. "This will jist be a lesson tae ye! No more animal dealers in my hoose! And she shook a warning forefinger.

And that was all—no, not all, for next morning, when McLauchlin went out to feed the ferrets, a chunk of sticking-plaster on his nose, he noticed a square of paper flapping on the bars of the cage which had contained old Tiger. HAD contained, I say, for Tiger was gone! So was the collector and his motorcycle, and on the paper was written a simple but adequate message: "I came for a wildeat and I jolly well got one. Cheerio. Whiskers!"

he drove quickly away, to carry with him for a long time something of the peace and pleasantness of the place, shot through with sadness and regret that he had left there the dog who had been his true pal through long days of sunshine and shadow.

Doctor Jim visits the little stream sometimes; his birthplace was on the bank of it. It is home to him. He likes to think of Bill there, in the sweet peace and quietness, for few people pass that way. And at home there is a photograph of a little puppy, with big white paws and funny loose rolls of skin about his neck, and on his face the most injured air in the world at being made to sit so. Beneath, one reads the words of Norah Holland; quaint, understanding writer of things that touch the heart:

High up in the Courts of Heaven today
A little dog-angel waits.
With the other angels he will not play,
But he sits alone at the gates;

[Continued on page 58]



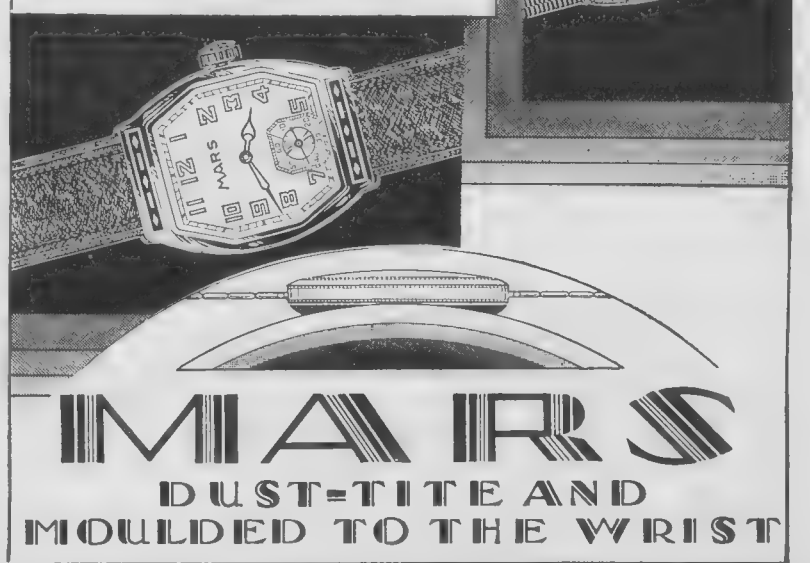
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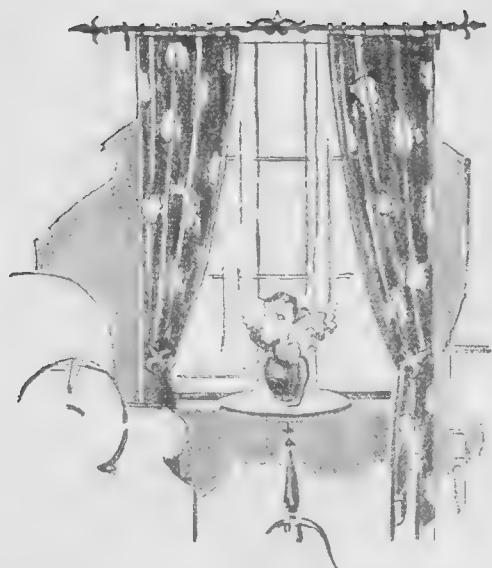
Has Your Horse Swollen Tendons?

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Consider your Windows—

they attract the attention of everyone who enters your home—they make or mar a room.

Properly hung draperies and curtains are more important than any other furnishing and should receive the consideration that is their due.

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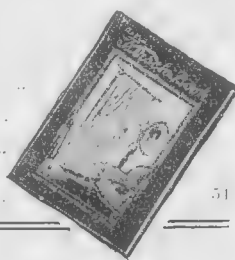
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51

There is charm, comfort and hospitality in a well lighted home. You can satisfactorily equip every fixture in your home with Laco Mazda Inside Frosted Lamps.

LACO MAZDA
INSIDE
FROSTED LAMPS

Bill—A Biography

Continued from page 57

"For I know that my master will come," says he:
"And when he comes, he will call for me!"

He sees the spirits that pass him by
As they hasten toward the Throne,
And he watches them with a wistful eye
As he sits at the gates alone;
"But I know if I just wait patiently,
That some day my master will come!"
says he.

And his master, far on the earth below,
As he sits in his easy chair,
Forgets sometimes, and he whistles low
For the dog that is not there;
And the little dog-angel cocks his ears
And he dreams that his master's call he hears!

And I know when at last his master waits
Outside in the dark and cold,
For the hand of death to ope the gates
That lead to those Courts of Gold—
The little dog-angel's eager bark
Will comfort his soul in the shivering dark!

The "D.N."

A Human Interest Sketch

By Maurice Mahood

SHE is the busiest person in our community—and the most interesting. Yes! I say she; even though the log shack fitted so snugly into the bank just where the river curves and bearing outside the legend: "Provincial District Nurse," has been inhabited by several nurses.

Each of these nurses has impressed her personality upon us, the people of the community, by her arrangement of the furniture, the pictures on the walls, her choice of books and a thousand other little things which make the individual stand out from the crowd. But we have come to recognize that the outstanding thing in their several characters, the absolute giving of self to others, belongs, not to the individual, but to the type. It is this thing which has made these women, past the fanciful romanticism of girlhood, and sure in their faith in the ideals of mature womanhood, leave the easier paths of civilization for the stump strewn trails of life around a pioneer community.

For these women the day's work begins, perhaps one minute after midnight, and ends—possibly one minute before that time. On an average day the inhabitants of our village see smoke curling from the shack at six a.m., and by seven o'clock the cases have begun to roll in. First there is a three year old toddler, brought by his mother to have a nasty cut above the eye fixed. A number of women and children come in for medicine for coughs and colds, tonics, and cures for a host of minor ailments. And each one coming to stay for five minutes, spends at least half-an-hour, there.

Always the place is full. It is the Mecca of people with troubles, whether physical or mental. Many a word of good advice is given to young girls, who open their hearts to this woman, who seems to understand a girl's problems and digging down into the mine of her own experience finds the solution which clears the tangled path.

The young men of the community, too, come here. They have discovered, while having some small injury attended to that here is someone with a far greater understanding of life than they. And they come from the log hut with a tolerance born of deeper insight.

Here we find the older people of the community, telling of their problems with their boys and girls. They know they are talking to one who is attuned to the views of both young and old. And the nurse, in turn, feels that the well-being of the community lies in her hands. She has seen that these people are nerve worn from the incessant struggle of nine years, against nature, in their attempt [Continued on page 59]

Have you a Prima Donna complexion?



AUTUMN weather causes some complexions to develop temperamental tendencies. Today, they reflect the petal smoothness of health—tomorrow, they're rough and chapped...

If you've an operatic complexion, Frostilla is just meant for you. Its instant touch soothes and comforts. Tired skins perk up—color glows—satin smoothness is quickly regained. There are marvelous properties in this famous lotion. Try it for all forms of irritation caused by exposure.... Use it as a powder base.

Frostilla is sold in 50c and \$1 sizes,—new, beautiful, blue-labelled bottles. We'll gladly send an attractive, handy sample FREE on request. Dept. W 18, The Frostilla Co., Toronto, Canada. Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto.

FROSTILLA

For Exposed and Irritated Skin



Corns

vanish after this amazing liquid

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. In three seconds all the pain is gone. Acts like an anesthetic. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

Professional dancers by the score use this method. Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist. Money back if not delighted. There are imitations. Be sure to get the genuine.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way



THEY'RE FOOT-EASY!

Farmers, Miners, Sportsmen, Outdoor workers— you'll feel a new spring in your stride when you step out on FOOT-EASY "Velvet" Soles. Double the life of new shoes—put a new "kick" into your old boots. You'll save at least a dollar when your shoes are soled with "Velvet" Half Soles. Buy them in stores, or send us tracing of your shoe and 50c for sample pair. Put on at your shoe shop, or you can do it at home.

FEDERAL RUBBER PRODUCTS
Stratford, Ont. Dept. 4
THEY STICK ON

The "D.N."

Continued from page 58

to establish themselves upon the virgin sod. In this atmosphere it takes but a word to create a quarrel between the closest friends. There are numbers around our district who thank this quiet little lady for her timely word of advice.

Just before dinner she makes her round of the chronic cases, close to the village. There are one or two maternity cases. There is "old Joe," an old timer of the district, who used to work in the logging camps, and becoming attached to the place refuses to move from his shack on the bank of river. He is badly crippled with rheumatism, and the nurse is quietly coaxing him to go to hospital for treatment. At first he was fiercely adamant, but almost imperceptibly he is changing his point of view. With gentle tact the nurse manages to leave at each place that she visits the feeling that the future holds brighter things.

She is getting her dinner ready. The quickly prepared meal is simmering on the stove. There is a knock at the door. A stocky little man, clad in the mackinaw garb of the lumberwoods, and with a bristling black moustache, which makes him look very ferocious, is standing there supporting a young lad, who is obviously "all in." It is a case from the lumber camp twenty-four miles away. A sharp axe, too loosely held, glancing off the frozen wood, and then a badly cut foot. It is an old story round these districts.

The meal is forgotten in the rush of getting the lad fixed up. For a time the atmosphere is pervaded with the smell of antiseptics. The table is littered with bandages, and first aid necessities. When the foot is drawn away, looking very helpless in the big roll of bandages and padding, it is almost two o'clock.

By this time the meal is a ruin. But these things are an everyday occurrence in this woman's life. The loss of a meal, which would upset many a housekeeper, is nothing to her. Instead she must turn round and make a meal for her visitors, and she would feel hurt if they were to refuse it.

All afternoon the crowd drifts in and out. She is busy patching up handing out medicines, pulling teeth—yes she is a dentist too—and while she is working she talks to the host of people who sprawl on the settee, the chairs and

anything else which will serve as a seat.

Only toward supper time is the place cleared. At last there is a moment or two to herself. While the supper is cooking she stretches herself on the settee and picks up a book. It is her time of rest and our people have learned to respect it.

But night brings the largest crowd of all. This is essentially the young people's time. We are all there—Jack, Bob Jim, Ellen, Grace, a queerly different company. The conversation rises and falls like the cadences of music. Sometimes it is serious, sometimes it is gay. I lean back in my chair and listen to the "Fellow with Brains," and his gentle bantering laugh. Then Johnny, who never in his life bothered himself with a thought outside his own little world, has his turn. Ever, the centre toward which the conversation is addressed is the lady sitting where the glow of the lamplight falls upon her. And, though she looks very tired, she always talks interestingly and vivaciously. I, in my corner, am trying to puzzle out what it is that draws us, of so many different types, together in this little shack and makes us so interested in each other.

Again there is a knock on the door. She rises. For a moment we see a burly figure outlined against the dark. Then the door closes and from outside we hear the murmur of hurried conversation. Silently everyone begins to search for their wraps and hats. She comes in and we know by the look on her face that it is a "case." Quietly we file out of the room. I am the last to go. I have suddenly discovered the answer to my puzzle. It is the unflinching selflessness of this woman which drew us here.

The crowd gone, there remains only one man, nervously twirling his cap, sitting on the settee. The nurse is gathering her instruments. She slips into her big coat. Together they get into the waiting sleigh. There is hoarse "Get up," the jangle of traces, and they are off on their fourteen mile journey. The nurse knows that she may be back tomorrow or it may not be for two or three days. In the meantime there will only be snatches of sleep. But she does not care. It is her job and she would not change it for any other if it offered the greatest comforts of the world.

Widowhood

By Mary R. Funk

*If I could call you back, my dear, my dear—
From that far shore whence you will not
return;*

*If tears and prayers had potency to earn
From Endless Time one hour to have you
near;*

*If from our life together I might seize
Experience to fill that little hour,
And then, as though it were a withered
flower,
Lay it once more among my memories—*

*I would not search Love's mountain peaks,
all swept
By passion's storms; no, I would try to
find
Some treasure in Love's valleys, warm
and kind,
Where we together toiled and laughed and
wept.*

*So many mem'ries clamoring to rise,
Whose import no one else could under-
stand!*

*Perhaps 'twould be that time you held my
hand*

*Through shadows. (Oh, the kindness in
your eyes!)*

*Perhaps our joy in golden autumn days;
Our secret mirth at some small, foolish jest
Between us two, unknown to all the rest:
Our wonder at our wee child's bonny ways.*

*Is it not strange? Great love the poet sings
Comes to its own through mighty stress
and strife—
Yet that which made us more than man
and wife
Has seemed to lie in small, familiar things.*

Prairie Summer

By Thomas Saunders

*A ribbon of road that runs along
Forever, it seems; a meadowlark
Calling so tenderly . . . Hark! O, hark!
List to the robin at evensong!
List to the owl in the dark!*

*A gopher, perched on a bushy tail,
Mocks with his whistle of impish glee;
A catbird calls from a nearby tree;
A chipmunk scampers across the trail
To disappear silently.*

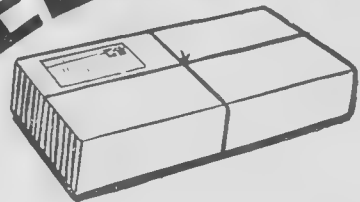
*The fields stand laden with golden grain,
And stretch afar like a mighty sea
Where space is lost in eternity;
And throb alike to the sun and rain
In mutual sympathy.*

*The wind's sweet song marks the rise and fall
That bows the flowers toward the sod,
Where countless animal-feet have trod;
And the endless space shows man how small
He is—and how great is God!*

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ENO is so mild it can safely be given to any child, yet it is quite as effective for grown-ups, eliminating from the systems of young and old alike the clogging waste and poisons which cause intestinal absorption. Refuse substitutes.

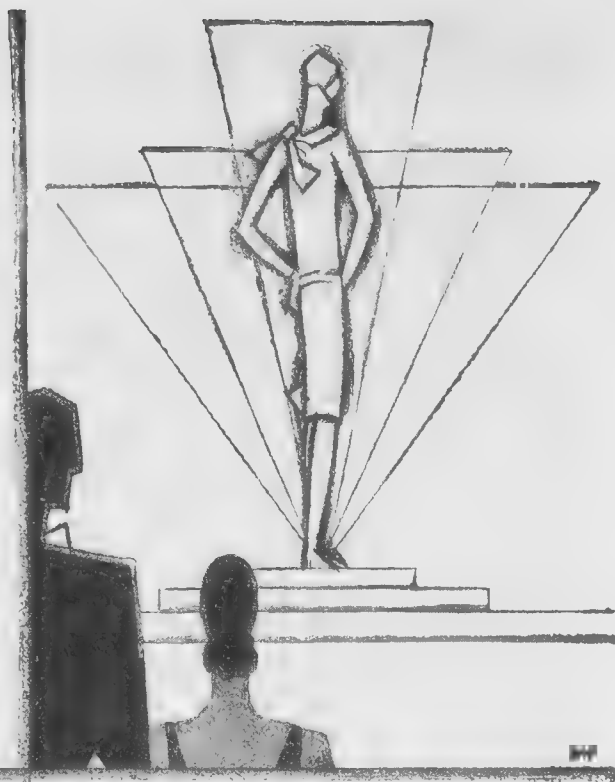
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How long
before one
grows tired
of blue?

OR taupe . . . or orchid . . . or any other color. "Six years," says interior decorators. Long enough, too, you'll agree, for by that time the drapes, wall paper and other things will need renewing anyway.

But what if the floor covering also has been selected to carry out the color scheme? You wouldn't want to discard a floor that is still good . . . Yet to re-decorate in the same old color just because floor covering is serviceable is unthinkable!

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Here you have one outstanding reason why Seaman-Kent Hardwood Floors are now standard equipment in most modern homes.

The floor of hardwood leaves you fancy free in the matter of home decoration.

Instead of the tyranny of color you have the harmonizing beauty of natural wood tones.

All rooms are better with hardwood floors, and all hardwood floors are better if the flooring is "S K" brand.

**SEAMAN-KENT
HARDWOOD
FLOORING**

Queer Jobs in Talking Picture Studios

THE coming of talking pictures has brought into existence some of the strangest jobs, with the strangest names, that could be found outside the pages of G. K. Chesterton's fantastic "Club of Queer Trades." How many people have ever heard, for instance, of the mixer, the echo-chaser, the paper moistener and so on, or could make the faintest stab at defining their respective duties? Yet these functionaries are actively engaged in the making of Vitaphone pictures on the First National lot at Burbank, Cal., and in every other sound studio corresponding jobs are in full swing.

The mixer, as he is called, is one of the most important technical experts concerned in producing talking films. He is, in fact, the sound engineer, and sits during every dialogue scene with earphones on his head, regulating the microphones by which the voices of the players are recorded. He reduces or amplifies the volume of sound absorbed by each of the instruments—hence the unofficial title "mixer."

Next we have the echo-chaser, who is one of the mixer's assistants. His job has been created by the cussedness of the science of acoustics. Every echo within range of a microphone is caught by that instrument. The mixer, with his earphones clamped on, hears it and sends the echo-chaser on a hunting expedition. When the latter has found a spot that might act as a sounding-board, he covers it with heavy felt and claps his hands, and if the echo still persists he must continue searching and laying felt and clapping his hands until it is run down and eliminated.

The echo-chaser was kept unusually busy during the filming of "Smiling Irish Eyes," Colleen Moore's first talk-picture. Most of it was taken outdoors, on fifteen different locations, and echo hunts were required in every setting. It was that picture which brought the echo-chaser into his own as a permanent Vitaphone specialist and won for him his picturesque title.

Another queer trade is that of the paper-moistener, who is an assistant of the head property man. Dry paper rattles like a bunch of fire-crackers at the slightest handling, as recorded by the microphone, so it is necessary that every piece of paper used in a Vitaphone scene shall be wet, and it is the business of the moistener to see to this really important detail. He has other duties of course, but moistening is his chief preoccupation.

Today is also the day of the dialogue stenographer. In the old days of silent pictures only one script girl was used on a set, to follow the action and make notes as to variations from the scenario continuity. Now there are two, and the duty of the second is to take down the dialogue in shorthand as it is spoken. After the scene is made her shorthand notes are compared with the written lines in the script to make sure that every word has been duly uttered.

When Vitaphone scenes are made indoors the lozenge boy's services are indispensable. Sound stages are not only sound-proof but almost air-tight, which means that the throats of the players frequently become parched, and before they actually begin a scene this very helpful young man comes around with an atomizer to spray their throats and a bag of lozenges from which they help themselves. The lozenge boy operates under the immediate supervision of the director.

All outdoor pictures nowadays enlist the services of aviators, not to do stunts as part of the story but to warn off other fliers who might come too near the location in airplanes whose zooming motors would completely ruin the sound effects. Therefore captive balloons are sent up above the section of country where a picture is being made, to act as scarecrows of the upper atmosphere.

Such are a few of the novel and quite unexpected ways of making a living which have followed the triumphant march of talking films.

Out With It!



DON'T keep dust in the house and chase it about from place to place with an ordinary dusting cloth.

Make a 3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloth that picks up and holds the dust until shaken out of doors.

It's easy to do and costs almost nothing. Merely moisten a cloth lightly with 3-in-One and allow a short time for the oil to permeate the cloth thoroughly.

Now dust, and see how much easier, better, and cleaner it is than the old way.

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TEN magic minutes with Blondex, the special new shampoo for blondes only, leaves hair gleaming with new life and lustre. Blondex brings out all the natural golden beauty of blonde hair—prevents darkening—coaxes back the youthful sheen and sparkle to dull faded hair. Not a dye or harsh bleach, just a safe gentle shampoo used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.



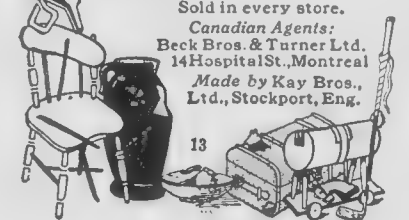
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Discriminating in Oriental Immigration

Continued from page 9

before the Royal Commission stated that before they went into that kind of work in Victoria, he never knew a town more poorly supplied with market vegetables, and afterward, none better.

In the sphere of domestic service Chinamen adapted themselves readily to the particular needs of the country. Female help was very scarce in those early days. The few white women in the country, who were single, found that marriage offered the greatest possibilities for permanent employment. To meet this particular situation Chinamen developed into expert domestic servants, their popularity today still testifying to their efficiency. And in the menial task of laundry-work, collars and shirts were ironed to everyone's perfect satisfaction.

Notwithstanding the favorable evidence adduced before the commission, the Dominion Government found this immigration so unpopular in British Columbia that they decided on a policy of taxing Chinese immigration. In 1885 the first head-tax of \$50 was imposed on each Chinese immigrant. By 1901, however, the influx had become so great, six thousand having arrived between the months of January and April alone, that this head tax was raised to \$100, and in 1904 it was again increased to \$500. But it was found that even this large sum of money did not have the effect of excluding Chinese immigrants, but merely raised their wages in Canada.

Finally, in 1923, the Chinese Immigration Act, which provided for a head tax was repealed, and replaced by an Act which prohibited the immigration to Canada of persons of Chinese origin unless they were members of the diplomatic corps, consuls, their suites and servants, merchants of a certain standing, or students coming to attend Canadian universities. Special privileges of re-entry into our country are granted to Chinese who have been born in Canada, or have been previous residents here. This Act is being effectively administered, only two Chinese immigrants having been admitted during the years 1926 and 1927.

THE situation with regard to immigrants from Japan is altogether different. Japanese did not begin to arrive in Canada till about 1900, when the hard labor problem to which the Chinese afforded a solution was not pressing. On the other hand, in the industries which they adopted here they have really been competing with native white British Columbia labor. While the rather surprising feature is that, although Chinese and Hindus are so rigidly excluded, Japanese enter with comparative freedom.

Japanese entry comes under the provisions of the general Immigration Act,

modified only by an agreement which has been arranged between the governments of Japan and Canada. The Japanese government issues passports, and has agreed to restrict their number. In 1926, the number of Japanese entering was 443, of whom 216 were women. In 1927, there were 511 entering, among whom were 285 women, an increase of nearly a third over the female immigration of the previous year.

There are now about 16,000 Japanese in Canada, and about half as many women as men. Their high birth-rate of 40 per thousand accounts for the rapidity with which they are increasing aside from the immigration. There are about 40,000 Chinese in our country, but as the number of women is exceedingly small, their birth-rate is very low, and, since we prevent more from landing, their numbers must continually decrease, until, in 50 years they will represent a negligible proportion of our population. But with fifty years of the present Japanese agreement their numbers may attain quite a startling proportion.

It appears quite evident that the reason for this discrimination is political. Japan has been the friend and ally of Great Britain for many years. Moreover, there must be a fear of offending Japan, with her some seventy millions of people, whose dignity is upheld by an aggressive army and navy. But the time is at hand when China, with six times as many people as Japan, will become united and equally capable of maintaining her prestige at home and abroad. How is Canada to meet that challenge?

The Oriental problem is a competition in the labor market between a dominant white race and another race which can readily underbid them in that market, chiefly through their smaller demands for the necessities of life, and much smaller demands for its luxuries. It is accentuated and made articulate by the difference in color. But it is only made more serious by the discrimination between different nations of the same race for the sole reason that the nation now discriminated against is not in a favorable position at the moment for enforcement of equal rights by an appeal to the sword.

Canada has, fortunately, a short breathing space during which to formulate a policy for immigration, which shall be dictated by the broad principles of international justice.

As a country receiving immigrants, she may expect to select such as will prove most beneficial to the building up of a strong nation here, and developing it in the most efficient manner. But this desire must be qualified by the Golden Rule of fair play between all nations and discrimination toward none.

FAMOUS FEET

{ how they're kept free from corns }



©B. & B., 1929

LINA BASQUETTE'S
Famous Feet

"The old phrase 'to have and to hold' may be full of lovely sentiment . . . but not where corns are concerned. Not with Blue-jay to bid them goodbye."

Common sense asserts that Blue-jay is the sane and safe way to remove a corn at home. That's why for 28 years it has been the leading way. Self-paring is dangerous. Blue-jay is scientific. Each Blue-jay is a standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn. In an improved package, with new-style creamy-white pad . . . at all drug stores. For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.

Blue-jay

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Aberley Pull-Overs and Jerseys are stylish; the designs are smart, the colors last, they keep their shape.

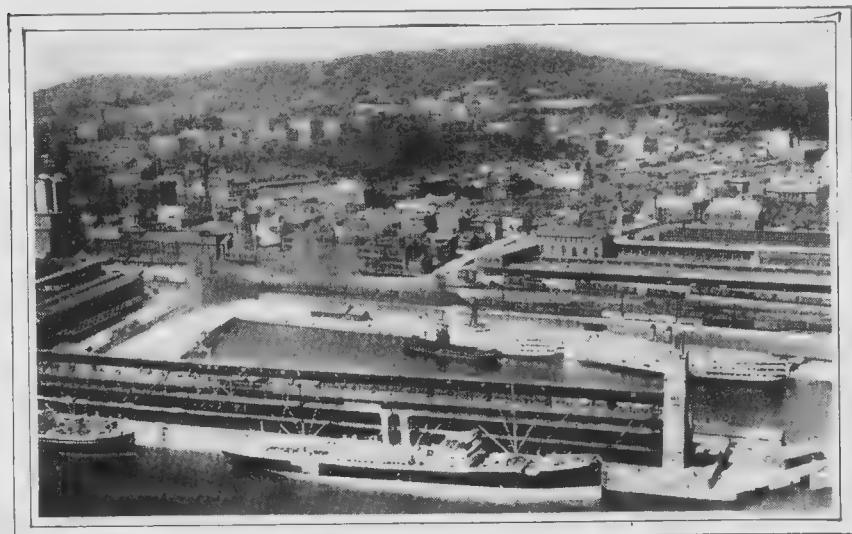
Aberleys are superior in every way—100% Pure Wool, individually tailored to insure snug fit and lasting service. Yet they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Go to your favorite store and see the new Aberley designs—for boys and girls, in all sizes.

Aberley

This is the time of year to buy a warm, attractive Aberley sweater coat; Aberleys are noted for their shape-retaining qualities.

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MONTREAL HARBOUR

Aerial view of Victoria Pier and Basin and the Sailors' Memorial Tower

A FORTUNE in HEALTH

for
every child



THE baby to be envied is the one who is born with an inheritance of perfect health, to begin with. And who's lucky enough to have a mother who knows how to build up this fortune.

"Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," she'll say to the doctor who pronounces her child physically 100% at a baby show, "but this health certificate means more to me than all the stock certificates in the world. If my baby grows up strong and well, I'm willing to leave it to him to make a career and fortune for himself.

"Already I'm teaching him the value of regular habits. Regular sleep, regular meals, regular functions. He's never once been off schedule, not even when he was cutting teeth or traveling to the country. I make sure of that by giving him Nujol regularly. He has his own bottle in the nursery.

"Nujol works so easily and naturally that it won't upset a baby under any conditions. It keeps everything functioning properly. It not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming but aids in their removal. It is safe and sure. Just try Nujol for your baby. Give it to him regularly for the next three months. See if it doesn't make things much easier for both of you. See if he doesn't thrive on this new schedule (children themselves much prefer living by regular routine).

"A bottle of Nujol costs you no more than pink ribbons on the baby's bonnet. And

it's worth lots more to him. Try it. Certainly it could do no harm—for Nujol contains no drugs or medicine. Your druggist carries it."

If you're like other modern young mothers, you'll want to buy the large hospital size can of Nujol. And keep it right on the nursery table, along with the soap and cotton and other bath paraphernalia.

Here's another thing. Nurses are advising mothers to give their babies an oil rub with Nujol after the daily bath, instead of using powder. Just saturate some cotton with Nujol and rub it gently all over your baby's body. It keeps him from getting chapped and chafed. And leaves his skin as soft and smooth as velvet.

Use it when you change his clothes. When you bring him in from outdoors. Whenever his skin has been exposed to irritation.

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Musical Notes

SCHUBERT'S SERENADE

FRANZ SCHUBERT, like Beethoven, was accustomed to carry with him a note-book in which he could jot down musical ideas as they happened to occur to him. Many a beautiful theme would have been lost had it not been for this practical habit of these great composers. There are times when the muse is asleep, when the ideas will not come; then it is that such a note-book becomes valuable and the inspirations of other times may rouse the dormant muse.

Wherever Schubert happened to be, in the city or the fields, in the tavern or the beer garden, did a valuable idea occur to him, out came the note-book, and it was hastily scratched down for further treatment. When he was seized by an idea it must go down on the first scrap of paper that came to hand. This was the manner in which that beautiful and well-known "Standchen" first appeared, though it is also told of "Hark, the Lark."

One Sunday, during the summer of 1826, Schubert, with several friends, was strolling about among the suburban villages in the vicinity of Vienna. As was their custom, they stopped at a beer garden, where they sat chatting and enjoying the good company they found. Schubert picked up a book of poetry one of his acquaintances had laid down, and, after turning over the leaves, suddenly stopped and, pointing out a poem, explained: "Such a delicious melody has just come into my head; if I but had a sheet of music paper with me!"

One of his companions hastily drew a few staves on the back of the bill-of-fare and passed it to him, and in the midst of the hubbub of a German beer garden, Schubert wrote out that beautiful melody (Schubert's Serenade) that has pleased such a multitude of music lovers since his day.

SINGING PEOPLE MEANS A PROSPEROUS CHURCH

THE church musician of today is happily much better equipped than his predecessor. The teaching of music in our public schools and the opportunity of hearing it has produced a class of musicians capable of doing big things quickly. Congregational singing is a thing to be encouraged, as a singing people means a live church.

New tunes for our old standard ones is still a mooted question. However, for the most festive occasions one gladly welcomes a brilliant and churchly setting for a hymn. Take, for example, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," which appears in several arrangements, the elaborate for special occasions, and the simple for general use.

The instrumental parts of the church service supplied by the organ are much brighter in character than in the past because they have more movement and spirit. Ecclesiastical music finds its best outlet on festive occasions, and fortunate it is that these days occur in the church year. It means an eager effort in selecting and preparing the hymns, anthems, etc., although the task of selecting this music is not an easy one, the amount of material at hand being overwhelming.

There seems to be an impression that there is a wide difference between the music of the old church and the music of the Sunday school, while in reality there should be a close association of interests. The combining of children's exercises with those of older people is always certain to be productive of good results.

Church choirs have been the training ground for our present organists, vocalists and conductors. Many of our famous men in church music received their first instruction and inspiration in the junior choirs. Ecclesiastical music assuredly has a pre-eminent place in our lives; it is a very necessary adjunct to the church, inasmuch as the singing and playing of the music tends to broaden our existence.



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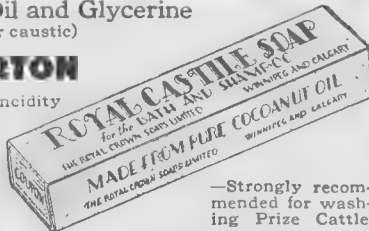
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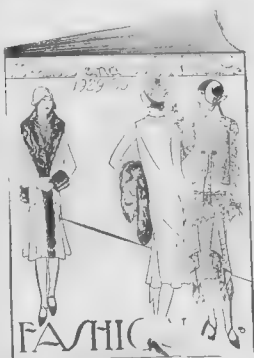
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Make Use of the Old Flour Bags



PLENTY of wash dresses are an essential for the growing girl. The two models shown here meet every requirement of simplicity, smartness and economy. Each is made out of empty flour bags whose origin will never be guessed when they are finished. The frock on the left hand side is dyed that lovely old rose that comes only from dyeing unbleached flour bag material. The little girl seated is wearing a dress made from the flour bags in their natural color, but with

bib has a slip-over yoke. The bow ties can be substituted, if desired, for a straight strip across the back, cut the right length, and fastened with snap fasteners.

Two bags will be needed for this apron. The material may be used either in its natural shade, trimmed with bias tape of some bright color, or, with little additional effort, the bags may be dyed some solid color. They take dye very well.

Ten yards of bias tape are required for completely binding the apron as shown in the picture.

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FOR the hikes, picnics, and working outdoors, the modern young woman avails herself of her full twentieth century privileges, and dons knickers.

These need not necessarily be of heavy wool or tweed, unless for mountain climbing. For ordinary wear in hot weather, wash knickers will be found exceedingly smart and practical. Would you believe that three empty flour bags made the smart pair shown here?

The bags were dyed a deep khaki shade, after they had been ripped and the stamping removed. Yale blue or a rich forest green would be equally attractive colors.

The knickers may be made with or without a cuff band.

Pieces left over from making these may be utilized in making a sports hat to be worn with the outfit. The brim should be interlined and stitched closely round and round to give it body.

No. 4221—Girls' knickers. Sizes, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 years. Price 15c. each.



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collar, cuffs, and belt of contrasting material.

The bags are first ripped and the stamping removed by soaking in kerosene overnight before washing in warm water, or by using javelle water. The material dyed should be ironed wet, to give it a glossy, linen-like finish.

A scalloped front is the outstanding mark of the left-hand dress. This model has kimono sleeves and little clusters of inverted tucks on the shoulder. The scallops are bound with contrasting bias tape or material as are the sleeves and neck. The skirt is box-pleated all the way round.

The other little dress has set-in sleeves and a yoke with a panel extending down the front and ending in a point. Three-eighths of a yard of contrasting material will be required. Pieces of the dyed material left over from making the other frock might well be used for this purpose.

An admirable feature of these dresses is that they may be boiled, are very durable and are so simply made while their simple design makes them easy to iron.

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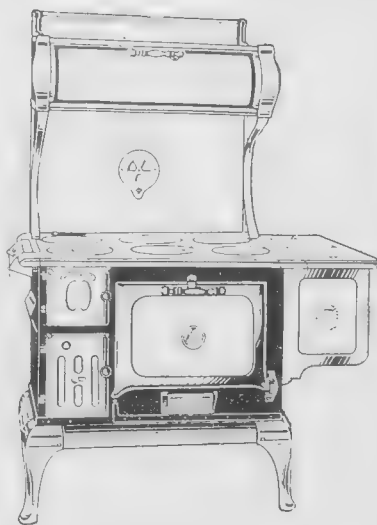
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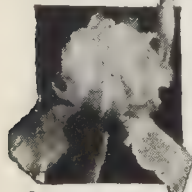
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An Argosy of Lake Winnipeg

Continued from page 15

interspersed with the day's duties, one man supplementing and carrying on another's narrative.

It was amazing! Most of us have an idea that Lake Winnipeg is chiefly charming as a summer resort, and can only think of it in terms of jazz and merry children's voices—of Winnipeg Beach and Victoria Beach, Gimli, and a dozen other summer settlements strung along its sandy shores—places where we got off a motor or train to take a dip in the warm water, forgetting, if we ever knew, that Lake Winnipeg is one of the great fresh-water fisheries of Canada, and that under all this summer activity the life of the lake runs as ever. The Indian, the Native, the Icander whose sagas are mostly never told to city people, are a distinct type of men, descendants of the Icelandic Vikings from Gimli; Natives who are descendants of the Swampy Crees and Ojibways intermarried with the original settlers who were generally adventurers from the blue blood of Europe with all the blue-blood pride; Natives, they call themselves, and their pride of blood is often revealed in the haughty high look they carry—a pride which could shame the mere plebeian white. If you listen to the names you will know that some of the ancient blood of France runs in their veins, or of the proud Scot or of the aggressive Englishman. Before strangers they are quiet and reserved and we are inclined to put them down as dull, but in their own environment they show their qualities. The Icelanders are descendants of those who pioneered on the Lake shores in the early days when there was no thought of a railroad and their only connection with the outer world was by the waters of the Lake on whose shores they cut timber, fished and farmed. Now the automobile purrs to their doors on well-gravelled roads, and out on the long pier at Gimli, with its squat lighthouse facing into the green distances of the North waters, where the deep waves leap at your feet, making you dizzy at their barked rush, you buy whitefish from the warehouse at its end. The crowded excursion train stops in the station, which has an old Viking name given by their ancestors. The old Viking blood of Eric the Red still runs hot in the fishermen, and they, with the Natives carry on the fishing legends of their forefathers. They learn early to handle the dog-teams and use the axe and to help their mothers mend and dry the fishing nets.

ALL this talk was slow and quiet as the tug drifted and steamed to the different berths of watching. The whitefish is the one centre around which all the magic of the north lake dweller revolves. How they shifted over the floor of the lake—shallow water fish in the early summer. Inhabiting the waters of the deep in the hot weather, and again in autumn, the five-year-olds moving inshore to deposit some thirty-five thousand eggs which will hatch in five months. They are eaters of insect larvae, small crustacea, mollusks, and luckily for the fishermen are readily propagated by artificial means in the Government hatcheries. The unfortunate Sturgeon and Tullibee seem doomed to extinction. There has not been so far the success in developing the spawn of the Sturgeon by artificial means to make it commercially successful. Pike, that fresh-water shark, Pickerel and Suckers are the main catch. Black Marias are dog's food, and are also fed to pigs.

As we drifted about the fishing-fleet I could imagine no better training for sailors than this deep-water fishing. In this age of steel hulls and steam and motor propulsion it was refreshing to see real sailors going about their business on the deep. The tug, a wooden hull, yet would stand up to any gale that blew on the lake, and, make no mistake, the gales on Lake Winnipeg are ferocious in their violence. We often misapply the term "sailor" to all those who are employed on the waters in any capacity, forgetting that the clerk who is employed on one of the regal Duchesses hardly ever leave their office

and quarters, but sailors narrow down the term to those who can steer, equip, repair and handle the canvas of a sailing craft—all others are to them deck hands—and the fresh-water fisherman of Lake Winnipeg can certainly claim a title to the name of "sailor." The Lake is before their eyes from infancy, the roar of its surf in their ears, and the good clean fresh-water smell in their nostrils. Ashore the fishermen are not conspicuous. The nature of the vast lonely spaces of water is upon them and they become silent for they listen to voices beyond the ken of the ordinary landsman.

SOME years ago I was in a New York hotel. The great dining-room was filled with music and laughter and the chatter of voices. The smooth impersonal waiter placed a menu before me, and glancing casually at it as one will do, not knowing what to order from the multiplicity of items, I saw "Planked Whitefish from Lake Winnipeg." Mechanically I made my order, but my thoughts flew to the C.P.R. station with its aggregation of people, with its train announcer in his full voice proclaiming high through the welter of sounds under the big rotunda: "Selkirk, Matlock, Winnipeg Beach, Husavie, Hnaua, Gimli . . ." and the shrill sobbing of the orchestra became dim, for my mind was away in the West, where a glimmering Lake lay in the pearly light of the afternoon sun, beyond Henry Hudson's River, over the Catskills where his bowling still thunders—over Hiawatha's Gitchie Gumee where old Nokomis sobbed the lament of Minnehaha:

"Wahonomin! Wahonomin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonomin! Wahonomin!"

To the lake La Verendrye called Gouinpieux, "Muddy Water," where the ice locks solid the water for months—a ghostly waste, with the sickly sun hanging low down in the South and the night sky shrilling with the Northern Lights. The screaming note of the violin's high peal, the crash of the instruments! and the contrasts stand out stark. The soft luxury of the room—and the wet glistening oilskins of the fishermen. The sensuous music—the white canvassed figure trotting dim behind his huskies toward the nets set below six feet of ice. Those who live in the lighted, crowded cities where a cry for help brings the ambulance, the doctor or the police, where the multitude of people are closed in by friendly walls, and meet in the clanging streets—when at night the heavens seem far-off and the electric light dims the stars, cannot realize the eons of space over the Lake where the sky of the North, like old Omar Khayyam's inverted bowl is so vast, so quiet, with only its stars to give light and comfort, while the frozen surface gleams maybe with the Aurora.

Sitting comfortably I brought back the memories of these fishermen, and here I was watching these quiet wet men of the Lake from the bows of a little steamboat.

THE morning breeze died down and the waves dulled and ran oilily about our bows, an eerie haze came creeping low across the floor of the Lake, and from the sky-line's horizon are spread the delicate mysteries of green and grey. A miracle is happening in the air, changing its very texture. Across the water the boats look distinct, naked against the luminous fog, and the waves flatten to weak reluctant surges that lap and rustle around the tug's sides. All sounds cease, and then the distant boats are covered with silken shrouds, the hulls magically changed and the squat masts an interrogation mark to the heavens. So bank on bank came the chill drive of a Lake Winnipeg fog and all was blotted from the book of our eyes. Overhead gulls

gleamed and vanished, circling, swooping through the dim fog.

The tug slowed down to mere steerage way and the whistle gave continuous warning.

"Better anchor, Cap!" called invisible Peter in the bows to invisible skipper in the wheel-house. A clatter of tin pans broke into sound beside us and I looked into a fishing-boat bumping along our sides.

"Astern!" I heard the captain's voice down the speaking-tube and the ship's bells ring. The tug, slowed, stopped, and a rope was thrown to the fishermen before they were lost in the fog. The rope stretched taut, losing itself behind us in the fog. Peter was beside me using eyes and ears for foreign sounds. The fog would thin in spots. One minute we could see a fish-boat; then the fog would thicken and blot them out. In the distance the other tugs were whistling.

"Afraid mostly of the Wolf or Bradbury. The Bradbury is on an inspection cruise, and the Wolf is due for fish, and so we have to be careful."

The fish-boats were coming in for their tow home. It was an uncanny experience, this slow drifting, just keeping steerage way, while the whistle kept a continuous scream above us. All the sounds of the tin pans and horns were on every side, and the more eerie through the distance was a siren, or a louder whistle.

"That must be the Brad," said Peter.

The boats would throw a line and drift astern, and except for the taut ropes their existence would not have been known. They kept up a rattle of pans to direct the others, but it seemed a forlorn jingle in the swirling space of fog surrounding us. Then a louder blast than the rest. Peter caught my arm tensely.

"Kenora or Bradbury," he whispered. We listened. Then a "Whoooo-whoooo-whooooo-o-o-o-o" blared from the whiteness—toot-toot-toot! blew the tug's whistle. "Bang! Bang! Bang!" went the tin pans, but everything was swallowed up in the dense fog.

"There she is, sir!"

"Hard astern," came the skipper's calm voice.

"Jingle, jingle," went the engineer's bell.

"Look out astern—"

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" yelled the fishermen as we backed on them, and I find myself breathless, looking at a great grey wet side, a keen iron cutwater, nearer, ever nearer, and all awash with horrible leaping lurches rushing toward us, casting a shadow on the fog. The white faces of men looking over bulwarks down on us, her great siren whistle blazoned again and then with a swirl that tossed our little ship about she was miraculously withdrawn.

My heart beat!

"Lucky for us the old Brad. keeps a good watch or she would have been through us," said Peter.

"She was close enough," said I.

"Oh, they know the fishing-fleet is hereabouts."

"They ought to," for from every point of the compass the lake was alive with noise.

The tug kept her position with languidly turning propeller and the boats came in one by one until blasts from the tugs indicated that all were in tow, and about four o'clock the powerful little steamship began to surge ahead, giving a prolonged blast as the ropes stretched out into the shifting cloudy vacancy behind us. The little tug settled down to her work, throwing up a churning white wake, while I could see the thin feather of water on each side of her cut-water. Wonderful ships they are for this work, deep-hulled, not high above the water, yet capable of weathering out the tremendous blows of the lake. I could hear the boats swirl astern as the ropes caught them up, and as we travelled shoreward the sun found us faint and dim, glimmering greily. Then the tow emerged, as the sun found them, in full glory turning the strung-out boats into gleaming-wet pearls of the lake.

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 33

thee, mariner, in the name of the one God, and Christ our Lord."

Leif was quick-witted. Here was a powerful lady whose aid was most desirable, while his needs were overwhelmingly many. Whatever gods her people worshipped he must seem to honor. Diplomatically he responded: "To thy God be honor, my lady, and to thyself the grateful thanks of Leif Ericson of Greenland. We are bound for Norway and the court of King Olaf. Whither we are come we have no means of telling."

Thorgunna's eyes sparkled with eagerness and her delicious laughter broke the restraint between them. "My lord, cease from polite excuses. Even in the Hebrides men are familiar with the daring exploits of Eric the Red. I but voice the certain sentiments of my father when saying that a greater honor hath not befallen our house than to receive the son of Eric as a guest."

"Thou art goodness incarnate," Leif returned. Then, with a rueful glance at his companions, he added: "But I fear we are a shabby company to join a nobleman's banquet."

"Fie, my lord! Thou has but a poor opinion of our stores, and worse of our hospitality," she retorted merrily, and with the friendliest gesture summoned him to her side. "We have tarried long enough with our foolish courtesies," she resumed; "be comforted to know that my maids have already gone to make preparation for thee and thy worthy followers. Let us hasten, then, lest my lord hath arrived and be fretted over my absence."

They needs must obey her at that. Beautiful and gay, she led them up the rocky pathway whence she had descended upon them like some gleaming goddess of the night. In silent adoration Leif's burly sailors watched her, still doubtful that this was not all a dream. While at her side Leif rejoiced the more to find her witty and wise as well as beautiful.

Thorgunna's flattery was undeniably charming. "Tell me, is it true that thy honored sire traversed the very outermost seas?" she inquired with sweet naivete.

"The outermost of known seas, at least," Leif replied seriously. "But of exploration there can be no end; the purpose of life must be a ceaseless quest of something . . ."

For no accountable reason Thorgunna shivered. "Tis true," she agreed faintly "the horizon hath a charm greater than the shore; but see, yonder burn the lights of home. Thou wilt be glad of homely comforts this once in place of high adventure."

"Aye, glad my lady, and most grateful," he replied. And to himself he added: "But not so sure that this be not a highly dangerous adventure."

LEIF was to find his host both jovial and generous, prodigally unsparing in entertainment and comforts for his guests. He was a typical Norse chieftain, proud, domineering, yet big-hearted withal. But having all his life lived amidst constant dangers, he was grown callous to suffering whether inflicted upon others or himself, and could be in the same hour both cruel and kind. His emotional nature was quickly roused to hatred when pride was wounded; his generosity unbounded when an appeal flattered his vanity.

In appearance Rafn was dignified when on horseback or riding the deck of his warship, but on foot he seemed too short in the legs and inclined to waddle. He was sandy-complexioned and tanned to copper; wore his red beard cut square like a bushy bib; and, from long years of bellowing on shipboard, his voice was become both hoarse and harsh.

Notwithstanding these crudities, Rafn was a man to command respect and obedience. His interests were not all in wars. He was fond of song and story, and of all his retinue none was more honored than his scald. He was eager for news of the world and to know how men elsewhere proposed to introduce peace and the arts of peace.

Leif respected the burly old chieftain, and by a courteous deference to his

opinions entrenched himself for all time in his host's good graces. As a matter of fact Rafn felt himself to have been unusually favored of the fates when they drove this entertaining son of Eric the Red to his shores.

But though Leif talked well and responded courteously to every inquiry—and of curiosity there seemed no end—his eyes kept roving to Thorgunna's canopied seat, where she shone like a royal flower amidst her laughing companions, and so often as his wandered, so often did they encounter hers on a like errand. It left him a little dazed; the wine of her beauty affected him more strongly than her father's free-flowing ale. And it angered him. It was contrary to all worthy precedent that a Norseman, nobly born, should be ravished by charms to which he had no right.

Thereafter Leif embraced every opportunity to avoid the beautiful Thorgunna. He rode about the island with her father, showing the liveliest interest in the sheep and goats and cattle; creatures he had scarcely noticed before.

He flattered Rafn for his acumen in maintaining an economic independence for his people by encouraging so many homely industries. He swore that the good wives of the island produced better babies and stronger linens than he had ever seen, and consequently was pronounced a delightful and discerning man.

Leif was much entertained as well, but his forced gaiety left him each day a little more weary of it all; and the desire to see Thorgunna increased despite every effort to quell it. And then Fate, who delights to make mock of human conventions, took a hand in the game.

Rafn received an urgent message from an only niece and erstwhile ward. This wilful lady desired him to know that unless he could induce her lord to refrain from kissing every female his roving eye encountered, she would pack her belongings and return to her devoted uncle. Whereat the uncle swore rudely and with considerable heat assured the world at large that he had no intention of letting a passion for serving wenches upset the shining peace of his household. Never, if human might could prevent, should that she-wolf, his niece, take up abode where he dwelt.

Rafn raged at the unreasonableness of females in general. There was no pleasing the hussies. Mischief was their element, and their one ambition was to make man miserable. He called upon Michael, wisest of angels, to prove whether or not he spoke the truth. Had he not been hounded beyond human endurance to find this niece a loving husband? And now his gentle, loving nature offended her! He raged no less at the guest to the doubtful entertainment of his women-folk and house-karls; but at length he admitted that, since no alternative was offered, he might as well go and be done with the disagreeable business. In leaving he was compelled to take along the better part of his warriors, for his way led past many an unfriendly isle where vigilant enemies plotted his destruction.

Leif was ashamed of the eager excitement which swept him when the old chieftain took his departure. He felt that it savored too much of deceit. "It grieveth me, my lord, that the condition of my vessel and the journey before me forbid that I attend thee." Thus he spoke to rout the mockery in his heart.

"Out on thee!" shouted Rafn; "think! I would accept the sacrifice? Be assured it comforts me more to know thee here making safer the retreat of my little doves. Fail not to enliven their dullness. They grow weary enough with the young bloods away." With this jesting command Rafn sailed away, leaving to Leif the freedom of his entire estate and its boundless hospitality.

In the days that followed, while his men repaired and recaulked the "Silver Dragon," Leif drifted into the habit of visiting the women's bower, where the

lady Thorgunna directed the labors of loom and wheel and dye-bath. She was not particularly fond of these occupations, thought so becoming to her sex, but was given to spurts of industry and exhibited a not unpardonable pride in the many beautiful designs she had evolved for the spinners' and weavers' art. But owing to her love of nature she much preferred the study of herbs and roots, and was an adept in their use for medicinal purposes. Beyond most noble women of her day she understood the simpler arts of healing, and was a sympathetic and intelligent dispenser of mercy.

Leif tried to delude himself that the sunny bower with its light, irrelevant chatter of gaily-dressed women, all smilingly occupied at their graceful tasks, was what charmed him with its homely appeal, but his heart was wiser. He could not keep away. Thorgunna drew him as naturally as the magnet draws steel, and with no more artifice, for she was as frightened of her emotions as he was amazed at his growing love. They were both a little helpless, indeed, quite without precedent to guide them; for love played a minor role in Norse unions and was not looked upon with favor. Indeed, to be the object of a man's infatuation was considered a disgrace and an affront the family might punish as it deemed fit.

But in Leif was foreshadowed a new type. Meditation charmed him as much as action, and he preferred the solution of the mystery to the forcing of an issue. Where his forefathers had wanted to seek and to conquer, Leif wanted to understand, to measure and to weigh. So now this strange emotion, playing such havoc with his peace of mind, was first of all curiosity whose caprice he must follow. Thus perhaps the first Norseman to sail a slim keel into unsounded waters considered — and was shipwrecked.

Thorgunna appeared serene enough. She moved about her tasks in a manner graceful and dignified; quite the reserved Norse lady, but careful to veil the splendor of her eyes. It was well it was so, for in truth she moved in a breathless world, tense and troubled like the sea before a storm. And deep in her heart something as old as the sunlit moors of ancient Andalusia clamored joyously awaiting its release.

THUS were these two caught in the shining web of their love and wholly unable to escape. But when the sweet confusion of this sudden infatuation subsided, Thorgunna awakened to the dangers of their situation. She reflected that women, everywhere, have a subtle gift of prying out the secrets of the heart — serving-women no less than others—and that gossip might be made a formidable weapon in the hands of the malicious. Moreover, she knew that on an estate such as her father's there were those who, eager for self-aggrandizement, stood ready to take advantage of another's folly. Leif could not have escaped the common fate of favorites; many a jealous eye was fixed upon him, and she trembled lest he should betray by word or deed a sentiment liable to be misconstrued and used against him.

Anxious for his safety rather than her own, Thorgunna had recourse to a practice no less dangerous. To get Leif away from the sharp eyes of her women she proposed a reckless frolic. She proposed, herself, to show him over the many beauty spots of the estate, the heaths, tarns, and the far-secluded mountain lochs. Altogether delightful were these outings and the comradeship resulting therefrom; but quite possibly had Leif been less nobly born Elspeth, that loving old termagant and Thorgunna's childhood nurse, would never have countenanced such unbecoming conduct.

As it was she scolded and grumbled and wrung her hands in dismay when, one cloudless morning, Thorgunna suggested that a trip to the bird isles would be especially interesting at this time of year. Thorgunna laughed at the old women, teased [Continued on page 68]



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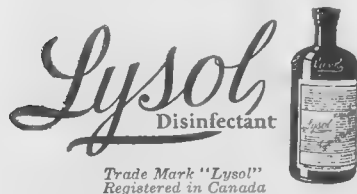
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PLANTERS

SALTED PEANUTS

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 67

her prettily, and with a kiss sent her packing to order the boat.

Still, when old Elspeth had hobbled off to do her bidding, Thorgunna suffered a panicky moment. There was a look in Leif's eyes which shattered her assurance... It was a mad thing to do... Nervously she sought to excuse herself. The maids of Greenland would relish a description of her pavilion, pitched a thousand feet above the thunderous sea, and of the thousands of birds inhabiting the isles.

Leif shrugged his shoulders and smiled mischievously at her as he returned. "So thou would'st make of me a scald for the maids of Greenland? Truth, it were more agreeable to be my lady Thorgunna's boatswain!"

"Thou shalt be my thrall this day, never fear! 'Tis a heavy sea to the isles. But know, my merry wit, that there is a prudence in my mind. As thou mayest comprehend, the time draws near for gathering the eiderdown. In making this early visit I shall know the better how many maids to send to the picking."

"Thy reasons are admirable, my lady, but I would they were—less so!"

"Ah, me," she reproached him gaily, "'tis ever the lot of women to be ridiculed when they are most serious. But is not that Elspeth waving yonder?"

It was, indeed, and she wished them a safe journey, though she doubted not that such madness were flying in the face of Providence.

"Elspeth, wilt come with us, my jealous one? The sea hath a croon to it like thy dear old voice," Thorgunna teased her, knowing how she hated the water.

"Nay, God forbid! Were I worth my salt 'tis thee I should hinder as well. But alas, my days are done."

"Poor Elspeth, she hath a tender conscience and a wilful charge to account for," Thorgunna laughed merrily, and busied herself with a silken veil to confine her glorious hair.

"And wisdom no less," said Leif wick- edly, bowing to the wrinkled crone; "wise is he who knoweth when to bide at home, nor seeketh unnecessary dangers—'tis all in the High Ode of the Sibyl."

"A penguin for your Sibyl!" snapped Elspeth. "Be off, then, and make haste with this caper. Were my lord to come and find ye gone 'tis my bones would pay the penalty."

With this gloomy prediction dinning in their ears, the young people hurried to the beach, where Thorgunna's little pleasure boat rocked in the gentle swell.

A smiling day was this. The sea lay before them arched in serpentine billows, grey and cobalt and amethyst, a shining causeway stretching into infinity. And so these two immortal lovers flung prudence to the winds and, fleeing from prying eyes, slipped away into the freedom of the sea's eternal lawlessness.

Strangely tranquil was that majestic sea, lazily sunning itself under a blue sky like some amorous creature wearied of past turbulence and eager for peace. The steady booming of its waves breaking on the receding strand made a pleasant sound, half murmur and half chant. Here and there huge rocks stood revealed like grinning monsters when the swell rolled back, and on these black and evil jetties the waters leaped and danced in ever-changing rainbow effects.

Leif sent the little craft along like a skimming sea-bird, his heart as light as the pleasant task, his eyes seldom leaving the lovely face before him. Thorgunna kept silent until the fullness of her heart became unbearable. Then she sang. And her songs were plaintive and haunting, such as Leif had never heard before.

"Thou hast captured the lilt of the thrush and singest a song foreign to these climes," he hazarded.

Her eyes glowed. "Truth, these be foolish airs and mayhap displeasing to a warrior's ears. They lack the vigor of the Norse chant."

"Of chants I think but little," he answered shortly, "but the thrush is Beauty's own priestess." [Cont'd on page 69]

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Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 68

"What a flatterer thou art, my lord! Most assuredly thou wilt be welcome at Olaf's court."

Leif frowned at this. "Would it were less distant, or my need less great! But today let us forget duty and the King."

Thorgunna's laugh rang out merrily. "Truth again! The noble King standeth little in need of vagrant loyalty. But poor Happiness hath ever a feeble reign and needeth advocates. Away with melancholy and the court of kings!"

A little later the approach to the isles was heralded by clamoring gulls and screeching terns.

"Oh, my beauties, what a noisy cloud of silver ye are!" Thorgunna exclaimed in unfeigned delight over the birds. A seeming myriad, they whirled and darted, screaming their nervous cries; now circling the cliffs, their wings glinting in the sunlight; now swooping to the breast of the sea to flirt with the cool salt spray.

The passage in and out amongst the rocky islands was highly dangerous. The sea rolling in, mile upon mile, flung back upon itself, roared its defiance and returned to the attack with redoubled fury. In evil weather the raging spray was tossed in pillars skyward, completely obliterating the treacherous rocks, and even on a day such as this a fine white mist dazzled and blinded the eyes.

But to Leif, accustomed as he was to the angry Greenland seas, it seemed the rarest sport to flaunt these dazzling breakers, and ere long he had gained the little tickle which led into a peaceful semi-circular haven—a blissful bay shut in by towering cliffs.

Thorgunna's pavilion was built on the highest of these cliffs. It was a huge tent, made of tanned hides, oiled and painted. Its furnishings were designed to accommodate the women whose duty it was to gather the valuable down from the eiders, whose nests were scattered by thousands over the islands. Skins were strewn about the earthen floor for comfort, and broad, low bench invited rest. On a rude table stood a cuse for water and a wooden dipper. The dipper, as well as the cuse, was marked with a cross to insure safety against the evil spirits who delighted in poisoning drinking water.

Flat stones were laid all down the centre of the tent that fires might be kindled against cold, and for illumination by night. Along the walls were several chests containing blankets, rolls of coarse cotton, dried herbs against sudden illness, and many other suchlike necessities.

The tent faced the east and commanded a magnificent view of the lesser cliffs and the sea beyond. From this high vantage-place Leif and Thorgunna gazed down upon the cool mirror of the tiny bay. So clear, so still it was, that the shadow of a swooping wing looked black upon its bosom.

But now that they had reached their destination Thorgunna grew frightened and wished herself away. Not so Leif. He saw nothing to regret and much to be enjoyed. Stretched at her feet in lazy grace he smiled his pleasure; half quizzical, it is true, for he was reluctant to acknowledge as serious an attachment which must, at all events, end so shortly.

Thorgunna was lovely and gracious—but who was he to aspire to such loveliness. He, Leif, Ericson, scion of a ruined house, with his world yet to conquer! There was time enough ahead for such morbid reflection; today he meant to live in the pleasures of the moment.

A pair of eagles sailed past them on golden wings and his eyes followed them admiringly. "What a throne thou hast, my Queen. Mayhap it marks the spot whence the gods looked down and found the earth and its dwellers delectable. See that proud fellow preening on yonder ledge near the water—a vain idolatrous courtier, and small wonder when he hath so fair a sovereign to adore."

"Fie! Thou hast an oily tongue, my lord. 'Tis his own sweet reflection charms him. Forsooth hadst thou so green a habit, I fear me, vanity would have thee for its own, nor wisdom ever

claim thee. 'Tis plain it's none too precious to thee now! Were I about to undertake a dangerous journey thou would'st find me more heedful of the truth," she sighed prettily, as she toyed with her silver chaplet.

"Truth?" he repeated mockingly. "Truth? Why, never hath the virtue been dearer!" 'Tis said that the heart atrophied under a royal venture . . . I doubt it not, since thou art cruel enough to remind me of the emptiness ahead."

"What folly to speak thus disparagingly of the court of our noble King. Yet I spoke in part seriously. Thou wilt not take it amiss . . . Oh, Leif, 'tis true . . . It affrighteth me—thy heathenism!"

It was out at last and she trembled for his anger; but instead he laughed at her—laughed at her with a caress in his eyes, for had she not betrayed herself adorably?

"Oh, Leif, it affrighteth me . . ." Enheartening knowledge! Delightful tenderness!

Laughing still, he caught her little hand and pressed it to his heart. "Adorable one, mark how this heathen heart beats for thee."

She snatched her hand away, swift anger tormenting her. What a fool she had been! Of course he made light of her. She had amused him with her reckless abandon. What Norseman could ever understand her? In that moment of wounded pride Thorgunna felt she hated that lovely forbear who had bestowed upon her the precious gift of swift raptures and tender sensibility.

"Thou forgettest I am a Christian," she retorted, her helplessness giving an edge to her voice; "a Christian, my lord, and therefore serious."

Nothing daunted, Leif recovered the unfriendly hand again and kissed the tender little palm. "Thou art right," he whispered. "I have forgotten all things . . . honor, wisdom, glory. All things but this—that thou art here and that I love thee. . . ."

A frightened cry escaped Thorgunna and she jumped to her feet. . . .

"Oh, have a care, my lord; thy foolery passeth endurance. Let us away, I implore thee!"

Leif was at her side in an instant. Serious now, he barred her way.

"My lady, whatever thine opinion of Leif Ericson, this at least thou must believe: his love is sincere; despise it if thou wilt, but know it to be true."

It was too much; the hurt in his voice cut her to the quick. Repentant. She looked at him and in looking was lost.

"Oh, Leif," she moaned, "'tis surely fate!"

"My beloved," he assured her, "in all the world there is none like thee, none else so unutterable lovely; none other shall I love till I die!"

THE passion of these lovers was no ordinary one. With all the fervor such deep and noble natures invariably possessed, they loved, and, admitting love, denied it nothing. Yet, notwithstanding their joy in each other, this happiness had its alloy. They had no penchant for clandestine pleasures; it was galling to their pride.

Thorgunna derived comfort from the belief that this was her fate. And why not? This was not the first time that those of her blood had snatched at love under difficulty. She understood now how the captive may come to love the captor. Leif, on the other hand, reviled himself bitterly. Not that he loved her less, but that his sense of honor accused him of having demeaned his love.

Such a mood was upon him one evening shortly after their visit to the bird isles. He had been going over the Silver Dragon—now almost ready for her sailing—and was pacing the strand in gloomy meditation. Here Thorgunna joined him. She had welcome news. A thrall had just arrived with a message from her father; he expected to be home in a day or two, and requested that, were the distinguished Leif not already gone, he do Rafn the honor of awaiting his arrival.

[Continued on page 77]

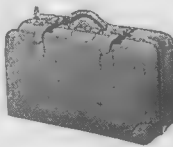
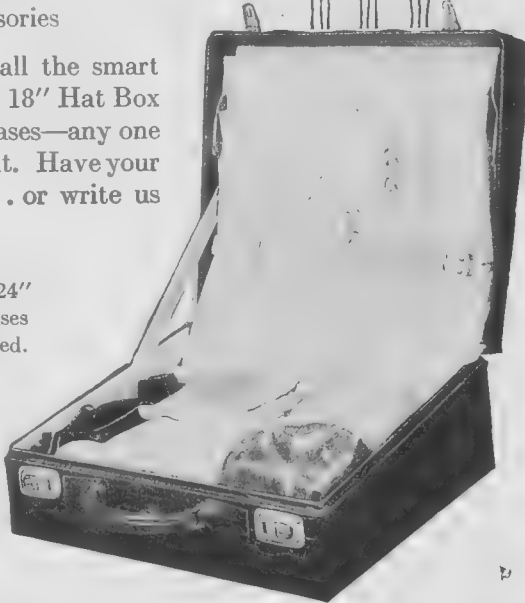
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DURING the past few months, we have heard a great deal about the value of sunlight, and of the exposure of a considerable portion of the human body, to the direct rays of the sun. In what does this value lie? and how much truth is there in it, anyway?

We know now, of seven vitamins, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. Vitamine D is somewhat different from the others, because its functions may be fulfilled by the ultra-violet rays of the sunlight, or from a mercury vapor quartz lamp, which enable the human body, exposed to them, to make its own supply of the vitamine, from a very complex chemical compound, known as ergosterol, which is found in the human skin.

The outstanding function of Vitamine D, is the prevention of rickets, which is a condition in which the mineral metabolism of the body is disturbed, so that the bones do not form normally. In rickets there is a deficiency of lime, or phosphorous, or both, in the blood serum, which necessarily means a lack of these minerals in the bones which are supplied with them from the blood. If phosphorous is the lacking mineral, the weight of the body tends to cause an enlargement of the ends of the bones, particularly the long bones. A low-calcium blood content, causes tetany. If both are lacking, calcification of the bones is retarded. Rickets may be caused by a lack of the minerals in the blood, or in cases where the amount is sufficient, some condition prevails which makes it impossible to utilize the lime and phosphorous. The soft tissues also require a considerable amount of phosphorous, which, if the amount supplied by the food is inadequate, means an insufficient supply for the bones. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that so many cases of rickets in children, are those in which the amount of phosphorous is low, while the calcium content is normal. Perhaps, too, this is why the bad cases of rickets are so frequently found in children who are growing very rapidly. The added weight of the large child, to be supported by bones which are still soft, tends very strongly to aggravate bow-legged and knock-kneed conditions. On the other hand, mal-nourished children frequently suffer from rickets and retarded growth. Thus we see that a number of factors may prevent the bone receiving the amounts of calcium and phosphorous which should be obtained from the food actually taken by the child. Much experimentation has shown that rickets may often be prevented or cured by the direct rays of the sun, or by the administration of Vitamine D in cod liver oil. One may wonder at such a close connection between cod liver oil and sunlight. Cholesterol of animals, especially in the liver of the cod, ergosterol, in the human skin, and phytosterol of plants, are very similar, and are acted upon in the same way, by the ultra-violet rays from the sun, forming the antirachitic substance. The ultra-violet rays are the shortest in wave-length yet discovered, as coming from the sun. They are invisible, cannot pass through ordinary window glass, do not pass readily, if at all, through a heavy layer of dust, smoke, etc., in the atmosphere, and only when the sun

is high in the heavens do we receive the benefit of them. During the winter months in this northern country of ours, it is only at mid-day, that the ultra-violet rays reach us, and at that season of the year, only a very small fraction of our bodies, usually only part of the face, is it possible to expose to them. It

long hours of burning sunlight, to acquire a painfully sunburned and blistered body. Discretion should be used. The eyes and the tender back of the neck should be protected from the too-strong glare of the sun. There is no sense in destroying one's good looks, either, by acquiring a very dark, rough, leathery skin, and bleaching the hair to an unattractive color.

One of the most important discoveries of recent years was that certain foods can be irradiated by ultra-violet rays, and thus supplied with Vitamine D, but we cannot too strongly warn the public against pinning too much faith in the advertisements of such foods. An even stronger warning is needed against the indiscriminate use of mercury vapor quartz lamps, without the advice of a doctor. For much irradiation is as bad as too little.

The richest natural source of Vitamine D is the cod liver oil. Egg yolk, whole milk, and butter also contain it, and in smaller amounts, the fresh vegetables.

Children who have had rickets, are evidently susceptible to respiratory diseases. This may be due to the distortion of the chest, caused by the improper bone development. Children suffering from a shortage of Vitamine D, usually are lacking in Vitamine A also, which induces respiratory ailments.



Fruits should be used very frequently when in season—preferably raw—either alone, or in combination with other foods



Ginger Ale Salad

is for this reason, that all good hospitals, and baby specialists, strongly recommend giving to babies, all through, their infancy, from one to three tablespoons of cod liver oil, daily, to prevent rickets.

Perhaps the most universally adopted fads of the year, is that of acquiring a coat of tan, on a goodly portion of one's body, but like all fads, it can easily be carried to extremes. A helpless small child should not be dressed in a "sun-suit", then sent out in the

Desserts for the Hottest Days

The dessert may round out the summer menu, supplying what is lacking in the rest of the meal. Protein may be difficult to supply, so may here be used in the form of milk or eggs, and sometimes gelatin. It should not entail too much work, and must be attractive. There seems to be something especially appealing about a gelatin dessert on a very hot day. With the addition of lettuce or cress and salad dressing, it may combine salad and dessert. It has the additional advantage of being made hours, or even a day or two before wanted, to the great satisfaction of the person responsible for the meals.

Peach Sponge

Sugar 1 c	Canned peaches 1 c
Water 2 c	Gelatin 2 tb.
Peach syrup 1 c	Orange—juice of 1
Egg whites 2	Lemon juice 1 tb.

Make a syrup by boiling for 5 minutes, the sugar and water, using less sugar if the peaches are rather sweet. Add the gelatin, soaked in cold water, the peaches cut in small pieces, the fruit juices, when beginning to thicken, beat it, and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serve with cream, whipped cream, or boiled custard.

Apricot Sponge

Follow the recipe for peach sponge, using canned apricots instead of peaches.

Strawberry Bavarian

Cold water 4 tb.	Lemon juice 1 tb.
Gelatin 1 tb.	Sugar ½ c.
Strawberries 1 c	Cream ¾ c.

Soak the gelatin in the cold water, then melt by setting it over the tea kettle of hot water. Add to the strawberries, crushed, the sugar and lemon juice; stirring to prevent the berries sinking to the bottom. When it begins to thicken, [Continued on page 73]

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COCOANUT LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. 2 cups pastry
1 cup sugar. flour.
2 eggs. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon
1 teaspoon salt.
flavoring. $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk.
2 teaspoons
Magic Baking Powder.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, add flavoring; beat eggs very light and gradually beat them into the butter and sugar. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, and salt, add lightly to first mixture alternately with milk; turn into greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

Butter Cream Icing Recipe and method of applying Coconut sent on request.

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fold in the cream which has been whipped till stiff. Mold.

Many other fruits, fresh or canned, may be used in the same way.

Lemon Snow

Gelatin 2 tb. Sugar 1 c.
Cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Lemon—juice of 1
Boiling water $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. large or $1\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Whites of eggs—3.

Make by the usual method, folding in the stiffly beaten egg whites when it begins to thicken, mold, and serve with a custard made of:—

Egg yolks—3 Sugar 4 t.
Milk 2 c. Salt—a speck
Vanilla 1 t.

Coffee Cream

Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Coffee infusion $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Milk, rich, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Egg yolks 3
Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Egg whites 3
Gelatin 1 tb. Vanilla 1 t.

Heat the coffee, milk, sugar, and salt in the double boiler. Pour on the well-beaten egg yolks, return to the double boiler and stir over the hot water, till the mixture coats a silver spoon. Stir in the gelatin which has been softened in cold water. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites, and vanilla and mold. Serve with cream. This amount of sugar may not be enough for some tastes.

Spanish Cream

Having a foundation of milk and eggs, this makes an excellent dessert for a rather light meal.

Milk 3 c. Egg yolks 3
Gelatin 1 tb. Egg whites 3
Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Vanilla 1 t.

Scald the milk, gelatin, sugar and salt in the double boiler. Pour over the egg yolks, beaten, return to the double boiler, and stir till it coats the spoon. Add the flavoring and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, mold in individual molds, and serve with cream. If put in one large mold, use $1\frac{1}{4}$ tb. gelatin. The flavor may be varied by (1) caramelizing the sugar in a frying pan before adding it to the hot milk. (2) Steeping 2 tb. of coffee in the milk till scalding, then straining it. (3) Adding 1 or more tb. of chocolate or cocoa. (4) Using other flavors than vanilla. (5) Adding colors such as red, to make a pink dessert. But flavored jelly powders must not be used, as they contain acid, which will curdle the milk.

One of the most refreshing of all summer salads is:

Ginger Ale Salad

Gelatin 2 tb. Ginger ale $1\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Boiling water 1 c. Lemon—juice of 1.
Lettuce Salad dressing

Fruit or vegetables

Soak the gelatin in the cold water, and dissolve, with the sugar, in the boiling water. When cooled, add the ginger ale and lemon juice. When beginning to stiffen, add to it any desired fruits or cooked vegetables, or such raw vegetables as shredded cabbage or celery, slices of olives, slices of hard-cooked eggs, nuts, etc. Mold. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

Date Custard

In serving dishes, put dates which have been wiped, stoned and cut in quarters. Over them pour a custard made of 4 c. milk, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. or less of sugar, a spk. of salt, 1 t. vanilla, and cooled. On each dish may if wished, be put a spoonful of whipped cream. Sprinkle with cocoanut.

Marshmallow Cocoanut Custard

Cocoanut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Eggs 2
Marshmallows 18 Sugar $1\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Walnut meats $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Milk 2 c.
Vanilla 1 t.

In a buttered bake dish, put half of the cocoanut. On this put the marshmallows cut in quarters, and sprinkle with the broken nutmeats. Cover with the remaining cocoanut. Mix together the well-beaten eggs, sugar, milk, and vanilla. Pour carefully over the ingredients in the bake dish, set in a dish of water in the oven, and bake till a knife comes out clean, and serve cold.

Cocoanut Blanc Mange

Milk 4 c. Egg whites 3
Cornstarch $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Cocoanut 1 c.
Vanilla 1 t.

Cook the milk, cornstarch, sugar and salt in the double boiler for half an hour. Add the cocoanut and cook for ten or fifteen minutes longer. Add the vanilla and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Mold. Turn out and decorate with cocoanut. Serve with cream or boiled custard.

Date Tapioca

Tapioca $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Boiling water $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. Dates
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Lemon juice 1 tb.

Soak the tapioca over night in cold water. Drain, add boiling water, and salt and cook till clear, in the double boiler. Add the sugar, dates, pitted, and cut in pieces, and the lemon juice. Chill and serve with cream.

Pineapple Tapioca

Use the above recipe, adding in place of the dates, sliced pineapple cut in small cubes. A little less water, and some pineapple juice may be used.

Tapioca Custard

Hot milk 1 qt. Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Tapioca $2\frac{1}{3}$ c. Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Eggs 3 Butter 1 tb.
Vanilla 1 t.

Cook the tapioca, which has been soaked in cold water, in the hot milk in a double boiler for half an hour. Beat the eggs, add the sugar, salt and vanilla, and slowly pour on them the hot milk and tapioca. Stir well, add the butter, and pour into a buttered baking dish. Cook in a slow oven till a silver knife comes out clean.

Caramel Pudding

Brown sugar 1 c. Cold water $1\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Butter $1\frac{1}{3}$ c. Salt $1\frac{1}{3}$ t.
Boiling water 3 c. Vanilla 1 t.
Cornstarch 6 tb. Walnut meats $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Cook the sugar and butter together till they are a rich golden brown. Add the boiling water, and the cornstarch mixed with the cold water. Stir till smooth. Cook 45 minutes in the double boiler, stirring often. Add the salt, vanilla and nuts. Serve with plain cream.

Green Apple Sauce

Wash green apples, cut in pieces and remove the cores, but do not pare. Simmer with a very small amount of water, till tender. Sweeten with brown sugar.

Summer Meals From Your Garden

The fullest possible use should be made of our gardens while the vegetables are in use. There is no reason why we should not eat some of them for breakfast, if we wish. We have pleasant memories of a very hot Sunday morning in which the outstanding item in the breakfast menu was delicious bread and butter and a huge bowl of freshly gathered water cress.

[Continued on page 74]

Facts About Tea series—No. 5.

Tea—a Warrior's Reward

So rare and highly prized was the fine tea leaf in China that in the 4th century A.D. "a small quantity of it, inclosed in a little jar of pottery used to be given to warriors as a reward for deeds of special prowess and the fortunate recipients assembled their relatives and friends to partake of the precious gift."

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There are so many greens available it is hard to keep up with them. When the rows of beets need thinning, wash the leaves, stems and roots thoroughly. cook in the smallest possible amount of water till tender. Drain, add salt, pepper, butter, and if wished, a little vinegar. If the tender little roots are large enough, they may be separated from the leaves after boiling, and either have vinegar added, to use them as pickles, or served hot with butter for a vegetable at another meal.

PEACHES FOR PLEASURE

By Barbara B. Brooks

AT THIS time of year—just before fresh fruits are plentiful—canned fruits fill an important place in our menus. Probably the most used canned fruit is the peach. It has a flavor which nearly everyone likes and which blends well with other foods.

A simple dessert is made by steaming rice with milk. Put one cup of rice, one teaspoon of salt and three cups of milk into the top of a double boiler and steam until tender. Press into a buttered mold to cool. Unmold into a glass serving dish and arrange on the top and sides halves of canned peaches which have been drained and rolled in macaroon crumbs. Pour the peach juice around the mold.

Another peach dessert is prepared by draining the half peaches and rolling them in corn flake crumbs. Place them in a baking dish, dot with butter and brown in a hot oven. Serve with a sauce of thickened peach juice. Melt one tablespoon of butter and blend it with one tablespoon of flour. Add one cup of peach juice and cook, stirring until thickened. Add one tablespoon of chopped preserved ginger before serving.

Peaches are often used in salad. Sometimes the centres are filled with cottage cheese which has been seasoned. It may be mixed with chopped pecans and chopped preserved ginger. Serve on a bed of lettuce and use a cream dressing.

Canned peaches are delicious with ready-to-eat cereal and are often used for breakfast in this way. They are especially good with corn flakes. Some people chop canned peaches and mix them with honey to serve with hot griddle cakes. The syrup from these peaches may be used for basting a baked ham or for flavoring gelatine desserts.

Canned sliced peaches are delicious in many recipes. Do you ever make peach cobbler? Mix a rich baking powder dough, roll into a rectangular piece, dot with butter and cover with drained sliced peaches. Roll as a jelly roll, place in a buttered baking pan, pour the juice around it, dot the top with butter, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with cream or hard sauce.

Canned fruit is convenient to have on hand. It adds flavor to many bland foods. It brings color to otherwise uninteresting looking dishes. It gives variety to menus, especially when fresh fruit is expensive.

THE BASKET LUNCH

THIS is vacation time—a period of rest and recreation. What more delightful vacation pastime do you know of than a picnic in a lovely sheltered spot, perhaps on the bank of a willow-fringed stream? To some people picnic means a camp-fire and a meal cooked in the open, but others prefer simply to open baskets and have the meal all ready prepared.

For this purpose there are many types of picnic hampers equipped with vacuum bottles for hot and cold drinks, containers for sandwiches and salads and enamel cups and plates. If we are fortunate enough to own such a hamper, packing the picnic basket is easy. However, many a delicious picnic repast has been packed with success in a common market basket. [Continued on page 75]

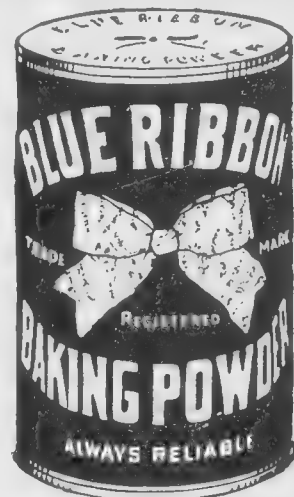
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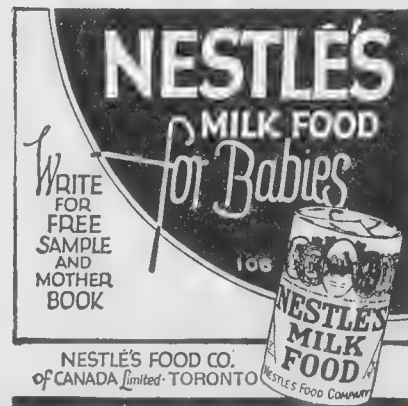
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Some sandwiches which are suitable for the basket lunch are:

Dried Beef and Cheese Sandwich

¾ c dried beef ¼ c chopped celery
¼ c grated cheese Tomato soup

Mix dried beef, cheese, and celery thoroughly and add enough tomato soup to moisten. Spread between slices of rye or bran bread.

Fried Ham and Onion Sandwich

2 large dill pickles ½ lb. smoked ham,
1 small Spanish onion seasoned and fried
½ c Mayonnaise quite brown

Put ham, pickles and onion through a food chopper and mix with mayonnaise. Spread between slices of bread.

Egg and Olive Sandwich

¼ c chopped, ripe 2 hard cooked eggs
olives Mayonnaise

Chop the eggs and mix with olives and mayonnaise. Spread between slices of white or bran bread.

Cream Cheese and Raspberry Jam Sandwich

Make a three-deck sandwich, using cream cheese between slices one and two and jam between slices two and three.

All sandwiches should be wrapped in wax paper to insure their keeping fresh.

"GOOD OLD TIMES AND BETTER NEW ONES."

IN A book called "The Good Old Times" there is an account of a custom which is still carried on by the English kings—that of observing their birthdays by conferring certain honors on the worthy and by making gifts to the poor. This custom is centuries old, and in the early days there would be brought before the ruler as many poor men as the monarch was years old. The alms distributed generally consisted of a purse containing silver pence of the number of years celebrated, some clothing, a loaf of bread, a platter of fish and drink of some sort. At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign an additional sum of money was substituted in lieu of the provisions.

It is a generous plan to give presents on one's birthday and revise the usual order of things. It is also a generous plan to give oneself a present, selfish as this sounds. The wisest gift to oneself is a visit to the doctor's office to have a thorough physical examination. This is an investment which will bear interest all through the year and often save losses from avoidable illness. "Keep well instead of get well" is a good personal slogan.

Physicians today are almost sure to ask about the diet because there are many conditions which can be corrected by food, even better than by medicine. One of these is anemia. This disease is caused by lack of iron and the cure is effected by diet. Some of the foods rich in iron are liver, beef, wheat-bran, egg yolks, and green vegetables.

Here are some suggestions for a day's meals which will furnish this important mineral:

Breakfast
Stuffed Prunes Bacon and eggs
Bran bread toast Cocoa

Luncheon
Baked beans and brown bread
Fruit salad
Molasses Cookies Milk

Dinner
Baked potatoes Spinach
All-bran muffins
Green salad
Caramel custard Caffeine-free coffee

JAMS AND JELLIES IN A JIFFY

GONE are the days when the kitchen steamed all day with boiling jelly—when all available tables were covered with bottles and jars—when the jelly-maker herself came to the end of this imperfect day stained, hot and tired.

The 1929 method is to make a few glasses of jelly or jam at a time, cook it quickly, seal it and hide it from the family so that it will be ready for the lean fruit months. Six or eight glasses of jelly will not tire anyone and made on several days during each special fruit's season will net a result which does honor to any preserve closet.

Among the best fruits for jelly are currants, red raspberries (slightly under-ripe), grapes and apples and crab apples. Other fruits can be used by combining them with a juice rich in pectin, or by using commercial pectin.

Look the fruit over carefully. Add a small amount of water to juice fruits and cover the hard fruits, such as apples. Cook until tender and strain through a jelly bag, without squeezing.

Do not attempt to use more than two quarts of juice at a time. Use a ten quart kettle. Boil the juice rapidly for five minutes, add the sugar and stir until it is dissolved. Usually two-thirds of a cup of sugar to each cup of juice will give a jelly of the right consistency. Boil rapidly until the jelly test is obtained (two drops which flow together and sheet from the spoon). Pour into clean, hot glasses. When cool and set, cover with hot paraffin.

Jelly is served with a spread for bread or hot biscuits; as a garnish or relish with meat; for jelly cake or jelly jumbles.

Here are recipes for filled cookies and jelly muffins.

Jelly Cookies

1 cup butter 2 tsp. baking powder
1 cup brown sugar ¼ teaspoon salt
3½ cups flour ½ cup water
2 cups corn flakes Jelly

Cream the butter, add the sugar, and beat thoroughly. Add the flour, which has been sifted with the baking powder and salt, then the water, and last the corn flakes. Roll the cookie dough thin, and cut into rounds. Spread one round with jelly and put a second layer on top, pressing the edges together. Bake in a moderate oven (370°F.) for ten to twelve minutes.

Jelly Corn-meal Muffins

1 cup corn meal 4 tsp baking powder
1 cup flour 1 egg
½ teaspoon salt 2 tbps shortening
1 cup milk Jelly

Mix and sift the corn meal, flour, salt and baking powder. Add the milk gradually, then the well-beaten egg, and melted fat. Fill greased muffin tins one-fourth full, put a teaspoon of jelly on the top of the batter in each cup, cover the jelly with more batter and bake in a hot oven 400°F.).

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Waxen Ladies' at \$300 Apiece

New Light on "White Slave" Traffic of Our Shops and Stores

By Ignatius Phayre

"ILN'Y a qu' à Paris!" is a famous boast. And what it means is this: "All things of luxury and fine taste are to be found in Paris—and nowhere else!" Paris we know as the seat and centre of the world's fashions. But also in its secret studios are moulded those lovely houris in wax, papier mâché and plaster who pose and smile, and all but beckon us to buy "the latest" from the plate-glass windows of stores and shops all over the globe. Male figures are also made; but in their case I must let the Artist-Director explain his peculiar problems.

I sat with this Creator in a vast "haunted" hall of the Faubourg Montmartre. Every known type of lay figure surrounded us, from the fat man of 200 lbs. or so (to carry "out-sizes" in suits!) to the exquisite fairies of gossamer lingerie and elaborate groups of the salon and ball-room and race-course.

"I thought the living mannequin had all but put these out of business?" I began with a wave of my hand at the ghostly company. "After all, a trained girl of beautiful face and form shows how frocks and cloaks and all the toilette etceteras can be 'carried'."

"True. But the living model is worse than useless in a shop window; whereas the lay-figure focusses attention on the goods to be sold. There must be no distraction in the psychology of a sale. One season Vienna asked us for mechanical girls who could use a powder-puff and lip-stick! Then Rome ordered lively beauties who could smoke a cigarette! New York and Chicago went much farther on their own account. And remember, America has all the money, as well as an inventive genius that surprises even Paris with its daring and resource!"

"They put regular 'robots' in their windows over there. Figures that walked, and even talked about the garments they wore! But all these stunts are commercial failures in the retail trade. They draw a crowd, of course. But the crowd sees only the figures! Their very popularity was their undoing."

"Moreover, ladies out shopping are on business bent, and do not appreciate these oddities. And the merchants want them to come in and buy! We tried metal figures with cubist decorations instead of heads—just a ball with a long hat pin thrust through it. These were much less efficient 'salesladies' than the waxen girl of perfect face and alluring poise."

"Of course, the new coiffures made a revolution in this waxen world of art. Quite likely you'll find our scrapped Eves in country stores and far lands. Here in Paris we have for this work the ablest artists—men who can carve a marble bust as Canova could, or Houdon himself. They work from living models—of course, according to the nation that is buying. London types we can sell in New York, and vice-versa. But figures for our own Boulevard Stores will not "go" in Berlin. And obviously, Madrid and Rome require "singles" and "groups"—both male and female—of quite different coloring and features from those we send to Moscow or Stockholm."

"For hard wear"—the Creator pursued—"the papier mâché figure is best. With moulded hair and delicate tints, done by a real sculptor from the ideal 'life,' this type costs less than half the price of her waxen sister. But nothing can ever equal wax for transparent illusion of living charm".... "A girl like that now"—He pointed out a dainty coquette—"will sell for \$300, and needs as much care as any popular actress!"

"Or look at this mature lady, with grey hair hallowing her fiftieth year. She has been a striking success both here in Paris, as well as in London and New York. I mean, for selling the more matronly gowns together with hats, shoes, parasols and bags. Believe

me, your skilled window-dresser has to know the trade-value of every figure in his—"

"Harem?" I ventured softly.

"Armoury!" he correctel gravely.... "Even at \$150 or \$200 each, our waxen ladies represent a small fortune in a huge department-store. And the finer they are as works of art, the greater is their selling power in a high-class shop. Naturally, our most costly and delicate girls go into the splendid salons of the grands couturiers of Paris. I mean, those very exclusive 'Houses' of the Place Vendôme and Rue de la Paix, where every client is a person of rank and distinction, able to pay large sums for frocks and furs and filmy trifles of exclusive design."

I was here shown masterpieces designed and moulded by artists of International fame. And I noticed that the 'sports'-girl and amazon on horseback or in the shooting-butts was quite a different type from the diaphanous fragilities of the dance-floor or the dinner-party.

"Such figures need careful treatment," I was told. "A very hot day behind glass can melt these beauties utterly. Or features and fingers snap off, and complexions lose their radiant freshness".... "Yes, they can be repaired—but are never quite the same again!"

"Most window-dressing is done at night," the Artist-Director reminded me. "It is a branch apart, as you know, and real artists of display are very highly paid, as they should be. The skilful dresser and grouper has his own secret make-up; so that his 'singles' or 'groups' may look equally well at noonday as in the glare of arc-lamps, or electric light. One genius I have in mind has studied make-up in the theatres and cinema-centres. He knows that grease-paint is hopeless for these waxen complexions. But he has evolved a technique of his own which is the despair of all rivals, who inspect his waxen 'family' and marvel at their glowing loveliness."

"The public have no idea of the expense and thought lavished on these dummy figures of sale. A modest matron's garment shown on a too-highly colored 'lady' is simply so much window-space wasted. Better hang that gown on a peg! Or again, an evening-frock glittering with paillettes or diamanté should never be put on a very pallid figure. So the displayer must be both a psychologist and a physiologist! He needs the true artist's instinct; for in this matter the "fitness of things" has a peculiar significance. When draping his figure the displayer is really baiting a trap. So he must co-ordinate at once the trap the bait—and the—"

"Victim?" I put in bluntly.

"Purchaser," he corrected me calmly.

"First-class stores," I was told—"scrap their layfigures quickly. The silhouette of women's clothes so often changes. So do the hairdressing modes. And then the 'life' of our most alluring 'ladies' is but a brief one."

What becomes of out-of-date figures—those with faded cheeks, dulled eyes, chipped noses, missing fingers and other wounds?... My opulent Paris artist took no interest in these "damaged goods." No doubt they were patched up and installed in obscure shops, where clients were less fastidious and impressionable.

"And the figures of men?" I put to him at last.

"They are never satisfactory," I was astonished to hear. "Feminine charm can be readily expressed in wax plaster or papier mâché! But to make a waxen 'gentleman' seems to be almost impossible. Look and judge for yourself, even in shops of the highest grade, whose display-men try to arrange mountaineering or tennis-tableaux. The women are delicious; the men and boys either stiff or namby-pamby." Our Creator sighed over his singular failure in his art. [Continued on page 78]



Rheumatism

Minard's is the enemy of all rheumatic troubles. Rub it in thoroughly and often.

It eases the pain, supple the joints, puts new life into the tissues.

Rub it in 63



TELL YOUR FRIENDS

who are not already subscribers to the Western Home Monthly that it stands for real sound progressive Canadianism. That each issue contains most informative articles and editorials and fascinating but wholesome fiction.

No one should miss the new serial from the pen of Laura Goodman Salverson which commences this month. The writer needs no introduction to the Western Home Monthly readers and the story "Lord of the Silver Dragon" has a romantic and thrilling realism about it which is entirely different.

To Storekeepers

As we are selling large quantities of eggs direct to consumers we are in a position to give you better prices. Trial shipment solicited.

References, Bank of Montreal.

MACLEAN'S GROCERY
157 Scott Street - Winnipeg

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 69

This added courtesy increased Leif's loathing of himself. He despised himself for having abused his host's honorable trust; hated himself thoroughly, and saw no way out of his dilemma. Thorgunna loved him the more for this display of honest feeling.

"My lord, temper thy judgment," she entreated. "So great a love as ours could not have sprung from bickering and pride. The thought of being offered up in marriage like some choice merchandise hath ever offended my taste. Besides, we are Christians here and are come to know how fair a thing is affection."

"'Tis well thou has a high heart, my beloved. Yet is my fault no less grievous for that. Nay, 'tis time I were at Olaf's court. Success or failure in that mission—this alone decideth our future. Failing the King's favor . . . there are darker alternatives! But, with Greenland's safety assured, my lord father would send an army, if needs be, to contract for so fair a daughter."

This thought was enheartening and Leif plunged with eagerness into the final preparations for the voyage. Then came Rafn, calling a halt to every activity. He had ten kegs of Celtic wine, two hinds, and a dozen spiced cheeses—the wages of righteous judgment—and these his guests must sample. Not only Rafn, but all his kinsmen, must feast the adventurers, and fearing to offend so mighty a clan, Leif was forced to accept their lavish hospitality.

Thus were many days squandered; days of restless boredom to Leif except for the stolen moments with Thorgunna. But eventually the day dawned when the Silver Dragon was pronounced ready for her voyage and her crew sober enough to sail a straight course.

With the dreaded separation close upon her, Thorgunna grew panic-stricken. Moreover, these last days had revealed a new complication, and one of which Leif must be informed. Under the pretext of desiring to exchange eider-down for Greenland freize, Thorgunna contrived to get Leif away to the isles. But this time Elspeth was compelled to go along, despite her aversion for any body of water larger than the laundry pool. The whole thing was a trial to her. Added to her terror of the sea was an intuitive fear that all was not as it should be. She suspected Thorgunna's gaiety; doubted Leif's sincerity, and, in general, anticipated trouble. As a consequence she reached the isles in a state of peevish exhaustion and was glad enough to seek repose in Thorgunna's pavilion.

Meanwhile the lovers lived again the sweet raptures of that first island visit, forgetful for the moment of the world and its woes. Their respite was all too short. A thousand fears dawned in Thorgunna's soul. With a sudden moaning cry she clung to Leif, her face as white as death and her eyes dark with suffering.

"Oh, my lord, leave me not, I beseech thee. Take me away with thee . . . it matters not whither. Take me away as Norsemen formerly took their loves whither they listed. Nothing affrighteth me; no hardship—nor death itself. Nothing but this separation!"

Leif kissed her troubled eyes and groaned in spirit. What she asked was impossible. Yet how often had he toyed with the thought. If only his life were his own! But the honor of Brattalid was at stake, nor was it possible to evade the obligation owing to the brave fellows who had risked life and happiness to follow him. "My heart's dearest, to bear thee away from thy honored roof-tree, like a robber, were to set an imperishable disgrace upon thine house and name. Nay, ask it not of me, my lady."

A quiver passed through her slender body, but she lifted high her golden head and met his eyes squarely. "Then must I tell thee, my lord, that not I alone will suffer in loneliness when thou art gone . . . but another!"

Leif blanched as her meaning grew clear. Joy, dismay, horror, these in turn

tormented his spirit. "I'll have I kept the honor of mine house!" he groaned, "death were my just reward."

"Now thou seest I must away with thee," she pleaded.

But even in this emotional crisis Leif's ability to reason clearly did not desert him. Yet it only increased his misery, for he understood how heartless reason must seem at such a time. Still, he realized that as things were, of two evils the lesser must be chosen. In the Norse code the individual counted for less than the family. In an agony of remorse he caught Thorgunna to his breast.

"Think not too harshly of me, though my judgment seem cruel! What thinkest thou the result were I to bear thee off from thy powerful sire with a handful of sailors? Capture and dishonor for us; disgrace to the entire clan! Feuds and eternal enmity! This were the result. Nay. We it is who digressed from ways found good by our fathers, and we alone must suffer. When thy trial is at hand, thou wilt find a means of escape. Cruel though it seems, an escape will be offered thee . . . Then must thou come to Greenland, and there, my beloved, will I await thee; my lord father, also, as his honored daughter."

Thorgunna wept sorely for her shattered dream. Just then her warm impulsive nature would have welcomed a rash devotion more than such clear judgment. Yet her faith was unshaken and with characteristic courage she controlled her grief. She even managed a smile, misty, sweet, ineffably touching.

"Dear my lord," she began, slowly choosing her words, "I who am utterly thine, heart, soul and body, I doubt not thy wisdom. As thou sayest, there will be opened up a way . . . 'tis certain . . . my heart tells me. Oh, Leif," she whispered, her cheek against his tortured heart, "this child will I love and cherish, to be thy pride and honor; not thy reproach. Be then of good cheer, my lord, for my heart is reconciled to thy course."

There was nothing more to be said. Heart against heart they suffered in silence; he torn with pity, she more concerned for his safety than her own. But even this bitter sweetness was soon to end. Elspeth recalled them to the tyranny of commonplace things. They had tarried much too long as it was. If her lord were in a frenzy no doubt her old bones would pay the penalty. So she gabbled as she hobbled after them. But when she was safely settled in the little boat her old heart went out to them in pity and understanding. So clearly did she read their misery and suffer with them that for once the sea's turbulence lost its terrors. God only knew where it would end, but at least she, Elspeth, daughter of a humble slave, would give her life if need be in the service of true love.

The following day, just before his departure, Leif managed to slip away to the bower for a last word with the woman he loved. She paled at sight of him, but otherwise gave no sign of what she felt. Quite calm, she dismissed her maids, and as calmly began to inquire into his needs and whether anything might be added for his comfort. But Leif swept aside this womanly forethought and, taking her in his arms, swore anew his eternal devotion.

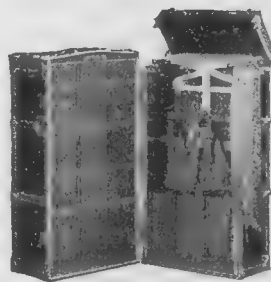
"Thou art my one love, my inspiration, my very god," he assured her.

"Say not so, my lord," she implored in sweet confusion, laying her fingers gently upon his profane lips. Then, taking a little cross from her bosom, she offered it to Leif. "My lord, thou knowest not as yet the message of this symbol, but none remaineth long in ignorance of it in good King Olaf's court. Yet it seemeth more fitting that from me should come the first sign . . . from me who loveth thee over-well! Thou wilt think upon it when Olaf hath entranced thee, for something tells me that in Norway thou wilt find a love greater than mine . . ."

Leif thought little enough of the cross just then, but much of her tender concern. In turn he gave her a mantle of Greenland frieze, [Continued on page 78]



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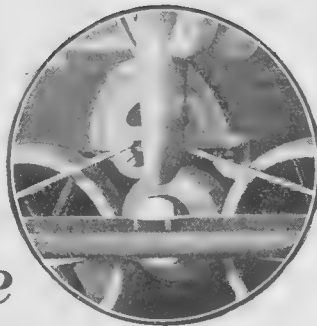
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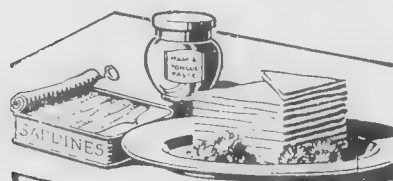
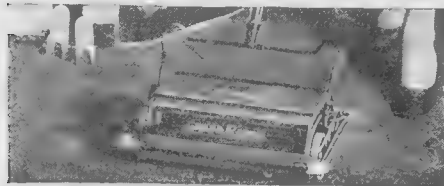
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Sandwiches, ham, tongue, tomatoes and cucumber, fish and meat pastes, salmon or cheese are simply delicious when flavored with H.P. Sauce.

Lord of the Silver Dragon

Continued from page 77

a belt of carved ivory, and a gold clasp he had been wont to wear on his shoulder-straps. "These intimate things I give thee, beloved, so that when thy dark hour dawns thou mayest set forth attired as Leif's wife, honored and upheld. And now may the god of my fathers prosper thee and bring thee to my bosom."

Thorgunna clung to him and kissed him—kissed, too, the sacred cross she had given him. "Nay, my lord Leif," she found strength to respond, "my God is thy God, may He attend thee, and may He suffer my gift to be a talisman in evil days. For it hath been said of me that my perceptions are not of the senses only . . . and it is in my heart that thou art appointed to great deeds."

Some while later Thoruguuna was standing alone, apart from the noisy crowd which thronged the beach to see the departure of the great ship. How proud it appeared, that silver ship! How eager for release! Through a mist of tears she watched the last scurrying activity of the sailors, then saw Leif take his place at the helm. A sudden lull—as on a hive settled in earnest—

descended on the ship, revealing the rowers braced in their places with the remainder of the crew crowded at the foredeck, their arms upraised in salute. One fleeting moment the ship hovered in picturesque repose, her gleaming grace reflected in a cobalt sea. A sight resplendent—all poetry and romance!

A great shout from shore shattered the illusion. The Silver Dragon was waking to life; out from her shining sides the stout oars lifted, poised and fell, the familiar sound striking like a knell upon Thorgunna's sore young heart. Terrible faintness threatened her and she thought she must surely betray herself. Just then a fond though withered arm crept around her waist. "My little one, his eyes are upon thee." It was old Elspeth, and her words were well chosen. Thorgunna flashed to life. Snatching the light veil from her hair, she ran to a nest of rocks high above the sea, and there like a shining goddess waved her sad farewell. Slim and beautiful, a brave smile on her lips, she watched the Silver Dragon fading into the distant blue.

Continued next month.

Waxen Ladies at \$300 Apiece

Continued from page 77

"Perhaps one of these days," he hoped, "we shall get some other material to work in which will convey an impress of true virility. But wax will not do it."

So saying, he gazed around the vast studio, where male effigies sat or stood in scores. They were of all ages from the small boy to hillarious grand-pa in silken dressing-gown and scarlet morocco slippers.

"My sculptors," he went on sadly, "would like to see the stores abolish male figures altogether. Luckily, the demand for them is relatively small. After all, there are few 'fashions' for men; and even they are apt to be vulgar! The full genius for adornment belongs to Woman! Hence the success of those living mannequin-parades—even in the smart hotels, with jewellers lending ropes of real pearls and collars and tiars worth a fortune."

"But the waxen figure has its uses, too, as a mute 'saleslady' of proven worth. She must be all daintiness and provocative grace. She must be lovely to look at whether she wear a cloak of priceless sable or chinchilla, a Court train—or only a filmy cami-knickers you could draw through a ring!"

"Come here tomorrow at ten"—I was bidden at last—"and you'll see our Lionardos and Donatellos in wax moulding a masterpiece from an actress of the Comédie Française. It is next season's model for New York and London. Ah, Monsieur! if only we had in our pockets this moment the price of the goods which that waxen Lady will surely sell! Two hundred figures of my new Aphrodite are on order at \$200 each. Fragile as a dream, tinted like a rose. And yet an Article of Trade—not made for aesthetic delight, but merely to open women's purses!"

Unsung Heroes of Technicolor Films Are the "Juicers"

Electrical Staff Must Remain at Their Posts During Filming of Pictures in Natural Colors—Buckets of Cold Water Passed Up to Them As Work Goes On.

HOLLYWOOD:—Like the stokers in the bowels of a man-o'-war during battle, the "juicers" are the real heroes, unsung and unsung, of the new Technicolor motion pictures.

The "juicers" are the electricians who man the hundreds of lights used in the making of color pictures. These color films require twice the ordinary number of lamps, and the heat they radiate is terrific.

High up in the rafters of the airless, windowless sound stages sit the "juicers" at their lamps. They cannot leave their place of duty, for they may be called upon at any moment.

After each scene the doors are thrown open, the wind machines started and the actors and technicians on the floor permitted to rush out into the fresh air. But the electrician on his high perch stays put, high out of reach of the fresh breezes at the open doors, and in a temperature that oftentimes reaches 125 degrees!

Ice water is sent up to them by means of buckets, raised by ropes from the overhead rafters. The men come down only once during the day at lunch time. For the remainder of the day they are practically prisoners in an oven—all for their art!

At First National-Vitaphone Studios

in Burbank, Calif., several Technicolor pictures are now in the process of production. All are using immense sets, with hundreds of extra people, and as a consequence millions of candle power to light the wide expanse covered by the cameras is required.

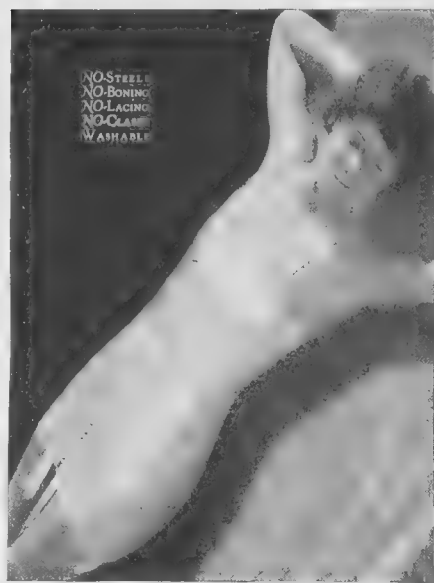
"Footlights and Fools," a story of theatrical life starring Colleen Moore, has color sequence on which more than fifty electricians were required to man the thousand or more lights used.

"Sally," starring Marilyn Miller, has a set representing a garden café, which covers more than two acres, taking up the entire floor space of the studio's biggest stage. When Miss Miller finished her dance number on this set one day recently, the thermometer actually registered 125 degrees on the floor of the stage. Up in the "juicers' heaven" it was even hotter.

On the sets of "Paris," starring Irene Bordoni, the famous French chanteuse, it was necessary to halt the action several times in order to permit the ballet girls to go out into the fresh air before resuming their dances. But the electricians stuck it out without a murmur.

While the ballet master may exhort his girls to "get hot" in their dance numbers, and the Vitaphone orchestra director frequently charges his men to "warm it up" in a jazzy strain, the head electrician never has to resort to such encouragement.

For the "juicers" in these days of Technicolor are always hot!



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Autumn Days Bring Warmer Toggery

6536—Suede, velvet, tweed, angora and jersey weaves are suggested for this stylish jacket. It is fitted at the hips by lengthwise tucks above which the fullness is bloused. Long lapels meet a rolled collar in notches. The sleeve is a fitted model. The fronts are crossed in diagonal lines, and are closed below the lapels with buttons and buttonholes. The jacket may be finished without the sleeves.

The Pattern for this popular style is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. To make a 16 year size will require 2 1/8 yards of 54 inch material. To face collar and revers portion of the facings with contrasting material will require 1/2 yard 39 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6513—Printed cotton is very popular for this model. It is also suitable for gingham, tub silk, pongee and crepe. In dimity or zephyr it is dainty and cool looking. The fronts have soft fullness below the shoulder extensions of the wrist length sleeve which is made in wrist length and finished with a band cuff. A notched collar outlines the neck edges. Serviceable pockets and plait fullness at the centre back are other features of this style. The sleeve may be finished in short length as pictured in the small view.

The Pattern for this design is cut in 4 Sizes for Misses: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, and for Ladies: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the Smock for a 38 inch size will require 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material. To face collar and cuffs with contrasting material will require 3/8 yard 32 inches wide and cut crosswise. The width at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6537—Printed taffeta, chiffon, georgette, faille or crepe may be used for this model. The right front laps over

the left front, and forms a very pleasing jabot at the side. The blouse is lengthened below the belt with peplum portions. The fitted sleeve, flares gracefully at the wrist.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. To make a 38 inch size will require 2 5/8 yards of 39 inch material. To face the jabot portion, sleeves and belt with contrasting material, will require 1/3 yard 39 inches wide. To finish with bias binding at neck, jabot and sleeve edges will require 2 3/4 yards 1 1/2 inch wide.

6333—Coat.

6202—Dress.

Jersey and tweed are used in this attractive design. Printed and plain linen is also suggested. A very popular development would also be of silk crepe in two tones of brown or blue or black and white, with the black for the Coat, and facings on the Dress.

The Coat Pattern 6333 is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18, and 20 years. The Dress Pattern 6202 is cut in 4 Sizes for Junior Misses, and for Misses 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, and also for Ladies 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. To make the ensemble as pictured for a 16 year size will require 3 1/4 yards 39 inches wide for Coat and belt and facings on the Dress, and 6 1/2 yards for the Dress and Coat lining. The width of the Dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 1/8 yards. To make the Coat alone in 7/8 length will require 2 1/2 yards of 54 inch material. In shorter length 2 1/4 yards, will be required. To make the Dress alone for a 16 year size will require 3 1/4 yards 32 inches wide, together with 5/8 yard of contrasting material for facings on collar, front and belt.

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WHAT ABOUT THAT SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Western Home Monthly?
WATCH IT DOES NOT LAPSE

Federated Women's Institutes

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

THE Women's Institute idea, which had its origin in Ontario some thirty years ago is now thriving in India. In the province of Bengal they now number 250 and continue to grow in usefulness and numbers. They are called "Mahila Samitis". Their magazine "Banga Lassmi" has a most artistic cover designed by a distinguished artist. One page is printed in English. The last number has an announcement of the fourth meeting of the Saroj Nalini Dutt Memorial Association, and of an exhibition of handicrafts, which will be open for a week.

Among the activities of the "Mahila Samitis" are noted that the members of Bantra Mahil-Samiti joined a volunteer corps and gave commendable service to the women bathers in the Ganges at Telkalghat, Howrath. The Senhati Mahil Samiti staged Tagore's "Natr Puja"—"The Worship of the Dance". Several girls of the local school were trained to act as players.

In London, England, a committee of Indian women has been formed to further the interests of the "Mahila Samitis" among people interested in social work in India. The first meeting was called by the invitation to tea of Mr. Dutt, the husband of that remarkable woman, Saroj Nalini Dutt, to whom Bengal owes its institutes, on the anniversary of her death, a date held in reverence by the various "Mahila Samitis". The native costumes of the Indian women made this a very colorful affair.

Mrs. Alfred Watt, the Canadian woman, founder of the movement in England and Wales was present, and expressed the joy with which Canada welcomed the Women Institute activities in Bengal. "No ocean can really sever the women of different countries whose service for their country-women is a common inspiration," was a passage in Mrs. Watt's speech.

The meeting closed with the singing of an Indian hymn.

Quilt for Queen Mary

EACH year the Federated Women's Institutes of England and Wales present Queen Mary with a quilt at the annual October handicraft exhibition, which their Majesties and Princess Mary attend. This year it is to be a copy of a Queen Anne quilt. This consists of 165 diamonds 8 inches by 15 inches, in parchment colored linene and will have a deep border all around. Each diamond has a small spray of various flowers, which will be worked in chain stitch in old gold silk. Each county is to work a certain number, not more than six. It will be a very handsome piece of work when finished.

Development of Textile Industry

THERE has been a great revival of hand-weaving in the textile industry in Quebec. The Cercles de Fermieres or French Women's Institutes have been devoting much time to this. From one person who knew weaving in one Cercle, there are now 35 who can operate. In 70 branches there is a complete equipment to weave linens, cottons and woolsens. These organizations, by this practical work are living up to their motto: "Pour la terre et le foyer"—"for the country and the home".

Correspondence Overseas

CORRESPONDENCE with Institutes overseas has been growing rapidly. In Alberta the "Links of Empire"

movement has been taken up extensively and a number of W.I.'s enjoy an interesting correspondence with "English links". Mrs. Richard Hooper, of St. John, New Brunswick, who was one of the pioneers of this idea, corresponds with a W.I. member in England, and another in South Africa. She writes that she finds this very "stimulating".

Co-operate with Girl Guides

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES have always co-operated very thoroughly with the Girl Guide Association, with its splendid programme for the development and pleasure of the young girls of all ages. Miss Helen Beardmore, Meadowvale, a prominent Ontario W.I. and national worker, is the national representative of the Girl Guide Association. Mrs. R. B. Ellis, organizing secretary for Alberta, was an interesting speaker at the district conference of the Southern Alberta Girls' Clubs held in Medicine Hat recently.

Help Women's Building

THE Quebec W.I.'s provincial board, at a recent meeting decided to recommend that a donation of one thousand dollars be voted from the Quebec institutes to the proposed Women's Memorial Building at Ottawa. A discussion on publishing a provincial organ resulted in the appointment of a committee to secure figures and other information for the annual convention in June.

Active in Alberta

OVER three hundred branches of the Alberta Women's Institutes held this year's annual convention at the University of Alberta, Edmonton, during the last four days of May. This province is second in the growth of Women's Institutes in Canada, coming next to Ontario, which has over a thousand branches. In Alberta they extend from Fort McMurray to Coutts, which is on the boundary line.

Institutes Help Miners

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES in England have been helping the miners and in a number of places have got behind the scheme of transference of miners and families to districts where livings can be made. The chief difficulty in this has been securing employment and housing accommodation. Many branches have done their part by giving substantial sums to the relief fund.

Short Course Work

NEW BRUNSWICK Women's Institutes have just completed the sixth annual short course in "Home Economics" at the Agricultural School, Sussex. Instruction was given in dietetics, cookery, elementary sewing, dressmaking, millinery, home nursing, and making of felt and bead flowers and novelties. Lectures were given on housekeeping, poultry-raising, and housing, horticulture, and dairy products. This course was open to every woman and girl in the province. One week short courses in dressmaking have also been popular with the branches.

Health Clinics

A NUMBER of clinics for immunizing against diphtheria have been sponsored recently by New Brunswick Women's Institutes.

NOTES FROM SASKATCHEWAN

REVIEWING their chief major activities of the year, the Saskatchewan Homemakers' Clubs sent in the following reports:—

Admiral members helped to care for the children of a mother who was sent to a mental hospital until negotiations were completed with the Provincial Bureau of Child Protection. The children have all been placed in good homes. A book circle is maintained, the best books of the year purchased, one for each member, expenses pooled, and when read drawn for, each member then owning a book.

Manor has looked after the circulation of the government travelling library, rented a rest room for the use of country women coming to Manor to shop, and has sponsored a baby clinic.

"North of Scotsguard" does whatever community work needed.

Wessels donates \$25.00 per year to the upkeep of the rest room at Govan. This is a well furnished room with lavatory and kitchenette. Two needy families were assisted with money and clothing.

Mount Murry has a library of 362 books. Other work includes giving flowers to the sick, helping poor people, and sending delegates to conventions. Money has been raised by sales of work and raffling a quilt.

Halbrite has been paying for the board of two motherless children and providing them with clothes until their father got a start in business. The Red Cross has also been helped.

Houjon is building a club and rest room, 22x26 feet, with full-sized basement.

Simpson reports as its outstanding work planting trees and shrubs and making gravel paths in the cemetery. A library of 110 books is another venture.

Great West (Wapella) has sent money to the Blind Institute at Winnipeg, also sold work from there, and given clothing and quilts to needy families.

Stonybrook conducts a book exchange. It has made money by sales of work, home-cooking, and has got up many enjoyable social functions.

Major has sent over \$107.00 to the Red Cross, and flowers to the sick. Beautifying the cemetery will be undertaken this year.

Woodleigh has specialized on charity work—donations to needy people, home-made quilts and flannelette garments for the children's shelter. A public library at a neighbor's house is maintained.

Alingly-Fortsborg has been helping finance an addition to the community hall, which is the centre of social activity; also is used as a church.

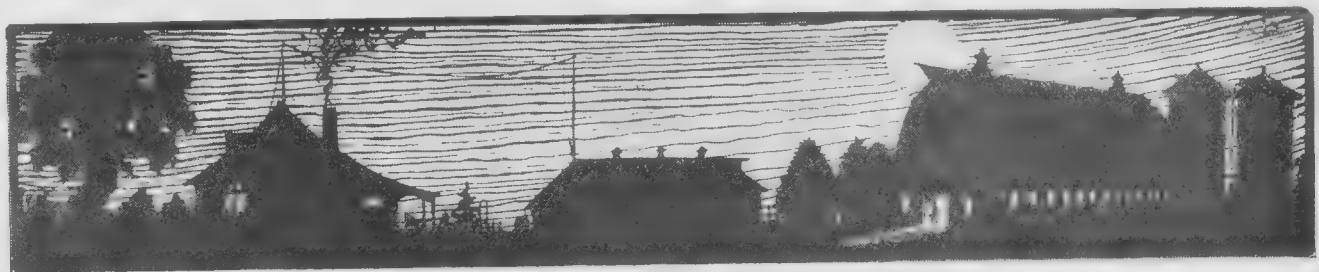
Banner (Inchkeith) reports "Our work has largely been local, except sending clothing and money to the Red Cross and the W.C.T.U. home at Saskatoon."

Bellhouse has been the medium for afternoon outings and social entertainment for the members. A concert was given for the Red Cross.

Bethune sponsored a health clinic at which 73 children were inoculated against scarlet fever. A librarian is hired to look after the government travelling library which is much enjoyed in the community.

Whiteheather helps support the rest room at Govan. This club has been interested in Canadian literature, having had a "Literature Day", when papers on

[Continued on page 83]



Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 54

(A) We have no information as to the Doctor Middleton Food Company of Vancouver. The company should have been making some progress in four years and you are entitled to a report from them. We would suggest that you write to the company direct. If you wish information as to its financial standing inquire from your bank.

As to the Old Age Pension, any person of eligible age and residence in Canada is entitled to claim pension provided they have no property or income of their own or provided their income does not exceed \$365.00 per year.

Lethbridge.

(Q) Could you please inform me whether the following oil shares which I bought in 1914 are of any value: (1) Federal Oil and Gas Corporation Ltd.; (2) The Pittsburg Oil Co. Ltd.; (3) Union Pacific Oil and Gas Co. Ltd.—A.R.

(A) (1) Federal Oil and Gas Corporation Ltd. has, we understand, been replaced by the New Federal Oil Company. There was an arrangement for a time whereby the old stock was transferable into the new company by purchasing a certain portion of the new stock, but the officials of the company state that this period has elapsed. If you write to the new company you might obtain further information.

(2) The Pittsburg Oil Co. Ltd., allowed its charter to lapse.

(3) The Union Pacific Oil and Gas Co. Ltd. is now defunct. Its assets were transferred to the Union Pacific Consolidated which now also has permitted its charter to lapse.

I Wonder

By Ernest S. Woulds

*How quickly days and years pass by
On fleeting wings, fast fleeting wings
To realms of memory fly.
And resting there, beyond
Where mortal eyes can see
Where I alone may tread,
In times of reverie.
Builds up a store of treasures
More precious far than gold
A source of endless pleasures
Which I alone behold.
A little sacred kingdom
O'er which I reign supreme
Yet dwell in blessed thralldom,
A slave to memory's scheme.
I wonder if this treasured store,
This kingdom, all my own
Will be the greater part of Me
When days, and years have flown.*

Airing the Party

Hostess: "There's a terrible draft coming from somewhere, Mary."

Maid: "Yes, ma'am. It's the man with the laundry bill and he won't take his foot out of the front door."—London Opinion.

Flourishing Industries

Teacher: "What is Boston noted for?"
Johnny: "Boots and shoes."

Teacher: "Correct. And Chicago?"

Johnny: "Shoots and booze."—Chicago Tribune.

Powerful Pick-me-up.

A London chemist has been trying the effect of a new tonic on a mouse. He was more than satisfied, we understand, when the little creature put its tongue out at the cat.—London Humorist.

She'd Blush at an Undressed Salad

We know a girl so modest that when driving a car she won't even strip her gears before a man.—Florida Times-Union.

Well, You Never Can Tell

He was happily married four times, all of his wives preceding him to heaven. Won't that be a happy meeting? — Louisville Pentecostal Herald.

Facing the Music

"What do they mean by the 'witching hour'?"

"Don't you know? That's the hour when the wife greets you with: 'Which story is it this time?'"—Tit-Bits.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Continues a first favorite in the Western territory. We reproduce a few kind words picked at random from our mail bag. Such expressions could be multiplied by thousands.

1613, 18th Ave. N.W.,
Calgary, Alta.

Editor, The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Please find enclosed my subscription for another year. During my absence from here I missed The Western Home Monthly greatly. It is always clean, wholesome and interesting from cover to cover, and the great majority of your writers are bright, keenly intellectual Canadians who are not looking to the shady sides of life for inspiration. In The Western Home Monthly one can always read of things Canadian, such a welcome change from the continual feeding upon things trashy and sensational.

Yours sincerely,
ANNIE HOLLINGWORTH.

Editor, The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Simpson, Sask.

I have taken your magazine for four years, and consider it is the best magazine value in the world. I consider your editorials helpful and informative, and I shall continue to take your publication to the end of the chapter.

Yours truly,
A. R. WEIGHTMAN.

Editor, The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Sheridan, Ont.

I am writing to express my high appreciation of your magazine. I am proud of it, and as a good Canadian anxious to encourage all home products. I have read and watched your magazine almost from its inception over a quarter of a century ago, and I can truthfully say that it improves with each issue and compares favorably with any magazine published on the continent.

Yours truly,
MRS. GEO. H. HALL.

Editor, The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Bow Island, Alta.

I may tell you that my whole family as well as myself thoroughly enjoy The Western Home Monthly, and we would not be without its valuable reading for many times its cost. What a friend during the long winter months. Wishing you all the success that you so richly merit.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. A. W. DORAN.

Editor, The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Red Deer, Alta.

I think your magazine the best published and could not think of getting along without it. I particularly enjoy the editorial page. I appreciate the stand that your magazine has taken on the liquor question, and the fact that you do not carry questionable advertisements. It is an all-round clean magazine, one that we as Canadians might well feel proud of. Wishing you all success, I remain,

Sincerely,
MRS. F. W. GAETZ.

2536 Alberta St.,
Vancouver, B.C.

Editor, The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

I am taking advantage of this opportunity to send you renewal for your magazine today. This makes my fifteenth renewal, I think, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the enterprises of which every one living in the great Canadian West can be proud.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. T. S. RICHARDSON.

A Diana of the Mountains

By Mrs. W. Garland Foster

IN THE office of a Vancouver powder company, not long ago, a slight, refined woman was placing a large order for blasting powder. To the surprised clerks, she tendered a check, saying, as she did so, that as she was unknown to them she would not expect the usual thirty days credit, and they need not make delivery until the check was honored. But the courteous staff replied that it was the first time a woman had ordered dynamite from them and they would extend to her their usual terms, feeling that her order would bring them luck.

The woman was Mrs. Arthur Noel, at that time part owner of the Lorne mine. As a matter of fact, she had placed the order because one of the company engineers had told her that his young brother had recently gone to work for this company and she decided to boost business for the youngster. It is a long time since Mrs. Noel has permitted publicity of any kind, for when, some years ago, a U.S. magazine printed a story of her adventures, she was so overwhelmed with offers of marriage that she took a vow of no more publicity.

Mrs. Noel is so modest about her attainments that, unless she was sure that her experiences would in some way redound to the credit of all women, she would be particularly careful to give nothing out. A daughter of that Joseph L'Italien, who sometimes also wrote himself, L'Etoile, Mrs. Noel is one of Canada's all round women. For she is as much at home in her town house as in her log bungalow in the mountains. She is a keen prospector, a cool hunter, and takes an interest in all domestic arts; for she can cook and serve an excellent dinner, with any chef, of food she has procured in hunting; plays a good game of bridge; and if the shops provide nothing to suit her fancy, is just as likely to sit down and tailor a coat or a dress, as to go out after game when the larder requires it.

When her father, then a youth of nineteen, found himself on the Cariboo gold trail in 1882, one of the survivors of the Fraser Canyon tragedy, he was not turned aside from his objective, but, retrieving his remnant of a shattered outfit, went on to fortune in the gold-fields. When, in the course of time, he had made a competency, he bethought him of a charming neighbor girl in old Quebec, who had held his thoughts through the years. His first trip was back to see her. Arrived, he found her already married, and mother of as charming a daughter. Nothing daunted, he married the daughter and taking with them her young brother for company, they returned to the Lillooet country. There Delina was born amid all the romance of a new country. When she was three years old, however, her parents, with her and a baby sister, decided to follow her mother's brother, who had returned some time previously, back to the old home. Here the Cariboo wealth was invested in property in Rivière du Loup. And to the convent went the two little girls, who promptly forgot all the English they had spoken in their Western home, becoming to all appearance French.

However, when Delina L'Italien was sixteen, the call of the West once more came to her father, and the whole family returned to a farm at Lillooet. Here Delina met Arthur Noel, a mining man who had been in the hills since he was twelve years old. They were married at Kamloops and the bride of 19 went with her husband to a mining camp in the gold country which employed thirty-five men. As there were two cooks and little in the way of housekeeping for the bride

of the partner superintendent, the time began to hang heavily on Mrs. Noel's hands. She finally persuaded her husband to let her try target practice, which was a popular sport for the men of the camp. She, accordingly, became a first class shot, and her husband was so proud of her prowess with a rifle, that he gave her a very fine one for a prize.

Up to this time, she had thought little about hunting, although she wandered quite fearlessly about the hills. One

shot, came up, and pointing with excited hand to the deer, she cried: "Shoot him"! and went on trying to get rid of the annoying shell. At that moment the deer toppled over. On examination, it proved that her shot had hit a vital spot, but while the animal had been unable to move, it had not succumbed at once.

FROM this time on, Mrs. Noel was as keen a hunter as she had been a marksman. She never missed an opportunity of going on a hunt, and the annoying gun never mastered her again. She thought nothing of going out by herself, and often camped in the hills for several days. During all the eleven summers that she lived at the Coronation mine, she never missed a week without hunting and fishing. The larder of the mine was always well provided with fresh meat. She also took an interest in prospecting and was never so keen on the trail that she could not examine a promising outcrop or a bit of gold-bearing rock.

But the hunting of small game soon became an old story and there was born in the heart of the young huntress the overwhelming desire to go on a bear hunt. Bears were plentiful in the hills at this time, and as tame as doves, as Mrs. Noel expresses it. At this time she and her husband had built themselves a hunting cabin some four miles from the mine on Cadwallader Creek. It was little known country and no white woman had ventured that far at this time. It was rough going all about, but a little rougher on the banks of the stream. Here, quite early in her hunting career, Mrs. Noel shot two small bears. Ever after this, black and brown bears and small grizzlies bored her as game worthy of children, but the desire of her life was to shoot a great grizzly.

On a deer hunt soon after the cabin was built, her husband had seen the tracks of a giant grizzly, but although he followed its path was not able to find it.

The next year the same great tracks were visible, but the animal itself was not seen. The third year, when they visited the hunting cabin, Mrs. Noel was obsessed with the idea of getting that grizzly or another, but a grizzly she must get. Leaving the mine one morning at daylight, with a slight drizzle of rain falling, they reached their cabin in good time, for Mrs. Noel can tire out most men on the trail and never expects anyone to lag for her. As signs of game in the vicinity were scarce on this occasion, they decided to leave and camp farther up the valley. Equipped with a tent and camp outfit, they went seven miles farther up the valley and made camp in a small clump of timber. While Mrs. Noel was preparing the meal, her husband went to look over the ground and returned to report that he had seen grizzly tracks twelve inches in length, which probably indicated that last year's grizzly was still in the neighborhood. For the moment, food was forgotten, and catching up her .32 special Winchester, Mrs. Noel was off after her husband. Along the steep banks they hurried, but although the tracks were plainly visible, the bear was nowhere to be seen. They accordingly decided to return to the camp and reconnoitre from a point farther up the bank. At the camp they stopped for a hasty lunch, taking every precaution that the bear should not get the scent if he was still in the locality. They then proceeded up the hillside to

get a point high enough to overlook the possible feeding-ground. While Mrs. Noel rested on the edge of the timber, her husband went farther up the bank and came back to report that he could see the bear feeding on the slide beyond where they then were.

Pushing through a belt of timber, they were able to see the bear feeding on ants, quite oblivious of their presence. Removing their shoes, they crept through the swamp along the edge of the creek until they came opposite the slide where the huge beast stood broadside to them.

"Now," whispered Mr. Noel to his wife, "you have the chance of your life to shoot a grizzly."

In a welter of perspiration, and with rapidly beating heart, Mrs. Noel nevertheless took careful aim and fired, the shot taking effect in the lungs. The monster rose to his full height, and somersaulted down the slide.

"I have him"! shouted the huntress, as she shot again, and knew she had hit him in the stomach as he kicked violently with his hind feet and entered the brush. Following up the trail they found pools of blood on the track. Mrs. Noel was leading, so that she might have her share of the danger as well as the glory, she would say, but as a matter of fact she was so keen on the hunt that it is doubtful if she realized the danger. The light was failing, so holding her rifle carefully, she advanced through the brush, searching for tracks. Her husband had detoured slightly. The bear was struggling in the thicket. Her husband rejoined her just as the bear stopped as if to listen. He was then in plain view, fifty feet away, sitting behind a stump. Mr. Noel at that moment whispered: "Fire!"

Again Mrs. Noel fired, again the bear was hit, this time rolling over into the bush. Running forward, Mrs. Noel fired again. At that moment the bear rose to his full height. A terrifying sight, so near.

"Arthur, he is going to charge us! Help me"! shouted the huntress, perhaps for the first time realizing her danger. Both fired at the same moment and the bear dropped. Mr. Noel went forward to ascertain whether the brute was dead. There was a slight struggle and he was done.

As it was now almost dark, there was nothing to do but return to the camp, which was anything but easy in the semi-darkness, but with a candle which Mr. Noel had taken the precaution to bring, they arrived at last. Very tired, Mrs. Noel went to bed too excited to sleep, but finally she did doze off only to cry out in her sleep. Dreaming of being pursued by another bear, she again called out in her sleep and was suddenly wide awake at a noise outside. Investigation proved that a porcupine was climbing into the tree under which the tent was fixed. Again the tired huntress went sleep and again was awakened, more terrified than ever, being sure the end was come and the grizzly was really after her, only to find that a dead tree had fallen down the slide. The cracking and grinding of branches made the blood curdling noise. This was too much for her husband, who rallied her on the collapse of her nervous system and reminded her that there would be no more grizzlies unless she closed her eyes and went to sleep at once, which she obediently did, to wake at dawn. Breakfast over, they started back for the bear, with a kodak this time to get a picture of Mrs. Noel and her first grizzly. The beast must have weighed between 700 and 800 pounds, for Mr. Noel, who has considerable knowledge of taxidermy, spent six hours skinning it. The skin was so heavy that they were not able to carry it, until it had lain a day in the sun to dry. At that it weighed seventy-eight pounds. The front feet measured eight inches, the hind, twelve and a half inches. The length of the animal from the tip of its nose to its tail was nine feet nine inches. Some years after, when Mrs. Noel was reconciled to parting with the skin, which [Continued on page 85]



Mrs. Arthur Noel

fourth of July, however, after her husband had celebrated the first with her, he suggested that she might celebrate the 4th with him and go into the hills for venison. After two goats had fallen to her husbands gun, he suggested that she try a shot. Nervously, she inquired how she should do it. He replied: "Shoot as you do at the target." The result was that the goat fell shot through the heart.

However, as she had never used a heavier gun than a .22, she did not know how to eject the shell, and had to ask her husband to reload. After the fourth goat was added, they proceeded to jerk the meat. When they were about through Mrs. Noel said, laughingly, to her husband: "What do you say, if I get a deer"? and wandered off into the hills once more. Incredible as it may seem, she did see a deer within a short distance of the camp, for game of all kinds abounded in this country at the time. Taking careful aim, she fired as she had done in the case of the goat. Much to her surprise, the deer stood in the brush looking at her, but never moving. Afraid that she would lose him, she tried feverishly to eject the shell, but all to no avail. Her husband, who had heard the

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 80

Bliss Carman, Nellie McClung, Drummond and Pauline Johnson were read. Exhibits have been sent to the handicrafts festival at Regina.

New Osgoode gives an annual donation of \$50.00 to the hall. The 1929 objective is a new piano for the hall. Immigration and maternity and child-welfare problems have been studied. Social affairs have been two picnics, a fowl supper and dances.

Belton helps the rest room in Unity, has also sent money to the British Columbia solarium. One of the members runs a lending library.

Banana has remembered the sick of the community, also financed the community Christmas tree and picnic. A travelling library gives "great satisfaction".

Chamberlain hopes for a rest room soon. This is a new club.

Forgan has had a number of dances and a bazaar. A rest room is connected with the hall.

Consul sent two girls to the Girls' Convention at Saskatoon, also assisted two destitute families and gave a donation to Mrs. Sproule's hospital in Saskatoon. This club owns a library of 100 books and hopes to add more this year.

Glen Adelaide helped with the minister's salary, sent flowers and fruit to the sick, and keeps up a library. Social evenings have been successful. Money has been raised by a bazaar.

Happy Homemakers (Rouleau) owns and operates a library of 104 books, also supervises the travelling library. Charity work has been its major activity.

Pinkham has fixed up the cemetery, donated \$10.00 to the rest room at Kindersley, \$10.00 to the W.C.T.U. shelter at Saskatoon, fruit and vegetables to the Kindersley hospital, box of clothing for the children's shelter and a complete layette for a baby.

Pleasantville has had the advantage of four travelling libraries from the government. This club has been "promoting good will in the community", and has attempted to arouse interest in Canadian literature with good results.

Rosebriar helps support a rest room in Unity. This club sent clothes and vegetables to the Children's Shelter, made \$75.00 at a bake sale and bazaar in Unity, financed the community Christmas tree, bought flannelette and made garments for the W.C.T.U. home for unmarried mothers in Saskatoon.

Spencer looks after the club room, of which the town pays the rent. The cemetery has been put in good condition and a district convention held.

Stavlyville reports that its collection of books are "quite old and all have been read by the members." The members are trying to arrange to get some new ones this year. Helping to finish paying off the hall and relief work have been their principal activities.

Superb has been specializing on the school, by providing a children's library, helping the sick and giving money to worthy causes.

Scotstown helps support the Unity rest room. Two aims have been assisting a girl commence a course in nursing, and the minister and church.

Terrell has purchased a hall for \$900.00, 26x40 feet, of which \$300.00 has been paid. It arranged a diphtheria inoculation clinic, at which 50 children were treated. The sewing committee made \$85.00 for the treasury.

Willowmoore, a short distance from Battleford, has been helping furnish the rest room in Battleford, supplied the child welfare and used the government by the town. The members have taken comforts to the sick, given money to travelling library.

Growth of Institutes in Central B.C.

At present there are four Institutes in Central British Columbia and one in the Peace River District. Terrace organized in November 1927, in 1928 specialized in Boys' and Girls' Pig, Poultry

and Gardening Clubs, under the convener-ship of Mrs. McConnell. The Pig Club is particularly deserving of mention. There were eleven members of this Club, six girls and five boys, of whom Tony Hipp, aged eleven years, was successful in winning first prize. He received first prize at the Fair for his pig, value \$10.00, he sold three quarters for \$27.00 and paid the remaining quarter to his mother for the skim milk which his pig had consumed. Tony also won first prize in the Home School Gardening Competition. Altogether at the end of the season his bank account had reached \$41.00. This spring Tony purchased three pigs from the Dockrell Ranch at Telkwa, paying \$7.50 for each animal and \$5.30 express. From the appearance of this trio in May he should again triumphantly carry off the prize. He is a fine looking up-standing boy, whose experiences have helped to give him self-confidence and a pride in his community and establish him as an enthusiastic agriculturist.

Our Club Women's Institute at Fort Fraser was originally a Community Club and retains its name under the Institute organization. Their particular work last year was the organization of the first Fall Fair with a large and instructive number of classes. An attractive feature of the fair was the leather and birch-bark work and other handicrafts. Mrs. Hermanson, a member of the Institute has a collection of very beautiful Swedish handwork, much of which is her own work. In this district the Indian work is admirable, consisting of elk, moose and deer moccasins, and gloves and white doe-skin beaded ornaments.

Prince George Institute, under the convener-ship of Mrs. Sutton trained a group of girls for the Junior Girls' Judging Contest, one of whom gained first prize at the Vancouver Exhibition, in the provincial contest. The latest addition to the Institutes of the Province is the Fraser Lake Women's Institute, which was organized in July with Mrs. M. G. Sills as Secretary, and Mrs. L. E. Steele as President.

West Saskatoon Institute in the Pouce Coupe region is the most northerly Institute in the Province and possibly in the Dominion. Although this Institute has only been organized for a few months, it has already made a good donation to the Red Cross Hospital, held a joyous picnic for the school children, as well as other social activities, and is now raising funds for the Hospital X-Ray.

July and August being busy months on the farms, many Institutes have closed down for the time being, however the following are some of the activities recorded.

Arrow Park held a special meeting for the election of a new President and Vice-President, as their former officers had left Arrow Park. Mrs. C. Matthews was elected President and Mrs. G. Mauchline, Vice-President. Arrangements were then made for the entertainment of the Nakusp and Burton Institutes on August 7th, after which a First Aid Demonstration was enjoyed.

Kalamalka held a Flower Show on Aug. 22nd. It was decided to send \$5.00 to the Otho Scott Endowment Fund.

South Salt Spring Island held a dance on July 13th to pay for painting the Hall, and also reduced the debt on the Hall by \$50.00. Members are making jam for the Solarium.

Victoria held a large and enjoyable picnic at Cadboro Bay for members and their children. Arrangements were made for the Institute lunch and tea rooms at the Victoria Fall Fair, and a hearty vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Laird and the Ways and Means Committee for the great amount of work achieved during the past three months. Mrs. Gordon, Provincial President gave a short account of her recent visit to Institutes at Sayward, Cortez Island, Denman Island and Valdez.

Manitoba News Notes

Ashern—The local doctor has promised to give a number of health talks during the year.

Arnaud held a garden party for the grandmothers of the members.

[Continued on page 85]



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WINNIPEG CANADA

Tonin Ganivelle and His Ants

By Roy Temple House

TONIN GANIVELLE, who lives in the last house in Fontalon on the road to Mayolet, had the good fortune, last fall about the time harvest was over, to find a nest of young partridges, which he brought home alive and undertook to raise. He patched up a cage for them out of an old packing box, and did his best to make them comfortable at the back end of his garden.

But they were harder to bring up than he had expected. He fed them white cheese and buckwheat, but inside of ten days he had lost more than half of them. Then one day old Father Berthillot, over from La Goutte to visit his daughter and son-in-law, dropped in to see Tonin's sickly wards.

"You're not giving them the right food," he explained. "Partridges as young as those can't digest white cheese and buckwheat. You must get some ants' eggs for them."

So Tonin Ganivelle began to scour the village and environs for ants' eggs. Every Sunday and every week-day when his work allowed it, he could be seen prowling along the hedges with a great bag, collecting ants. But ant-hills grew scarcer and scarcer around Fontalon.

One Sunday, Tonin went to Roanne and took the train for Saint-Jodard. He had a cousin at Saint-Jodard who cultivated a good-sized farm. Tonin was sure that he would find ants' eggs on his cousin's farm, not to mention that the outing would be a pleasant change, and Cousin Mathieu, being a man of means, always had good eatables and drinkables about.

Tonin started on his journey with an enthusiasm which was dampened by just one circumstance. As he was leaving his cottage for the walk to the railroad station, his wife Tatu had called to him:

"Be sure to remind Marie-Jeanne to send back the gown. She's had it more than a month now."

Cousin Mathieu and his wife Marie-Jeanne had spent a Sunday with the Ganivelles of Fontalon some five weeks before, and Mathieu's wife had taken home with her for a pattern, apparently oblivious of the circumstance that its nervous owner agreed to the arrangement without great enthusiasm, a fine old silk gown in which both la Tatu and her mother had been married. It was none of your skimpy, immodest modern dresses, which are not much more, as Marie-Jeanne caustically phrased it, than a girdle and a dish-clout, but yards and yards of sheeny black ruffles, a little broken here and there, it is true; but you'd never notice the broken places unless someone pointed them out especially. And Velachon and little Blanchette Burniche would be getting married most any time now, and if the gown wasn't back—

"When a man has business on hand," Tonin grumbled as he strode down the path to the high road, "the women are always getting his mind off his duties with their whimsies—"

But his spirits rose when he reached Saint-Jodard. The Ganivelle cousins, who had not seen each other for more than a month, sat around for hours exchanging experiences, eating plentifully and drinking more than was entirely good for them. Along in the middle of the afternoon Tonin, although considerably befuddled by this time, remembered one of his errands.

"Do you know of an ant-hill whereabouts where I could get some ants' eggs for my partridges?" he asked.

"Dozens of them!" said Cousin Mathieu confidently. "There's one down there at the bottom end of that meadow as big as a baby haystack."

The two stumbled a little uncertainly across the field, and sure enough, right up against the stone wall was the most beautiful ant-hill Tonin had ever seen. They were great red ants half as big as honey bees, and there were eggs by the millions.

The Ganivelles wet the hill down a little with water from the brook, shoveled Tonin's sack full of ant-hill, ants and eggs and ambled hopefully off toward the station.

Tonin had entirely forgotten his wife's errand. But Marie-Jeanne ran after him as they passed the house and thrust into

his almost unwilling hand a neat package. "The gown and a nice new cotton head kerchief, with my love to Tatu!" she panted.

In the course of time the train came by for Roanne.

"Keep your eyes open, or your ants may eat you alive!" Cousin Mathieu warned him, as he saw his visitor into his compartment.

"Ah, be sensible!" retorted Tonin. "They're all drowned."

TONIN had been so fortunate as to find a compartment which was entirely empty. He stood his sack of ants up in the corner, and as he was always inclined to grow sleepy when he had drunk a good deal, he stretched himself out on the bench and closed his eyes. He was sound asleep before the train was five minutes out of Saint-Jodard.

But while Tonin Ganivelle snored his ants grew very wide awake. They crawled curiously about inside his sack, hundreds and hundreds of them.

It happened that Tonin had not pulled the draw-string very tight at the mouth of the sack, and even had he done so, ants are not so very large—even the big red ants of Saint-Jodard. It was not many minutes before an unusually enterprising young ant discovered that there was a way out of the sack.

This ant-Columbus at once telegraphed back to his compatriots that there were new worlds to be discovered, and a procession of ants marched out of the sack in single file, hundreds and hundreds of them.

They found their way down the side of the sack to the bench, and reconnoitering along the bench, their advance guard discovered a foot and leg of Ganivelle. One of his legs hung down to the floor, but the other leg lay flat along the bench, and just over a low mountain chain of ragged white cotton sock stretched a marvelously smooth plain of healthy if not strictly immaculate white flesh.

The column began passing over the mountain range, like Hannibal crossing the Alps for his descent into Italy, and marched straight on into the tunnel.

Ganivelle was just dreaming that he was manager of a gigantic partridge farm with seven hundred thousand partridges worth at least three francs and fifty centimes apiece, when a muscular red ant which was getting hungry from all this strenuous marching, fell out of step and bit him voraciously on the ankle.

"What's that sticking me?" said Tonin to himself. He sat up, scratched his ankle vigorously and lay down again.

The tunnel was full of ants now, horse, foot and dragoons. There were even lady ants which had brought their eggs along and were making preparations to settle down and end their days in the new country.

But the big ant which Tonin had man-handled had a rancorous, unforgiving disposition. He drove his mighty pincers into his enemy's flesh savagely, almost to the very bone.

Tonin jumped to his feet and stood swaying and perplexed in the bumpy little French train.

"Name of a pipe!" he grumbled. "What do you suppose can be chewing me like this?" He shook himself vigorously. "The women-folks must have been traveling in this compartment a good deal. I never saw one so full of fleas!"

But Ganivelle's better judgment told him there wasn't a flea between Saint-Jodard and Roanne that could bite like that. It must be something worse than fleas.

Then, all of a sudden, he remembered his ants. Ah! Imbecile that his mother's son would always be! He had forgotten to close the sack. No wonder he was being chewed up and swallowed alive!

With feverish haste he pulled the draw-string taut and tight. Not a particularly useful precaution, one must admit, since there was only one ant left in the sack, a feeble old fellow which had been trampled on in the ant exodus and was not expected to live.

Then Tonin set to work to exterminate the dirty vermin. He shook ants to the floor and stepped on them. He crushed them as they scuttled along the boards. He struck madly at them with his fists as they crawled up the walls.

But it was clear that ants subscribe to the Old Testament doctrine of a tooth for a tooth. The more furiously Tonin cursed and slapped the more vindictively they bit him in a hundred places at once. It was wonderful team-work. Tonin could crush one now and then with his feet, his fists, or by rubbing himself against the walls of the compartment, but every time one ant passed to the great beyond, five hundred others swore a horrible oath to make the murderer pay for his crime with his own foul blood.

All at once Tonin had an idea. Since he was alone in the compartment, and since the bulk of the enemy's forces was concentrated inside the legs of his trousers, something might be accomplished to bring the foe to bay if he pulled his trousers off.

Which, craving the reader's pardon, he did, as speedily as a peasant Hercules peeling off the poisoned robe of Nessus.

That helped. The ants appeared to have remained, for the most part, inside the trousers, and those which had come out into the open were easily disposed of. A great peace began to settle down on Tonin's troubled soul. And just then he realized that the train was approaching the long Vendranges tunnel.

It occurred to him that if, under cover of the darkness of the tunnel, he were to shake his trousers vigorously out of the window, he might get rid of a goodly number of the insects. So he opened the window, thrust his arms out and began to shake the ant-infested garment with all the strength he possessed. But it chanced that at just that moment, without any warning, the express from Roanne for Saint-Jodard shot by like a streak of lightning.

And Tonin let go of his trousers! Tonin Ganivelle stood with his mouth open, in the blackness of the tunnel and the deeper blackness of his spirit—trouserless and helpless! Was ever an honest man in such a fix since the Lord God made the world?

The train dashed out into the daylight again, and Tonin dropped in a heap on one of the benches. A stray ant still crawled around occasionally over his bare legs, but ants were the least of his troubles. Name of a . . . name of a . . . !

SUDDENLY a terrible discovery yanked him out of his lethargy. The train was coming into Saint-Cyr! Suppose somebody undertook to come into his compartment at the Saint-Cyr station!

Something must be done! And in a hurry!

Saint-Cyr is a small town, and Tonin had hopes that no one would take the train there. But as he peeped out at the approaching station he saw a whole group with bags and bundles, gazing eagerly at his approaching locomotive. The gods were bent on his destruction . . . !

To make things as bad as possible, the engineer stopped his accursed train so that Ganivelle's compartment stood right slap-dab in front of the group on the platform. And sure enough, a plump citizen

[Continued on page 86]



(Photo by Underwood & Underwood)

An exclusive and personally selected and approved portrait study of Lady Nancy Astor, who was re-elected in the recent British Election. Lady Astor, is wearing a cream lace over blue satin draped gown.

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 83

Arrow River made a school banner for field day, and held a barn dance to raise funds.

Ashern—The Institute has given \$10 to the Cottage Hospital for Ashern.

Austin held a silver tea and sale of work in aid of the Institute for the Blind, and sent a crate of eggs to Sandy Hook.

Avonlea held a bazaar and sale of home cooking.

Balmoral is beautifying the cemetery; sent crate of eggs to Salvation Army Camp.

Basswood had paper on "Curing Meat," has sent a crate of eggs to Fresh Air Camp.

Beausejour helped the Boy Scouts to raise funds.

Belmont donated a shield to the Musical Festival. The Institute will produce a play.

Benito purchased books from another Institute; sent eggs to Fresh Air Camp. The members are now busy making another layette.

Bowman has thirty-five new members! The community meets one evening every week at the school grounds for recreation.

Clearwater—The proceeds from the "Trip Around the World" amounted to \$80.50. The members entertained 27 grandmothers at a picnic, at which a three tier birthday cake was enjoyed.

Deloraine intends holding a T.B. Clinic this summer.

Elva held a Grandmothers' Day, when a talk was given on "Ancient and Modern Grandmothers." A prize was given to the tallest and shortest grandmothers. Old songs and stories were enjoyed.

Gimli—Arrangements have been made for a silver tea and apron sale to be held in the Park. The Institute donated \$15 to the Fresh Air Camp.

Gladstone held Health Conference and Baby Clinic.

Hamiota purchased a \$40 shield and presented this to the Manitoba Musical Festival, to be competed for by Church choirs. The sum of \$111.05 was cleared from the play presented.

Hartney—"Canada" was the subject of an interesting address by Rev. A. Lavendar.

H. G. T.—Lots have been purchased for Rest Room, and money is now being collected for the building fund.

Kenton—Dr. J. E. Tisdale addressed the Institute on "Malnutrition."

Langruth had a picnic for "their men" at the Lake. A crate of thirty dozen eggs has been sent to Fresh Air Camp.

Linwood is preparing to move and renovate the Rest Room. A sale of work

brought in \$53.80. Held a Grandmothers' Tea. A quilt has been donated by a member, and this will be raffled when completed.

Medora has collected seventeen quarts of fruit and jam for the hospital.

Miniota held a tea and novelty package sale.

Minitonas—Each member gave an account of her experience and told which flower she grows most successfully.

MacGregor donated \$15 to the cemetery fund.

McCreary heard a talk on "Our Children—Their Faults and Failures, and How to Remedy These."

Napinka held a pioneer picnic, when the history of Napinka was read. The ladies in turn each told a few things about the early days. The pioneers have asked to have this picnic each year.

Norwood held a Baby Clinic.

Pilot Mound—All Institute members and their friends have been invited to visit Morden Experimental Farm; the invitation has been accepted.

Pipestone held an apron parade, when each member wore the apron she had made, and paraded before the judges. Three prizes were given, and then the aprons were sold, the proceeds amounting to \$12.75. The prizes were given for the least expensive and most useful aprons.

Reston held a Grandmothers' Day, when twenty grandmothers came, and two great-grandmothers. Flowers were presented to the great-grandmothers, and prizes to the oldest grandmother who was eighty-four, and to the youngest grandmother who was thirty-eight.

Roblin held a picnic and a barn dance.

Sifton—A number of school children with their teacher dramatized the story of "Little Red Riding Hood," and sang several songs.

Souris—A member spoke on the correct way of planting trees in order to get shelter.

Strathclair had paper on library work.

Swan Lake donated \$5 toward prizes for the Musical Festival.

Swan River considered organizing local camp, with the co-operation of the other Institutes. The Avonlea members have been invited to visit Swan River. Sent twelve dozen eggs to Sandy Hook.

Tummel, in co-operation with Roblin and Cromarty, served tea in aid of the Institute for the Blind.

Whitewater is busy raising money for the purpose of building a Club Room, as there is not a place for the Institute to meet.

A Diana of the Mountains

Continued from page 82

had adorned her bungalow at the mine, she learned that the authorities who passed upon it stated that it was the seventh largest ever recorded.

MRS. NOEL'S shooting expeditions are much more successful than when she goes after big game with a camera. On one occasion she and her husband came upon a whole grizzly family, a mother and father and two cubs. The little bears being born in February run with their mothers for the first two years, births in the bear family occurring only every second year. The mother bear does not, however, desert the two-year-old cubs until she is ready to go into winter quarters the second season. Here was an opportunity to get a picture if only they were not disturbed. Mrs. Noel crawled about in the bush watching them for half a day, but could not get near enough to get a good picture. When within a hundred and fifty yards of them a stump fell. With a "woof," the bears turned and went toward the stump and then trotted into the bush. With tears of disappointment in her eyes, Mrs. Noel rejoined her husband and they trailed the bears for some time. Had she known the habits of bears then as well as she did later, she would have come back later in the day to the same spot with every chance of finding them.

In the winter season, when shooting is no sport, Mrs. Noel, when she is at camp,

conducts a trapline and spends much of her time trapping. Lynx, rabbit, mink, coyote reward her efforts. Once she baited a trap for a particularly clever coyote with scraps from the Christmas turkey and got him easily as the result.

But it is in thrills in summer and fall that Mrs. Noel is in her element. In the days when packing was done by ponies, Mrs. Noel thought nothing of taking her own pony and two pack-ponies seventy-five miles to town, getting her supplies, re-packing the ponies and returning to camp. Curiously, too, she still rides side-saddle. Many offers have come to her to guide hunting parties of note through the bear country, but so far she has refused. An experience she once had on the trail is thrilling enough for anyone. With her husband and two other men she was out on a prospecting tour. One of her companions, an experienced engineer, decided to go farther into comparatively unknown country and report back next day. When the time allotted had expired, her husband and his companion decided to follow him and see what had prevented his return. Mrs. Noel was to return to camp and send a man to a certain fork of a stream, where they would come that night. At the camp she found no trace of the engineer, who might have returned by another route. When she telephoned the mine no man there was willing to take chances so late in the day in the bear country. Accordingly, there [Cont'd on page 87]

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THE
Western Home Monthly

Tonin Ganivelle and His Ants

Continued from page 84

with a double chin, followed by three pretty young girls, presumably his daughters, stepped up and reached for the knob of Tonin's door.

Tonin, mad with terror, seized the knob on the inside and held on for dear life, bellowing furiously at the astonished citizen as he did so:

"Let go that knob! Let go that knob I tell you, or I'll cut your throat!"

At the same time the plump Saint-Cyrien caught sight of Tonin's ghastly, distorted features, with disheveled hair like the snakes about the faces of the Furies, his eyes aflame with the fever of madness. He nearly fell off the step in his haste to get as far away from the raving creature as possible. As Tonin sank back on his bench he heard one of the young things scream:

"Oh, Papa! He's crazy! Suppose he were to come out!"

"Dear little innocent!" thought Tonin to himself. "There isn't the slightest danger of his coming out!"

The train creaked, groaned mightily, and began to move again. Saved!—or at least reprieved for twenty minutes. But what should he do at Roanne?

How beautiful a thing it is that le bon Dieu provides a way out of all our perplexities! And how ungracious Tonin had been to grumble at la Tatu for burdening him with bringing home the gown—a busy man like him, when it could have come by the post for a few centimes! It had just flashed into Tonin's mind that the gown and the head-kerchief were there by a special dispensation of Providence. A little humiliating, the situation he was in, but at least he could see a way out. His wife's step-brother, One-Eyed Lagroisse, kept a little estaminet in Roanne just back of the railroad station. Tonin, done up as a decent old lady, could slip over there and procure a change of raiment. Lagroisse would ho-ho and crack his stupid jokes, but he was a good bougre at heart, and he had at least five pairs of trousers, to Tonin's certain knowledge.

La Tatu is almost as tall as her husband, and has him beaten by several inches in the matter of circumference. Long before the first cottages of Roanne came in sight a very nice looking old woman in a sheeny silk gown sat on the edge of a bench and waited. A blue-and-white checked cotton cloth was pulled tight over her head and about her face.

Roanne! The old woman rose eagerly to her feet and pulled the door open.

"Damn it!" said the very nice old lady. "Now what the devil d'you suppose they want?" For three sergeants

de ville had closed in about the door.

"Are you sure this is the right compartment?" one of them whispered.

"Yes, this is the one! The operator put it down on paper for me," said the lieutenant who commanded the little posse. "But they said it was a man." Then he burst into a laugh—a rather nervous laugh—for a madman may be amusing, but you can't feel exactly easy in his company. "It is a man, I tell you! Look at that black beard—Mon-sieur," he said politely to Tonin Ganivelle, "we're sorry to inconvenience you, but they wired us from Saint-Cyr that you would come in on this train, and we've come to take you to a pleasant place where you'll be safe and well taken care of. If you'll kindly come with us—"

Tonin saw at once what had happened! The plump gentleman had warned the authorities that a dangerous madman was on board the train, and he was bound for the station-house. Well, in God's name, then! This was one way out of the mix-up, and there might have been worse ones.

There isn't much more to tell, except that lacking practice in the management of ladies' attire, Tonin stepped on his skirt in descending from the car and fell headlong. That in doing so he stumbled against the bunions of a sergeant de ville, who swore a little, but treated him on the whole with exemplary forbearance. That when confronted with the police captain his lecture on the most wholesome diet for young partridges was coolly received, and it was not till One-Eyed Lagroisse appeared the next morning, hugely pleased as Tonin had anticipated, that he was able to effect his release. In the meantime, la Tatu had had them telephone to Cousin Mathieu, and learning that Tonin had left Saint-Jodard safely with the silk gown—Cousin Mathieu confided to Tonin later that she had made no inquiry at all about the ants' eggs—had mourned her double loss vociferously all night and all the morning, like a female Shylock crying "Oh my ducats! Oh my daughter!" When Honin reached home before noon with a borrowed pair of trousers, but with the silk gown intact or nearly so, she recovered.

But Tonin's ill-fated journey to Saint-Jodard was long remembered—by la Tatu with tears and reproaches, by Brother-in-law Lagroisse with boisterous delight, by Cousin Mathieu with tactful sympathy, and by Tonin himself with a constant foolish impulse to scratch himself in various spots where scratching is not good manners.

tea, their visits, take up all their time; and they go to bed as tired with doing nothing as I am after quilting a whole under-petticoat. The only time they are not idle is while they read your Spectator, in which, being dedicated to the interests of virtue, I desire you to recommend the long-neglected art of needlework. Those hours which in this age are thrown away in dress, in play, visits and tea and the like, were employed in my time in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs and hangings for the family. For my part I have plied my needle these fifty years, and by my good will would never have it out of my hands. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud idle flirts sipping their tea for a whole afternoon in a room hung with the industry of their great-grandmothers. Pray Sir, take the laudable mystery of embroidery into your serious consideration, and as you have a great deal of the virtue of the last age in you, continue your endeavours to reform the present."

With less prodigality of wealth in the employment of the needle there came into vogue what is known as patchwork, though even that homely art did not escape embellishment. The funeral tent of an Egyptian queen in the time of Solomon was made of thousands of pieces of gazelle hide which were dyed and sewed together in the fashion employed in making the modern glove. The Persians borrowed the art of quilting from the Arabs, using it in making prayer rugs, carpets and draperies. A bit of quilting still in existence is a Portuguese bed-quilt, the work of Portuguese missionary monks. The needle-work is in a chain-stitch, and the quilting is in fifty different patterns. In the Middle Ages it was the custom to wear quilted hoods and coats under the armour to ease the weight.

It is a long call from the patchwork on the funeral tent of the Egyptian queen to the patchwork in the hands of women of today, but all down the years there has been the same diversion, the same profit, and the same contentment. The needle has never failed those who use it with love and intelligence. In the early history of the United States patchwork and quilting were both the necessity and the diversion of the women. They went to the woods for their dyes; they spun the cloth; they originated the patterns, and

with the help of their neighbors they did the quilting. In many cabin homes in the South quilting frames still hug the ceiling. Cumbersome and heavy, they were let down on the backs of four chairs when a quilt was ready for the frame, the neighbors coming with thimbles and babies, for this was a joyous occasion for them and a proud one for the woman whose fingers had patched the quilt.

The patterns employed in those early days were indicative of the comfort the women found in reading their Bibles. "The Rose of Sharon," "The Gates of Heaven," "Robbing Peter to Pay Paul," "The Red Sea," "Star of Jerusalem," and the "Cross on Calvary," are a few, and though the modernistic trend of the patterns, and the brilliant colors, produced a result that was somewhat weird, the general effect was beautiful. Red was red, blue was blue; there were no compromising tints and shades, and the women were several hundreds of years ahead of their times in the angularity of their patterns. A pattern originated by a woman was borrowed by her neighbors, who did not fail to change it when employed with scissors and cloth. A "Tree of Heaven" had three branches in the quilt of the woman originating it. Before this pattern had passed through many hands it was representing more than a tree, for on the top of each of its seven branches there perched a bird. The rose, the feather, the diamond and the shell were favorite patterns for quilting.

The desire to patch, and quilt has never died out. Sometimes, there is what one might call a Patchwork Wave sweeping the country, but between its sweeping some one, somewhere, goes on, cutting and sewing together, and having the result made into a quilt. No form of needlework commands the reverence that is always entertained for a patchwork quilt, and though it be "only a nine-patch," with the quilting "only the simple diamond," it is regarded as something really lovely.

Today, church societies in the East, West, North and South, are having more quilts given to them for quilting than they can do. Not within fifty years has there been greater enthusiasm for employing the needle in a fashion that goes back to the funeral tent of an Egyptian queen in the time of King Solomon.

Fruit Buying Hints

By Betty Barclay

HOW wisely do you buy fruit? Many women are experts at this task, while many others purchase in a hit-and-miss style that gives them about fifty per cent. returns—if it reaches this.

Merchants know their fruit. They know how to display it, how to keep it looking at its best, how to price it and whether each piece is one hundred per cent. perfect or not. Buyers often do not have this knowledge, and as the average merchant wishes to dispose of each pineapple, orange and plum he has, the careless buyer is very liable to secure the least desirable fruit, day after day and month after month.

Touch, smell and sight—all should be used by the skilled fruit buyer. Some actually use the sense of taste, but unless this is applied to some small fruit like a cherry, the merchant is not particularly interested in having this sense worked overtime. A favorite customer may eat an apple or a pear without being criticized, but the customer who makes a practice of doing this whenever she visits a store, is not usually over-welcome. Incidentally, that type of customer is the kind who would be deeply chagrined were a friend to make it a practice of taking a cookie, doughnut, piece of pie, or bite of candy, whenever she dropped in for a word of gossip.

The other senses, however, may be used, provided they are used thoughtfully. The pressure should not be too heavy, nor the smelling too pronounced or too, shall we say, "close"? Otherwise, the woman who has developed these senses, will find herself with a decided advantage over her less careful sister.

Choose a pineapple that looks ripe, and from which you can pull a leaf from the centre, without effort.

Some choose a watermelon that "sounds" ripe, when thumped. Many choose cantaloupes that "smell" rich and ripe and that will give a little under pressure—but not too much.

Peaches are easy to buy. With very little practice, one can tell a ripe peach by picking it up in the fingers.

Oranges are also easy to purchase, so far as their ripeness is concerned. You have a favorite brand, a favorite size, and you look for the same flavor from your tenth dozen as you did for your first, purchased several weeks previously.

But there is an opportunity for real skill in orange buying as well as in the purchase of other fruits. This year, for instance, large oranges are not particularly plentiful and are selling at a good price. Smaller oranges, on the other hand, are very plentiful and are consequently selling at a very low figure.

A little weighing and investigating may show that instead of paying your usual fifty cents for a dozen large oranges, you will get far more pulp or juice by spending fifty cents for two or three dozen of the smaller sizes of the same brand name. Try this some day and see if you have not been losing real money for a long time when you insist on the mammoth size.

Of course, those who merely eat oranges on the half-shell for breakfast, may still desire to purchase the large fruit. Undoubtedly this is pleasing in half-shell form. [Continued on page 87]

Threading the Needle

By Frances L. Garside

WOMEN have always found contentment, diversion, artistic and pecuniary rewards in threading the needle. If this employment were taken out of the hands of women, life would contain many an insupportable hour. She is to be pitied who has never turned to the needle as a means of diversion and profit. Its use goes back to Bible days, when needlework was regarded highly as a means of decorating the place of worship. "And thou shalt make a screen for the door of the tent," was the message delivered to Moses, "of blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen, the work of the embroiderer." This was the command he gave to the women of Israel on his return from the mount.

Needlework ranked high among the arts in the time of Moses, for the women did not work with material and thread alone; they embroidered with silver, silk, gold and precious stones. The Bible refers many times to the cloths embroidered with precious jewels, all of which, though not so stated, was the work of the women. The most beautiful and costly of this needlework was for altar cloths, screens and curtains for the church. But even before the time of Moses, the Greeks and Romans were famous for their needle-craft.

In Ancient Greece a woman could not accept her second husband until she had worked with fine ornaments and stitches the grave-clothes of her deceased lord, or his next of kin. The story of Penelope is founded on this custom. In the Middle Ages the decorative needle-work for the church was carried to an excess of magnificence, the vestments, altar cloths, veils and curtains representing years of patient toil and a king's ransom in value. In the early days in England it was the custom for noble women to present the churches with curtains on which they had worked with the needle the deeds of their lords. In this work they were assisted by their maids. The needle also served the men, the monks being as skilled as the women. Needlework lapsed during the reign of Queen Elizabeth when the study of dead languages became the fashion, to be revived in Victoria's day, when it became a royal custom for every one to make with her needle the gifts she gave.

In 1700 a woman reader of the London Spectator, looking to a newspaper to effect reforms that were beyond her power, wrote this letter:

"Mr. Spectator:—I have a couple of nieces under my direction who so often run gadding about that I don't know where to have them. Their dress, their

Diana of the Mountains

Continued from page 85

was nothing for her to do but to keep the tryst at the fork and bring the news that their companion had not been heard from. She, therefore, trailed back, having taken a candle in a can—a bug, in backwoods parlance—a box of matches and her rifle, with three rounds. After a march of several miles over a rough trail which was becoming harder to follow in the darkness, she arrived at the point where the trail crossed the stream, only to find that a beaver dam had flooded the stream and it was impassable. Over and over again, she tried to follow the trail, only to find that it disappeared in the slough. Finally, realizing that the contour of the land must have changed since they had seen it last, she gave up the effort and fired a shot, the pre-arranged signal. There was an answering shot; again she fired, again the reply. Once more she fired. This time there was no reply. Again she waited and all was still. Darkness had now fallen, and there seemed nothing to do but return to camp. She wrote a note and stuck it on the broken branch of a tree, so that they might know that she had done her part. Having deposited her message, she started to light the "bug." The first match she struck set the whole box alight. Automatically she tried to extinguish the blaze, when the box fell into the water. The candle had not lighted. Match after match was of no use, when finally, as she was giving up hope, one lighted. She was well on her way back along the dim trail, when she stumbled and

the light went out. Fumbling at the still damp and almost empty box of matches, she tried once more, match after match. Again, after she had despaired of getting a light, one flared into flame. Since then she never carries matches without waxing them.

The candle lighted, she returned to camp, got rid of her wet clothes, had a hot drink, and went to bed. While she was getting breakfast next morning, she had a message from the lost engineer saying that he had not been able to get a message through the day before, but he had gone another way and was quite safe. Shortly afterwards, her husband and his companion arrived, greatly agitated when they discovered that it was she and not one of the men whose shot had gone unanswered the night before, but explained that as they had only one shot left they had decided not to risk it, supposing that it was one of the men who could find them without effort on their part. Mr. Noel's companion, an elderly prospector of the old school, was impatient to find that there was not more display of feeling for a wife who had accomplished a feat that no man would undertake, exclaimed:

"I say, Noel, if you are not going to kiss your wife, for that adventure, I am!" and suiting the action to the word the gallant old miner, whom little ever moved, folded the little lady in his arms in full view of her proud husband, who, like the old sailor in "Bleak House," might have said he: "never praised his wife, for discipline must be observed!"

Fruit Buying Hints

Continued from page 87

Most of us, however, have learned that oranges are so valuable as a food that they should also be used in fruit cups, salads and desserts—and in most of these, the size of the orange is lost, so why not take advantage of price and be economical while the opportunity exists?

Apples are not purchased "by variety" or "brand" as much as they should be. The beginner asks for "apples," and it may take her years to know the difference between a Wealthy and a Winesap, or to learn exactly what varieties she likes for eating, turning into pies, baking or making apple sauce. By getting the name of each apple purchased, and remembering what it is used for and how it turned out when used, she will soon know how to purchase apples.

Lemons are being purchased far more

today than they were years ago. Once they were purchased for pies, cold lemonade in the summer, and hot lemonade when colds were common. Today they are purchased to give an added tang to fruit cups, punches and salads; to use as garnishes for iced tea, fish, and dozens of other dishes; to turn into candied lemon peel; and for many other uses. As lemons will keep for a considerable time if put away in carefully-sealed glass jars, one may be able to make a saving by purchasing in larger quantities than usual. It is interesting to know also, that lemons as well as oranges are decidedly alkaline in their reaction when taken into the system, so that the heavy use of lemon garnishes and lemon juice in cooking helps to keep the body alkaline.

The Great Adventure

By H. H. Fariss

What life will bring is more than you or I
Can know or even hazard a surmise,
Its way lies fair before us, step by step
It is unfolded to our eager eyes;
No matter what our plans or urge may be,
We live as God has planned it, day by day,
One at a time, for 'tis not ours to know
What lies before on life's untrodden way.

And yet, this Great Adventure that is life,
Holds much of happiness—a little pain
That is forgotten in the sunshine's gold
Or lost in silvery rapture of the rain;
Sometimes the days may grind us with their load,
Sleep seem the way that leads to heights above,
But worries fade and care is blotted out
When some day life is blessed and crowned by love.

Is There a Place?

By Ruth A. Hancock

Little brown bird with eyes so round,
Hoppity-hop upon the ground;
How I do love to hear your song,
Chirpity-chirp, the world's not wrong.

Dainty flower peeping through grass,
Coquettishly beckons as I pass;
Ah, nay, I would not pluck you so
Lest others could not see you grow.

Great big tree with arms so long,
Hushed with secrets, and oh, so strong;
Holding your stately head so high,
Bending with grace to sisters nigh.

Immeasurable sky I gaze at you,
Foamy silver hides your blue.
Is there a place for stately tree,
A place for flower, brown bird, and me?

An Open Letter to the Men of Canada

IN the past five years more than \$100,000,000 has been paid out to the dependents of insured men and women in Canada. As a result thousands of widows who might have been destitute, today live in comfort; thousands of children who might have been handicapped, today are being educated; thousands of homes which might have been broken up, today are intact.

The Life Insurance Representative is responsible. For Insurance is sold, not bought. Few men seek it because few men fully understand its wonderful advantages. The business of the Life Insurance Representative is to make sure that no eligible man lacks a proper appreciation of its value.

The North American Life man is trained. His counsel can be relied on implicitly. The nature of his business—your welfare and your family's welfare—merits your giving him a thoughtful interview when next he calls.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

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Chairman of the Board:
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Have You Any Legal Problems? Remember the columns of the Western Home Monthly are always open to you. Send in an enquiry regarding any of these worries and the same will be explained to you in next issue.

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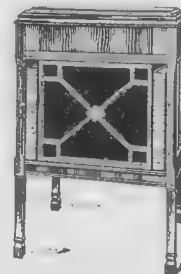
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FREE

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GRAY HAIR

A NEW way has been found to impart youthful color to gray hair—to remove faded streaks and color graying parts—to make the hair soft looking and attractive.

This liquid is clear and colorless. You simply comb it through the hair. Nothing to wash or rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's. Millions have used it.

Make amazing test. See for yourself what it will do. Get full-size bottle from druggist. Few cents' worth gives complete color. He will return every penny if not delighted.

Or send coupon for free "single lock" test package to see its marvelous results on a single lock. (Give color of hair.)

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S

REMEMBER—When writing the advertisers please mention that you saw their ad. in the Western Home Monthly.

Recipe for delicious uncooked Salad Dressing

- 2 eggs beaten until light.
- 1 teaspoonful salt.
- 1 teaspoonful mustard.
- 1 can Eagle Brand Milk.
- 1 cupful vinegar.

Beat the first four ingredients vigorously for a few minutes, add the vinegar, stir well and set aside for a few hours to thicken.

This dressing will keep for weeks

EAGLE BRAND in Coffee
Replaces cream and sugar.
Really delightful. Try it!

EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED
CONDENSED MILK

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"New Magic in the Kitchen"

NAME

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47

Work for the Busy Fingers

SLEEVELESS SWEATER, 793

SIZE, 12 years. Down. 4 balls grey, 1 ball royal blue, 1 pair No. 7 needles.

Back—Cast on 80 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting in pattern as follows:—1 inch grey, royal blue ½ inch, grey ½ inch, royal blue ½ inch, grey ½ inch. Then with grey continue to knit plain in ridges until work measures 14 inches. Then knit 4 sts. Knit 2 sts. together. Knit 68 sts. Knit 2 sts. together, knit 4 sts. Knit 3 rows plain. Repeat these 4 rows until 60 sts. on needle. Continue to knit in ridges until work measures 7 inches from beginning of decreasing. On following row, cast off 20 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front. Knit 3 ridges for shoulder, then increase 1 st. on 5th st. from neck end, every 2nd ridge 10 times, but when coming to

Ear-laps—Pick up and knit 16 sts. at one side of cap. Knit 4 ridges. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every ridge until 4 sts. remain. Cast off. Repeat same on other side. Sew up seam neatly. With wire brush, brush up brush wool to give Angora effect. Finish with ribbon, as illustration.

BABIES' OVERALLS, 735

TWO balls white down, 1 pair No. 7 needles.

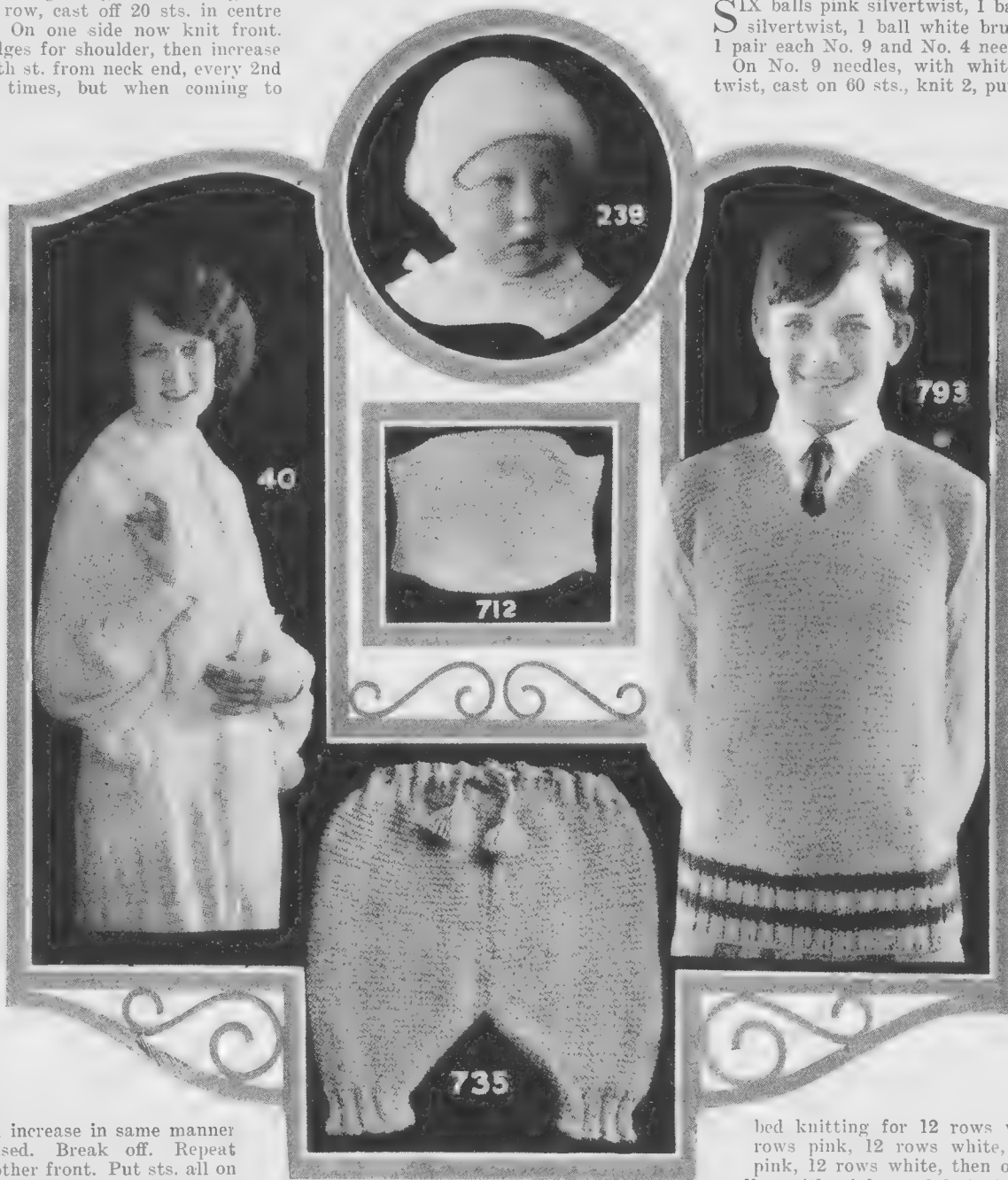
Cast on 66 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 2 rows. 3rd row—slip 1, *

plain, turn, knit 22, turn, knit 24, turn, knit 26, turn, knit 28, turn, knit 30, turn, knit 32, turn, knit 34, turn, knit 36, turn, knit to end of row. Now knit in ridges on 120 sts. for 5 inches. Then knit 78, turn, knit 36, turn, knit 34, turn, knit 32, turn, knit 30, turn, knit 28, turn, knit 26, turn, knit 24, turn, knit 22, turn, knit 20 turn. Knit sts. all on one needle again, then knit 2, purl 2, rib knitting 2 inches. Cast off loosely. Sew up seam neatly.

NIGHTINGALE 40

SIX balls pink silvertwist, 1 ball white silvertwist, 1 ball white brush wool, 1 pair each No. 9 and No. 4 needles.

On No. 9 needles, with white silvertwist, cast on 60 sts., knit 2, purl 2, rib-



under-arm increase in same manner as decreased. Break off. Repeat same for other front. Put sts. all on one needle. Continue to increase at armholes on same manner as decreased. Then knit to foot of sweater. Cast off.

Sew up seams neatly.

CAP, 239

ONE ball silvertwist, 1 ball white brush wool, 1 pair No. 10 bone needles.

Cast on 8 sts., knit 1 row plain. 2nd row—increase 1 st. in each st. (16 sts. in row). 3rd row—knit plain. 4th row—increase 1 st. in 1 st., knit 1 st., repeat across row (24 sts. in row). 5th row—knit plain. 6th row—increase 1 st. in 1st st., knit 2 sts., repeat across row. 7th row—knit plain. Repeat these 2 rows alternately, having 1 more st. between each increasing every other row until you have 12 sts. between each increasing (112 sts. in row). On following row knit 2 sts. together beginning at end of needle. Then in pattern as follows: Knit 4, purl 1, repeat across row. Knit 1 row plain. Repeat these 2 rows until work measures 4½ inches from last increasing. Then knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 6 rows. Now break off silvertwist and tie on brush. Knit 6 ridges. Cast off.

wool over needle, knit 2 sts. together. Repeat from * across row. 4th row—knit plain. Then knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 6 rows. On following row, knit 10 sts. Turn. Knit back. Knit 14 sts. Turn. Knit back. Knit 18 sts. Turn. Knit back. Knit 22 sts. Turn. Knit back. Knit 26 sts. Turn. Knit back. Knit 30 sts. Turn. Knit back. Knit 34 sts. Turn. Knit back. Now knit across entire row. This forms gusset at back of overalls. Continue to knit plain for 30 ridges. Then knit 3 sts. Knit 2 sts. together. Knit to within 5 sts. from end of needle. Knit 2 sts. together. Knit 3 sts. Knit 1 row plain. Repeat these two rows till 38 sts. remain. Then knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting 2 inches. Cast off. Do another piece the same. Sew together as illustration. Run crocheted cord at waistline.

INFANT'S BAND, 712

TWO balls white dove. 1 pair No. 10 needles.

Cast on 120 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, rib knitting 2 inches. Then knit 70 sts.

bed knitting for 12 rows white, 4 rows pink, 12 rows white, 4 rows pink, 12 rows white, then on No. 4 needles with pink wool knit in ridges, but increase 1 st. on 11th st. across row. Knit 1 row plain. Then increase 1 st. on every 12th st. across row. One row plain. Repeat in this manner having 1 more st. between each increasing every ridge until 95 sts. are on needle. Continue to knit until work measures 24 inches from cuff, then cast off 12 sts. at beginning of needle. Knit to end of needle, knit 1 row plain. Then cast on 12 sts. at same end of needle as cast off. Continue to knit in same manner as before, then decrease instead of increasing. Then knit cuff same as other end. Cast off. Sew up cuff and 5 inches of nightingale neatly.

Collar—With right side of work towards you, with white brush wool, pick up and knit 1 st. in each ridge along one side of neck and across 12 sts. that were cast on. Knit 2 ridges, but increase 2 sts. at corner at neck every ridge to keep work flat. Cast off. Repeat same for other side of front.

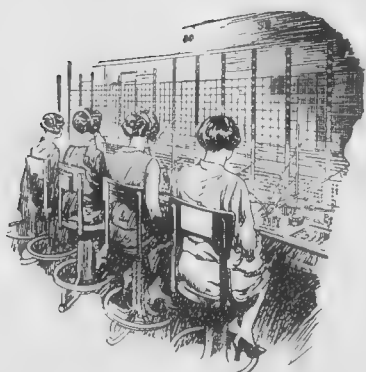
With wire brush, brush up white brush wool to give angora effect. Trim with ribbon as illustrated.

P E A C E F U L

C O M M U N I T I E S



2,657 Telephone Companies



It is estimated that Canadians make more extensive use of the telephone than any people in the world. The number of conversations made in 1928 in the Dominion was 2,108,400,000, including 31,400,000 Long-Distance calls.

CANADA'S 2,657 telephone companies are doing a great national service in maintaining, through heat and cold, good weather and bad, an uninterrupted means of communication throughout the country; for nothing so contributes to harmony and

nationalization of thought as the ability to communicate—a man with his neighbour—one nearby community with another, or even with distant parts of the world.

The Northern Electric Company has been privileged to supply the equipment for most of these companies.

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The church of St. Mary and St. George which stands in the Canadian Rockies in Jasper National Park and was consecrated last August

"UNTO THE HILLS," sang the psalmist, "unto the hills around do I lift up my longing eyes."

When a man forsakes the toil and turmoil of the city and goes into the mountains, he may be surprised to find himself thinking of things that a busy life has crowded out of his mind; things that he knew well in his youth but that he has long since forgotten. Each man translates these things differently, but no man can stand under the mountains and watch the white banks of cloud rolling over their shoulders or watch the sunlight and shadow change and pass on their slopes without being akin to the psalmist, without feeling an impulse that, comprehend it or not, lifts him, if only for a moment, beyond mundane things. He may say: "Isn't it beautiful?" or, without knowing what he means, "isn't it inspiring?" or he may feel, without saying or even forming a thought about it.

There is religion in this, even if the man plays golf all day Sunday. But there are some who like to put their feelings and responses into more visible, more audible form, and for them the mountains have their churches.

One of the most beautiful of mountain churches and one that has a fascinating history is the little Church of St. Mary and St. George, which stands in the Canadian Rockies, in Jasper National Park, and was consecrated in August this year.

For years, the people of Jasper, in the parish of St. Mary and St. George, worshipped in a little log church, a picturesque little building erected by loving hands. The first rector, Rev. W. Liver- sedge, who is now chaplain to the Bishop of Edmonton, went to Jasper in 1909, in the days of railway construction. After several other incumbents, Jasper had two men who became distinguished in later years, one as Dean Robinson of Calgary, and the other, Dean Bicker- steth, of Hart House, Toronto. The present rector, Rev. H. A. Edwards, took charge in 1923. It was he who origin- ated the annual service in memory of Nurse Edith Cavell, of which more will be said later.

Building of the church which was con- secrated this summer was begun last year and the corner-stone was laid by His Excellency Viscount Willingdon, Governor General of Canada. Unique

Unto the Hills

By R. H. Ayre

among mountain churches and unique, indeed, among the churches of Canada, is the Church of St. Mary and St. George. The building, with its furnish- ings, was the gift of a lady in England who visited Jasper one summer and who was so much impressed by the beauty of the surroundings that she resolved that there she would erect her loving memor- ial to the son who was killed in the war. Through solicitors she made the arrange- ments; her name never appeared; no one in Jasper knows who she is. The son whose testament, taken out of his pocket when his body was carried in from No Man's Land, is hidden under the corner stone, is to Jasper an Un- known Soldier.

Built of stone and stucco, with a tiled roof, raftered within, the building stands in beauty and simplicity, a true memor- ial. It was designed by A. A. Calderon, of Edmonton. The oak panelling to the right and left of the altar was the gift of the Misses Shawcross of England, in memory of their mother; the proces- sional cross, a piece of beautiful crafts- manship in hand-beaten copper, the work of Omar Ramsden of London, Eng- land, was presented by Mrs. E. Holland, of Worcester, England; the font, from the old church, was the gift of the Women's Auxiliary; and the ewer was given by Mr. and Mrs. W. Brydon, mem- bers of the congregation, in memory of their son. The bell which summons the

people to worship was the gift of Lord Willingdon. Graven on it are the words: "O give unto the Lord the honour due unto His name." It is a church of gifts. The Bible and the prayer-book, too, are gifts and make contact with older his- tory. "For his kind and unremitting labors during the cholera epidemic of 1848-49," the parishioners of Offchurch presented the books to their rector, Rev. James Riddell. They were given to the Archbishop's Western Canada Fund by Miss Lucy Palmer of Oxford, and in the end they found their way to Jasper.

IT IS not strange that many summer visitors to Jasper National Park find their way to the little Church of St. Mary and St. George. But church goes to them if they cannot go to church. For every Sunday, Rev. Mr. Edwards goes from the village to Jasper Park Lodge and the guests meet in worship in the recreation hall. Mr. J. L. Snape, resident engineer of the Park, and choir- master, leads the singing, and there, surrounded by the everlasting hills, the congregations lift up their hearts.

Overlooking the Athabaska Valley, where lies the Village of Jasper and, three miles away, the Lodge, where thousands gather every summer, stands the supreme peak, Mount Edith Cavell. Rising to an altitude of more than eleven thousand feet, crowned and mantled with eternal snow, girdled with ice, rad- iant with beauty as the west-going sun submerges it in light, it dominates the scene for miles. Surely there could be no nobler monument to a noble woman. In the year 1925, Rev. Mr. Edwards con- ducted the first Cavell memorial service. "It is in humble thanksgiving to God for her exhibition of unflinching courage and her faithfulness to the basic principles of her profession—to save life at what- ever personal cost—that this memorial service is held each year at the foot of the austere and majestic peak to which an additional dignity has been imparted by naming it after her," he says.

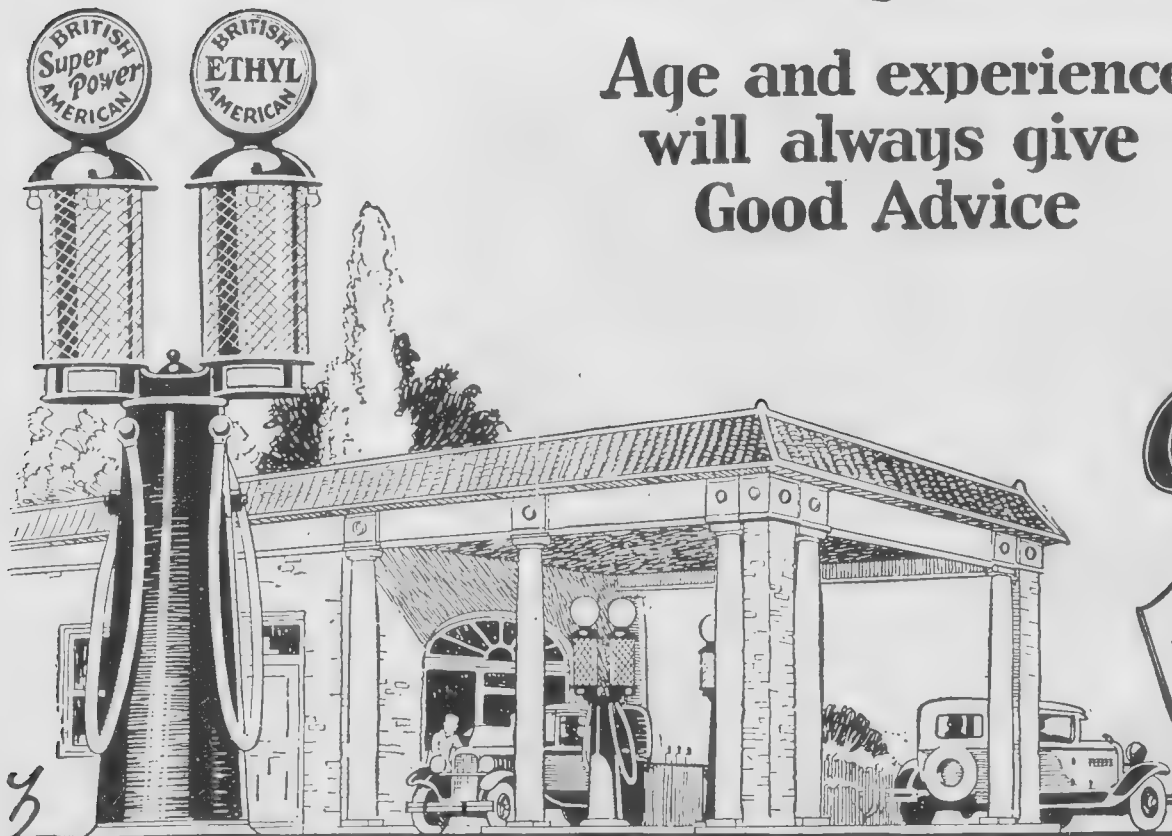
On the fifth of August, 1915, Miss Cavell was arrested, and the service is held on the Sunday closest to that date each year. It is an impressive service, impressive in its solemnity and its sim- plicity. By motor, the guests of the Lodge and the townspeople travel twenty miles, over a [Continued on page 93]



The Interior of St. Mary and St. George Church



Age and experience
will always give
Good Advice



The BRITISH AMERICAN OIL CO. LIMITED
Super-Power and British American ETHYL Gasolenes - Autolene Oils

My Teachers

The people of the forest
In crimson, green and tan,
The trees—have been my teachers
To make of me a man.

They awed me with their beauty,
Their tender strength and pride.
They gladden me as comrades
Forever at my side.

I dare not scorn their patience
In learning how to grow,
They do not waste their powers
In rushing to and fro.

I love the dark hued spruces
Because their hearts are warm.
And the tall pines have taught me
To front the winter storm.

Remembered birch and lilac
Have taught me loveliness,
They are so fair and fragrant
In their soft-colored dress.

And little trembling aspen
Who always says her prayers,
Has taught me by example
To tell God all my cares.

And one in gown of scarlet*
The first beloved of all.
Still tells me tales of glory
When Autumn days befall.

—Bliss Carman.

*The Ontario Maple Tree

Dear Boys and Girls:

Holidays are over. Back from the great outdoors and the tree teachers, and the bird musicians, to the school room and winter's work. How fine you must feel, and what a memory book you have stored up. What a lot more you know about the stars now since you lay out and watched them under the trees at the Scout camp. What a lot more you know about cooking now since you tried your hand at it this summer at a picnic or the cottage. How much more you know about people since you have seen grown ups playing ball and tumbling around in the water with you, and enjoying themselves just as you do. How much more you know about flowers since you cared for the garden, and about birds, since you watched them build and bring up their family; and about history since you read all those jolly books about Norsemen, and the days of King Alfred. In fact, what a lot you know about everything that you didn't know before school closed. And now for a new grade, a new teacher, new books, a new start, and the top of the grade, and high marks in sight!

OUR COMPETITIONS

What is your favorite book? Have you one? If not, why not? We want to know all about it, what the story is, and why you like it. There will be a prize of a book, of course, for the best "Book Review" of your favorite book. Don't make it too long either, one foolscap page should be enough. If you write more, try and say all you have said in fewer words, it can be done, and don't send more than one page to

Bobby Burke.

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Here is a sample "Review for you—make yours quite different but this will give the idea—

My favorite book is "Alice in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll. I like it because it is funny and clever and it amuses me. Alice was a little girl who fell asleep in the grass and thought she saw a white rabbit take a watch out of his waistcoat pocket and consult it before he popped down a rabbit hole. She was so interested in this that she went down the rabbit hole too, and had many strange adventures. She was turned to a giant and again into a tiny person by eating and drinking things, and she met the red queen, the white queen, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and the Dodo, with a silver thimble, and the Mad Hatter and the Dormouse, and dozens of other weird and interesting people. She saw the Duchess with her pig baby, and she heard all about The Walrus and the Carpenter, who

"Went walking hand in hand;
And wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand."

If you haven't read "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking Glass" do—you will enjoy them as much as I did.



THE ADVENTURES OF TWO NAUGHTY GIRLS

Betty Lane was a pretty little girl of about five years old, with brown eyes and fair hair. Unfortunately she was as mischievous as she was pretty, which is saying quiet a lot. Some of her pranks made her parents' hair a little grayer, as for instance, at the lake one day while playing about she fell in the water, which was over her head and she would have been drowned had not the boat man seen her plight and saved her. But the queer thing about it was that when she was safely on dry land she began to yell her head off.

Her rescuer asked her why she was crying and she said in between her sobs "I—lost—m—my—rubber—b—boot."

Apparently she did not mind being drowned but was more concerned about her rubber boot.

There were several other adventures of this kind but her greatest one was when she decided to run away and this is how it came about.

One day Betty decided to run away. By way of preparations, she stole quietly into the pantry running back at each squeak of the loose board in the floor. Opening the cake box she took from it a nice sized piece of brown cake and retreated quietly back to her room, wrapped her piece of cake up and started off to get her friend, Jean Brown, to share the wild adventure.

Arriving there, with many giggles and much laughter, she explained her plan of running away. Jean said, oh she would love to come, and so the two wandered off to find a suitable place to hide till darkness came.

After a time Jean remembered her doll, Lucy, her most inseparable companion and declared that she must go back and get her. So they left their hiding place and started towards home. Quite unexpectedly they heard Betty's

mother calling her. "Betty! Betty! where are you?"

"Quick! quick!" Betty said if we want to run away we must hide before anybody sees us. Betty seizing Jean's hand they quickly ran under a clump of bushes in some woods near Betty's house.

All this time Betty's mother kept calling her but the little rascal did not answer although they heard her quite well. Soon another voice was heard which they recognized as Jean's mother. "Jean! Jean! where are you?" It is time for lunch, father is waiting. Then in a more coaxing tone of voice she said. "We are going to have strawberry shortcake for lunch." Which was Jean's favorite dessert, but even then the runaways did not reply. As a matter of fact the two were eating the food which they had stolen from the pantry.

Then both mothers, having no reply from their calling began to get worried, and, thinking them lost, or drowned, they both called over their aunts, uncles and friends to join in the hunt. Presently a chorus of voices were heard calling, "Betty! Jean! Jean! Betty! Jean!" But Betty and Jean paid no attention but were amusing themselves guessing the names of the many voices.

One uncle while hunting for the two runaways was informed afterwards by Jean that he had almost stepped on her.

After a while the voices died away and the excitement was no longer around them. The little bounders were getting tired or maybe Jean was thinking of her strawberry short cake for she said in a whisper, "I don't think it is much fun to run away and I am awfully tired sitting under this old bush, let's go home." "Don't you think that our mothers will punish us if we do go home?" said Betty.

"I don't think they will" said Jean, we will wait till they come back and we will jump out on them and give them a surprise.

The hunters after a while returned to the place where they had started out from and started in a new calling. "Betty! Jean!"

By this time the children were only too glad to hear their voices and with a joyous shout the two sprang upon the heavy hearted parents and kissed them with joy. After a good lunch the two related the story as best they could. One uncle said "don't you think that the two should be well spanked and put to bed. I have wasted all my time in hunting for you two and to think that you were in the distance of a stones throw of me most of the time. I think that it is just shocking."

But the mothers being only too glad to get their little ones back again paid no attention to him and the children after promising not to do anything like that again were not punished.

It is only fair to say that they kept their promise for they realized the worry they had given their friends as well as their mothers.

Ann McLaughlin,
105 Academy Road,
Winnipeg, Man.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Letters of thanks received from most of the winners of the Bird Book prize and all appear to be delighted with this beautiful book about Canadian birds.

We have several letters from would be Cornerites and we extend a hearty welcome to our circle to Margaret Shapperd, MacNutt, Sask.; Isabelle Johnson, Malakwa, B.C.; Wilfreda Courtney, Manyberries, Alta.; Clarence Melland, Horse Butte, Sask.; Jean Sturgeon, Lacombe, Alta.; Elsa Leveson-Gower, 4576 Marine Drive, Vancouver, B.C. All these new members write very interesting letters about their pets, their gardens, their favorite pastime, their homes and the districts where they live; and all are anxious to receive letters from some of the other members of the Cosy Corners, so get busy girls and boys and write them a letter.

THE CATBIRD

THIS well known loafer of the rose garden is the Al Jolson of bird land, both of them being jazz singers without a peer, and both are naturally born comedians as it is impossible to look at one of them without laughing—and any person or bird who can make a person laugh is putting just that much more sunshine into the world and making it a better place in which to live.

The catbird when at his best behavior is a slim graceful fellow. He dresses in the very best of taste, his smooth grey plumage is immaculately preened and he carries himself like an old schoolmaster. When sitting on his favorite perch, which is always the most conspicuous one he can find, and as long as he keeps his mouth shut there is nothing more to be desired. But the moment he opens it, the illusion vanishes as he steps out into the limelight the clown he is—one whining rasping cat-call is enough to blot out any good impression he may have made before.

There is something about him so unexpected that he keeps you guessing what the next song may be. It may be as soft and liquid as the trill of a thrush, or it may be a harsh squawk of an old hen or the frightened cry of a lost young chicken, the gutteral remark of a bulldog. One minute he may delight you with exquisite melody, the next rattus snarls against which you would gladly hold your ears.

It is the same with his actions—one minute he will be posing, as he likes to pose on his elevated perch with every feather in place, graceful, alert and sure of himself. Then he gives a jump and a jerk and you would not know him to be the same bird as he sits with his shoulders hunched, his head hanging, tail drooping and his feathers rumpled and puffed out, and altogether about as slovenly and disreputable as a bird could be. The transformation has been so sudden that you can hardly believe your eyes—but it only takes another shake to turn him into a gentleman again.

He can certainly manage to hold ones attention, if not ones admiration. He is first, last, and all the time a creature of moods, and is a firm believer in variety being the spice of life—and whatever he may do, he is not going to bore you with anything like sameness.



How many Lambs can you find in this picture? Now you girls and boys with sharp eyes, here is your chance to win a gold button.

The Secret Passage

By Elliott Tolan

WE WERE all completely taken by surprise when we found the secret passage. Afterwards, all four of us admitted that we had never, for one moment, believed in its actual existence.

The balmy spring day had promised to be as dull and uninteresting as its predecessors. Class parties were a thing of the past. It was too late for skating, too muddy for hiking, and not quite close enough to final exams for the last, frenzied review of notebooks and textbooks. At the close of the last morning lecture, the four of us had sauntered down to Mac's, the rendezvous of University students for several generations. As we dallied over our ice cream and chocolate eclairs, I suddenly had a bright idea. We would visit Fort Henry that day. An uncle of mine, an officer in the regular army, was O.C. of the military district in which the fort was situated, and I was sure he would give us a pass.

"What are you youngsters up to now?" he demanded, when we descended upon him in his tiny office. His voice was stern but his blue eyes twinkled, as he queried further "Think you'll find that secret passage, eh?" Then he scribbled a few words on a sheet of blue paper, handed it to me, and waved us out again.

Down through the older part of the town we went, past Tête de Pont Barracks, over the old, wooden Catarqui Bridge, and across Barriefield Commons, passing the Royal Military College on our right.

Briefly I told my companions all I knew about Fort Henry. When regular troops had been stationed there, one or more of our relatives had always been among them. The secret passage had been mentioned many times, and the story of the fatal mistake in the building of the fort had been told and retold in my hearing. A similar fort was to be built in another part of the country about the same time. In some unaccountable way, the plans for the two forts had become mixed, with the result that Fort Henry was built with the water-side to the land, and the land-side facing the water. Consequently an enemy, approaching from the lake, could look into the very heart of the fortification.

When the young engineer in charge of the construction realized his mistake, he committed suicide. The secret passage was supposed to have been constructed so that the defenders of the fort, when hard-pressed, could retire to safety and fire on the enemy through concealed loopholes. No one, however, seemed to know of its exact location within the fort, or to be sure that it actually existed.

We determined to find it, if it did exist. In the meantime we had reached the great stone gateway, guarded by the formidable cannon, which twice daily, at noon and at nine each evening, boomed forth its salute.

Sergeant B met us with a scowl. "Don't you know visitors are not allowed in here," he growled.

Meekly I showed him the pass. He opened his mouth to say something, then closed it again without speaking. He handed it back, then motioned us in, at the same time commandeering Charlie's camera, with the warning that no pictures were to be taken of any part of the fort.

Under the Sergeant's watchful eye, we made a general tour of inspection; then, as though satisfied that we were not bent on mischief, the old soldier retired to his quarters just inside the gate.

First of all, we examined every nook and corner of the ramparts overlooking the lake, leaving no stone unturned which might possibly furnish us with a clue in our quest.

Next we went down the grassy trenches to the east and west towers, from the top of which we could view the water and land for miles in every direction. While we rested in the shade of the huge cannon on the top of the west tower, I told the others how it used to be called Wash-house Tower, and how at one time my grandfather had been its keeper. He and two other soldiers, with their families, had living quarters within its stone walls. It had received its name from the fact that the soldiers' wives used to

wash their clothes in the clear waters at its foot, and while they exchanged tit bits of regimental gossip.

Returning to the fort proper, we found the Sergeant trundling a wheelbarrow of wooden boxes. Following him at a safe distance, we crept up to the open door of a low, windowless building which we had not considered of much importance on our first tour of inspection.

Inside the dim interior we could see rows and rows of boxes similar to those the Sergeant was moving.

Breathlessly we looked at one another, all seized with the same thought. Ammunition. Perhaps the old man was stealthily removing it to the secret passage out of harm's way. Cautiously we trailed him and his wheelbarrow. But we found that he was only removing whatever those boxes contained to a drier part of the building.

Sheepishly we moved to the land-end of the fort. We traversed the stone gallery running round the outside of the officers' quarters, but the rat-run, musty interior did not invite further inspection. Ascending to the ramparts above, we secured a wonderful view of the broad, blue St. Lawrence, dotted for miles and miles with islands of every size and shape. Some of the large guns were still in place, and sweeping the countryside from this point of vantage. Others had been removed, and no doubt were now gracing some grassy plot in front of city hall armory or municipal park.

Suddenly Charlie leaped down from a gun-carriage and ran toward the inner wall. We saw him tug desperately at a ring in a round cover, opening it enough to peer beneath it. The rest of us started towards him, with but one thought, that he had discovered the entrance to the passage, but we were mistaken. We peered down a steep iron stairway to what had, in all probability, been the officers' messroom. Once more we all laughed at our childish foolishness. Doubtless the secret passage was only a myth, family traditions to the contrary.

Down below we found the great common kitchen with its huge ovens red and crumbling with rust. Beyond this were the stables with their stalls and mangers rotten and worm-eaten.

Suddenly Donald made a discovery. He had found his vest-pocket camera, along with a fresh film, in the pocket of his overcoat. Hastily he retraced his steps and disappeared within the dim, dark doorway, his intention being to take some snaps in spite of the old Sergeant's warning.

Agnes and I once more examined the kitchen, trying to visualize the difficult task of preparing the family meals in the face of such odds. Charlie was listening to us in amused silence.

Suddenly we realized that Donald had been gone an unusually long time. At the same moment he appeared. He beckoned to us and stepped back into the doorway again. I followed him and the other two came after. Cautiously we felt our way along the damp stone walls of the interior.

"Do be careful Donald," I warned, but I was just a second too late. The dim outline of his broad shoulders suddenly vanished. There was a splash—then silence, tragic and deep. For the fraction of a second the three of us stood petrified.

Charlie came to his senses first. Pushing me aside, he struck a match. A cold, damp draft extinguished it immediately. He struck another. By this time I had regained my voice.

"Donald, are you hurt?" I called fearfully. "Can't you answer me?"

"I'm all right," he reassured us, from below.

First his head and shoulders appeared, then his whole body emerged from the stygian darkness below.

"Well, folks, I guess I found the secret passage all right," he greeted us, as he crawled cautiously up into the dim passageway.

But we were long since past joking. In the faint flicker of more lighted matches

we could barely make out the remains of a wooden stairway, and the gleam of water below. Donald had been fortunate indeed in making a return to safety.

Soberly we turned our footsteps toward the city and home. For days afterwards, Donald limped to lectures with the aid of a stout cane, a grim reminder of our quest for adventure.

Unto the Hills

Continued from page 90

road that lifts them two thousand feet above the valley.

They gather on the moraine, at the foot of the glacier that spreads out its arms like an angel in flight. The battered copper sides of Mount Sorrow rise up from one side of them; Cavell itself rears its vastness a mile above their heads; through a tangle of stones and brilliant fireweed, the glacial streams go roaring down and pour themselves into the glistening jade of Lake of Forgiveness. Perhaps the gray rain sinks along the jagged mountain ridge behind and into the valley; perhaps a snow-storm whirls over the crest of Cavell; perhaps avalanches of snow cascade and thunder down its steep rocky slopes; perhaps, as last year, a storm breaks, lightning leaps from the crags and the thunder crashes and reverberates and thunders again from peak to peak until it is lost far down the valley. Whatever the weather may be, it is a sublime setting. Preceded by his cross-bearer and followed by the choir-master, all in full vestments, the chaplain climbs the rocky ridge to where the flagpole is planted. The congregation takes its eyes from the mountains and bows its head. The leader lifts his baton and the voices sing reverently and with more significance than they feel under the roof of a church "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee." The twenty-third psalm and the prayers are followed by "Nearer My God to Thee." Then it is time for the chaplain to speak; to recall, perhaps, the words of the nurse before she died: "Standing as I do in the light of God and Eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough; I must have no hatred or bitterness toward anyone." The bugler sounds the Last Post and the Sergeant of the Mounted Police, in scarlet against the sky, slowly lowers the flag to half mast. The last hymn is "Abide with me." Standing under the mountains, there is much to think about—"In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

What's New in Wallpapers

Continued from page 14

this modern touch, just a familiar chambray paper, it may be had in any of the pale colors so attractive for bedroom decoration. Just another instance of the clever blending of a new and charming decorative note and a tried and well-liked old form!

I can indeed promise my readers that when they go out this season to choose new papers for old rooms, or to lay the foundation for charming new rooms, that the task will prove more interesting than it has been in many a day; if your local dealer is by any chance not up-to-date in his stock, if he cannot show you the interesting new things, it is worthwhile to ask him to bring on samples for you; at least all the big-town dealers should by this Fall, be showing the new-type papers that have thoroughly proved the fact that they are not a passing fad but are definitely here to bring a fresh new note into our furnishings.

Be sure, too, when you are buying new papers, to get as near a guarantee as you can, that the colors are unfading; it is a great disappointment to find one's papers fading—nothing makes a room seem quite so shabby; and when the original colors are as lovely as the new designs and printing processes are making them—how doubly disappointing to lose them! A paper that will give reasonable promise of holding its color, is not necessarily expensive; any other paper is, in the long run, too costly.



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RENEWALS!

Quite a number of subscriptions expire this month. The heavy demand for copies renders it mandatory for us to discontinue service unless renewal is received promptly so right now might be a good time to send us that dollar. We are anxious to keep our circle of readers intact.

The
Western Home Monthly



This is a Real World

THE Philosopher agreed, of course, with the lady who said to him recently: "I don't want to read anything disagreeable. Life is so sad, I think, don't you? How can writers want to add to all the real misery and sorrow by creating imaginary woes?" There is a great deal to be said for the view that we all know of unhappiness enough in the world around us, if not in our own lives as well, and that a book should provide us with an escape from actuality into a world of imagination. But there is something to be said, too, for the view that indulgence in illusion, whether in reading sweetly sentimental books full of unreality, or in day-dreaming, should not be carried so far as to prevent clear-sighted perception of things as they are, and weaken the will power needed for the work of helping to improve actual conditions in this real world both for ourselves and others. A bottle is not the only source from which may be had illusion which can become, in the long run, harmful.

The Overdressed Male

DURING the hot weather of the past two months voices have been raised on both sides of the Atlantic in favor of a reform in men's clothing. At the first touch of summer's heat, we men feel that in comparison with women we are foolishly, pathetically overdressed. We feel like the "quilted mandarins" of ancient China. Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, founded in London last month a society whose members pledge themselves to work "that men may reform their clothes with as much profit to their health and appearance as women have recently achieved." Says the secretary of that society, Dr. Alfred C. Jordan: "We want to make men's clothing less ugly, less unhealthy and less cumbersome. We men wear far too much clothing." And in New York Dr. Thomas Darlington, the former Health Commissioner of that city, addressed the Rotary Club in favor of the same idea, and wore for the occasion a hot weather costume about which there were some differences of opinion among the assembled Rotarians. The real obstacle to the reform of men's clothing in the direction suggested remains to be mentioned. The Philosopher is surprised that a man so able as Dean Inge does not see it. If he did, he would not have included the word "appearance" in the utterance quoted from him in the fourth sentence of this article. The plain truth of the matter is that, alas, we men are aware that if we dressed as women do, we would only be advertising spectacularly the fact that the great majority of male knees and arms and necks are not ideally beautiful.

Standing the Test of Time

OLD-FASHIONED convictions and old-fashioned ways that are derided nowadays by not a few writers and talkers who esteem themselves as being advanced thinkers will, for all that, be still valid and of force when today's fads of advanced "modernism" are forsaken and forgotten. What is old-fashioned in ways of thinking and living was arrived at far in the past and proved its worth long before our time, otherwise it would not have survived through many surface changes. The writers and talkers who make what is old-fashioned the butt of their criticism and laughter are only repeating what was heard from the same kind of people in the time of our great-grandfathers. Such writers and talkers did not then and do not now say a great deal that is of importance.

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

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No One Will Get the \$5,000

THAT the earth is flat is among the beliefs of the sect founded by "Elijah" Dowie, which has its headquarters at Zion City, in Illinois. The successor of the founder and "Prophet" of the sect, Wilbur Glen Voliva, offers \$5,000 to anyone who will prove to him that the earth is not flat. Mr. Voliva, if he would, could easily enough check up for himself the proofs that the earth is "round, like an orange," but he chooses not to do so. No one will get the \$5,000. Are there any of us who—if we could be put to the test of seeing ourselves through the lens of absolute truth—could deny that we believe some things because we prefer to believe them? There are some things in regard to which human reason cannot help us much. But the rotundity of the planet we live on, as it goes spinning on its orbit round the sun and travelling with all the rest of our solar system through space, is not one of them.

A Much-Discussed Subject

WHEN The Philosopher was young there was no more frequent subject of discussion than Woman's Sphere. It was thought unwomanly then for a woman to ride a bicycle, or to leave an ankle exposed. The fact that those prejudices have vanished into ancient history should teach us that perhaps some of the most confident utterances of today about woman's place and woman's limitations may be regarded by a later generation as no less foolish and foundationless. On this whole subject, as on so many others, directly we begin to dogmatize we go wrong. Most men who undertake to discuss the subject of woman's place in life are self-observers rather than students of women's characters and minds. Of most men, indeed, it is true that though the nature of woman is a frequent subject of reflection and of conversation among them, they commonly base their conclusions on their experience of the one or two women with whom fate has associated them. And if later on they find themselves associated with further specimens of the sex, it is only to find themselves concluding that there are exceptions to some of the theories they had formed about women.

The Canadian Type

A RECENT visitor from Toronto spoke of the pioneers of Ontario, which was the Western Canada of a hundred years ago, and of how, after landing from shipboard at Quebec they had to travel for three weeks in open boats to Toronto, and when they had settled in "the bush" had to clear away the heavy timber, a work which commonly took two decades or longer. He told of a family among the Selkirk settlers, who, after the devastation wrought by the fur trade warfare, walked from the Red river to the Ontario settlements—father, mother and two children. A child was born on the way, and lived to be the wife of a prosperous man in Toronto. It is true of the pioneers in all parts of Canada, East and West, and their descendants, and of later comers as well, that environment and the conditions of life mould physical, mental and moral character, and thus have a great share in the development of national character. This process is at work all the time. Many a pioneer in the West has had an experience not less rigorous than was the experience of any Ontario pioneer. But the process that moulds strong character is not a thing of the past. It is at work all the time, building up a distinctive Canadian type.



Early Winnipeg as viewed from St.
Boniface across the Red River in 1889

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CARRY the mind's eye back about half a century and there commences the most remarkable example of City building on this Continent. It is the story of Winnipeg which has grown from an Indian Trading Post to the Grain Centre of the world and the Metropolis of the last Great West.

¶ The first cabinet of Manitoba was formed on June 12, 1871. The census of 1871 gave Manitoba's population as 11,693. There were only 1,565 white people. Winnipeg boasted about 215 souls.

¶ Communication was by Red River Cart over land to St. Paul. No regular stage route was established. Mail came once a week. There was no Bank, no Post Office, no Lawyer, one Doctor, one Church, one little Newspaper, one Policeman and about 20 buildings in Winnipeg. The only currency in existence was Hudson's Bay Company's notes.

¶ In 1889—eighteen years following the incorporation of Winnipeg, capital of the Keystone Province of the Confederation—the House of Stovel was

founded by three brothers. The little print plant rented space in the old Spencer Block on Portage Avenue at twenty-five dollars per month, with the front third of the office sublet to a Real Estate firm.

¶ Through all the changes in the intervening years (the present population of Greater Winnipeg is 336,202) the House of Stovel has kept in the vanguard of the City's progress. Today their own building occupies one block long, half a block deep and three stories high, containing in all over eighty-four thousand square feet of floor space.

¶ Thus, is this organization keeping abreast with the development of the West and the multitudinous needs of the thousands of clients across Canada, whom it serves.

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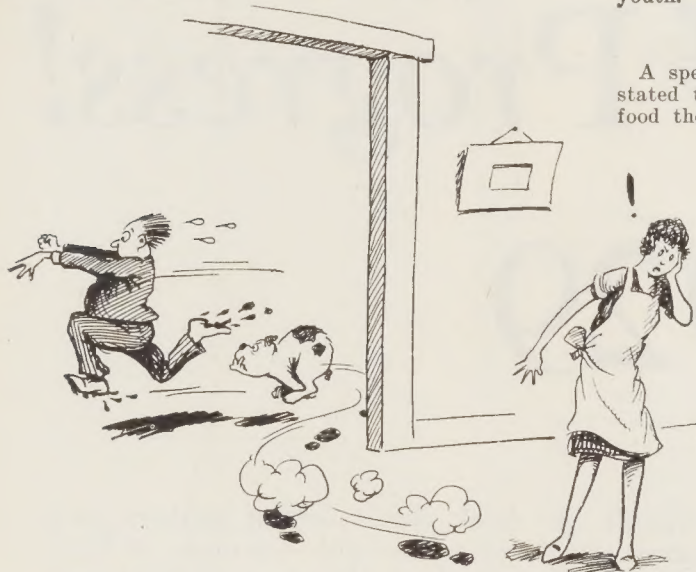


What the World is Saying

Some People Think It's an Audience
As Shakespeare said truly, "All the world's a stage."
—Calgary Herald.

Will Golden Calf Worship Come Next?
Gold-colored stockings are now being worn in Paris.
—Victoria Colonist.

Present Day Pioneers
In a few more decades Churchill will speak of its 29-ers as old-timers.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.



"That man! Will he never learn to wipe his feet before he comes in?"

Suppose a Lapp Had Won by a Fin?
At the Olympic Games five years ago a Finn won a long-distance by a lap.—Montreal Gazette.

Or Laughing in Them, Either
It can't be said that many girls are keeping something up their sleeves these days.—Regina Post.

Twin Towns Always Love Each Other
We hear that a man has left Fort William to walk around the world. Who can blame him?—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Many, On the Contrary, Enjoy It
Dorothy Dix writes that "many people suffer from an exaggerated ego." Suffer?—Kamloops Sentinel.

We Knew Some Use Would Be Found For Them
Chicago policemen are being trained to shoot at moving figures by using movie pictures as targets.—Minneapolis Journal.

There Were No Movies Then
W. L. George, the English novelist, says that prehistoric man did not know how to kiss.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

We Are Willing To Take His Word For It
One of the speakers at the convention said that there were 566,000 grains in a bushel of wheat.—Toronto Globe.

Safety First
A judge at a recent baby show in Paisley gave all the six babies who were on view the first prize.—London Daily Mail.

Quite Long Enough, Say Some Persons We Know
Professor Saunders asserts that there is good ground for believing that bagpipes have been played since 5,000 B.C.—London Spectator.

There's a Lot of Human Nature in All People
The fact that women dominate family life in Asia is evidence that the Old World is pretty much the same, everywhere.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Bird Which Deserves To Be Encouraged
A new bird at the Zoo is said to have a cry that would drown the sound of a jazz band. We must go and feed it.—London Humorist.

Let the Profs Keep On Being Funny
A University of Chicago professor says that a man may live as long as he finds the world amusing.—Edmonton Bulletin.

How About Eve's Joke on Adam?
Women, according to H. G. Wells, are as a rule afraid of humor.—London New Statesman.

Not "A Burden To Be Shouldered"
The tax on foodstuffs suggested by Lord Beaverbrook is a stomach tax.—London Daily News.

But Not While He's Driving
It is right for a girl to determine to hold on to her youth.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

Does Eating Eggs Cause Baldness?
A speaker at the International Vegetarian Congress stated that human beings become very much like the food they eat.—Aberdeen Citizen.

He Needs To Be, But Is He?
According to Dr. Henry Donaldson, the male of the species is 12 per cent more brainy than the female.—Duluth Herald.

Her Husband, No Doubt
We have often wondered what the cave lady, for lack of a door, used to slam when she was annoyed with her husband. — Niagara Falls Review.

Others Try It on a Golf Course
A woman complained in the police court at Vancouver that her husband attempted to play golf in the kitchen.—New Westminster British-Canadian.

A True Enthusiast Would Have Run
A Bristol man recently walked the two hundred and twenty miles from Bristol to Norwich in order to see a football match.—Belfast News-Letter.

Not Just "Wolves, Bears and Ice"
The fact that bush fires have delayed the completion of the Hudson Bay railway should at least make some of our friends in the East realize that, at any rate, there are trees up there.—Brandon Sun.

Well, You Never Know
King Boris, of Bulgaria, according to a correspondent of the New York Herald-Tribune writing from Sofia, is learning to drive a locomotive.—Ottawa Journal.

Only People On Their Feet To Be Hit
Seats for pedestrians are being provided at crossings on arterial roads. Confidence is felt that motorists will consider it unsporting to hit sitters.—London Sunday Pictorial.

The Kind Used for Footjazz
The Sultan of Hedjaz has issued an edict against "foreign dance music." If he means the kind we think he means, we approve highly of his action.—London Opinion.

Reformers Have Their Problems
Some young ladies, it would seem, would go farther in taking up dress reform, only they are afraid that if they took up any more they couldn't get away with it.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Had She More On Than in the Films?
What, after all, is fame? A well-known film star was not recognized by the multitude present while she was bathing at Atlantic Beach recently.—Kansas City Star.

Talk, Look and Listen
What man can talk and listen to three conversations and make mental note of six costumes, all at once? In some respects the feminine intelligence is superior to the male.—Neepawa Press.

Once More, What About Bald Men?
The National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers, meeting at Atlantic City, has decided that men's clothes should as far as possible match their hair.—Toronto Star.

A Road Paved With Good Inventions
Among the many great achievements of Edison, one which must be counted of outstanding

importance to himself is that he discovered early the road to a happy and healthy old age.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Will They Put Out an Arm Before Turning?
Among the newest details of naval equipment are automatic windshield wipers on battleships, cruisers, destroyers and other craft, to keep a clear lookout for the navigating officers.—New York Tribune-Herald.

Haven't We Heard This One Before?
The police recently warned the public that there are a number of counterfeit shillings in circulation. Since the announcement several Scotsmen have been laid up suffering with lead poisoning.—London Passing Show.

As Baggy as Ever, If Not More So
Those voluminous short pants worn by golfers and known as Plus Fours, which were to have gone out of fashion, according to what we read in the papers some time ago, are still on view as big as ever, we regret to have to say.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Or in Dressing in an Upper Berth
Scientists have found a prehistoric animal with joints that worked both ways. Joints of that kind would be useful to human beings in many of the emergencies of modern life, such as occur in dodging street traffic.—Quebec Telegraph.

Alterations in Prospect
We read in some paper recently that the automobile in which a newly-wedded couple drove away after their wedding was decorated behind with a placard bearing this inscription: "Aisle Altar Hymn."—Nanaimo Herald.

A Humorous Remark from Dorothy
"Husbands must train their wives in the first six months of their marriage," writes Dorothy Dix, "while they are still willing to heed advice." We trust that young men about to wed will make note of this.—Indian Head News.

Looks Reasonable
Sir James Barrie says that there is no more terrible man on earth than the Scot when he is convinced that he is being deprived of his rights. Perhaps this explains why a slot machine was found torn to pieces in Glasgow recently.—Rhodesia Weekly Herald.

And His Movements in Picking Up The Pieces
It has been found by investigation at the Chicago University that 1,015 movements are required to wash dishes. But it is not stated what size of family is meant, or whether the figure given includes Friend Husband's movements in assisting to dry the dishes.—Kitchener Record.

How About "Lil Old Jerusalem?"
In the new version of the Bible in the colloquial American language, prepared by Rev. Dr. Moffatt and published in Chicago, King David's city is referred to as "David's Burg." Is there any real need of resorting to such undignified methods of expression?—Manchester Guardian.

Where Will This Sort of Thing End?
With the threatened introduction into this country of the newly invented American talking signboard, motorists may look forward to the thrill of speeding along country roads and whizzing through beautiful lanes lined with pleading, bullying, cajoling and yelling posters.—London Saturday Review.



"Ha, ha, ha, Grace! Well, I suppose it takes all kinds of people to make a world!"

365 Breakfasts a Year

Here's an entirely different one



All the rich nourishment of whole wheat grain in this deliciously tempting, ready-to-eat cereal.

LAZY appetites! How to *tempt* them, yet provide nourishment, too, has baffled many. Then came these toasty delicious grains, puffed for better assimilation—appetizing—yet concealing the nourishment commonly found only in hot cereals.

Quaker Puffed Grains—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—believe their fairy-like appearance. Grownups find them a delightful change. Children eat them because they're like confections—



Annabelle and Gregory Armour, two White Mountain children who play hard all day—whose mother wisely provides them Quaker Puffed Wheat to start each day.

a delicious "treat." But they're good *for* them, besides. And that's their secret.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is made from whole wheat—25% is bran—with nothing "milled" away. All the rich minerals are retained. Puffed Rice is a substantial energy food, puffed and toasted like nut kernels.

Each grain of the rice and wheat is honey-combed with tiny food-cells. Puffing explodes these, cooking the starches, and releasing the

minerals, the proteins and carbohydrates. Digestion is easier, food value higher—cereals take on new allure, new enticement.

Food that does you good is food you like best

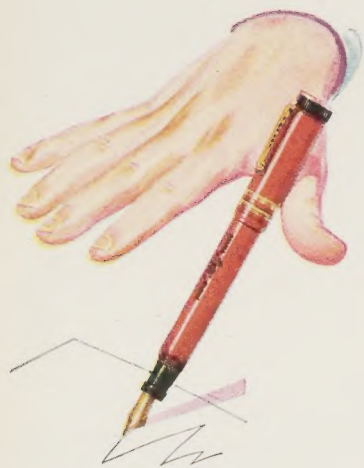
Serve them in a multitude of delightful ways. Not only for breakfast . . . but as a tempting luncheon dish, a treat for supper—as a bedtime snack.

Serve Quaker Puffed Grains with fresh fruits or berries, with rich milk or half-and-half. Light on the stomach, yet rich in food values. Get Puffed Grains at all grocers.



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Parker Pressureless Touch—presented in Duofold Pens—does the job in hand unassisted by muscular exertion. The ink connects with your paper a split-second sooner than the point, and its flow keeps pace with the speed of your hand by contact alone—not by pressure.

This is Geo. S. Parker's 47th Improvement, combining capillary attraction with gravity feed. It takes the load not only off your hand, but also lifts it from your mind—this clears the track for thinking.

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Shapely, balanced, Non-Breakable Barrels made of lustrous, colourful Permanite, smartly black-tipped, and 28% lighter than rubber. Filler-button concealed, hence beauty undisfigured.

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* The Parker Duofold Fountain Pen is made to give lifelong satisfaction. Any defective parts will be replaced without charge provided complete pen is sent to the factory with 12c for return postage and registration.

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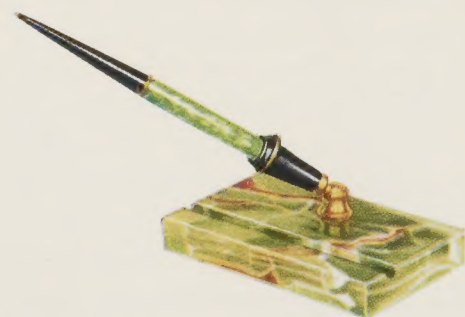
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A smoother, freer flowing ink that makes all pens write better. For sale at leading pen counters in all standard colours and sizes, 15c and up.



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